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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM THEATRE COMPANY—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, June 15. **JOHNNY ON A SPOT** is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/10/80.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, and Friday, March 28, at 8, and Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8. . . . **THE WINTER'S TALE**, with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden. One of Shakespeare's so-called romances, full of plausible humor and implausible tragedy. There is also a bear; make what you can of that. (3/3/80) Friday, March 21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 2 and 8; Sunday, March 23, at 2; and Tuesday through Thursday, March 25-27, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

BENT—Richard Gere and David Duker give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—Three adults who prove to be as selfish as so many spoiled six-year-olds bicker over their not very gratifying adulteries in this latest dark comedy by Harold Pinter. Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider are the principals. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BIOGRAPHY—A revival of the comedy by S. N. Behrman. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 6.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A play by John Heuer, **INNOCENT THOUGHTS, HARMLESS INTENTIONS**. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

CLASS ENEMY—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougall St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CLOTHES FOR A SUMMER HOTEL—Geraldine Page and Kenneth Haigh as Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, March 20-25. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 26. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 27, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DOÑA ROSITA: WHILE SHE WAITS—The Lorca play, with music, in a new translation by John Olson. Previews Wednesday, March 19. Opens officially on Thursday, March 20, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the musical **PLAIN AND FANCY**, with a book by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, music by Albert Hague, and lyrics by Arnold B. Horwitt. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30. For information

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about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

AN EVENING WITH W. S. GILBERT, A MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY—A one-man show conceived by John Wolfson, with Lloyd Harris as Gilbert. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

EVITA—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

HEARTACHES OF A PUSSYCAT—A musical entertain-

ment by Geneviève Serreau and James Lord, inspired by the illustrations of J. J. Grandville and adapted from a short story by Balzac. Mime, masks, and a bit of ballet figure in this Paris import. The director is Alfredo Rodriguez Arias. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 19. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Thursday, March 20, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE IRISH HEBREW LESSON and GUESTS OF THE NATION—Two one-acters, the former by Wolf Mankowitz, the latter by Neil McKenzie (based on a short story by Frank O'Connor). Both directed by Michael Lessac. (Colonades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

JANE WHITE, WHO?—An evening of autobiographical monologues, musings, and songs by Miss White. (One Sheridan Square, 260-7137. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Closes Friday, March 28.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, March 23: **THE SORCERER and TRIAL BY JURY**. . . . Wednesday through Sunday, March 26-30: **THE MIKADO**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MAJOR BARBARA—Shaw in high spirits, arguing that good flows out of evil and not out of good. An exemplary production, with Philip Bosco and Laurie Kennedy heading the large cast. (3/10/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Kristin Griffith. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 5.)

MY MOTHER, MY SON—Selected readings on the subject of mothers and sons, by Viveca Lindfors and her son, Kristoffer Tabori. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 10:30. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—A return engagement of Samm-Art Williams' play *HOME*. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 6.)

OKLAHOMA!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE MO' TIME—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PETER PAN—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

ROMANTIC COMEDY—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesday and Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3 and 6. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

SORROWS OF STEPHEN—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SUGAR BABIES—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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TABLE SETTINGS—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TALLEY'S FOLLY—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. Superbly enacted by Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WEST SIDE STORY—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—Mary Tyler Moore has taken over the role originated by Tom Conti, and the change of gender renders the protagonist's anguished self-searchings less plausible than they were. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very wiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosités of plot are just frightening

enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1885 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsis directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICS**: 8,272 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHAUZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) ... **STRIDER—THE STORY OF A HORSE**: The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SWEENEY TODD**: A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and twenty-odd songs by Stephen Sondheim. Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn have replaced Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou. Directed by Harold Prince. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-

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The D-Series. Three turntables that start at \$125.* Each with 0.03% wow and flutter and -75 dB rumble. That's unsurpassed performance for the price.

The Q-Series. Two turntables with speed accuracy of 99.998%, wow and flutter of 0.025% and -78 dB rumble. No wonder so many radio stations choose Technics quartz-locked turntables.

The MK2 Series. Three turntables with a startup time of 0.7 seconds, or $\frac{1}{4}$ of a revolution. And the accuracy of Technics quartz-locked pitch control. That's performance good enough for the most demanding professional.

Then there's the SL-10 (\$600). The turntable of the 80's. Not much bigger than a record jacket, it has a quartz-locked direct-drive motor and a servo-controlled linear tracking arm. But what really makes it unique is what it can do: Play with all the accuracy Technics is so famous for, even on its side or upside down.

Technics direct drive. The turntables that top radio stations use. *Technics recommended prices, but actual price will be set by dealers.

Technics

You should buy a Technics direct drive turntable for the same reasons 73 of the top 100 radio stations did.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8304. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—It's spring again, and birds on the wing again start to sing again, the birds in this case being Vienna Choir Boys. They join the thirty-six Rockettes in the Easter show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Mondays, at 2:30 and 8.)

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—A musical, "A Little Knife Music," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 8. For tickets, call 944-1011.)

SHANGHAI ACROBATIC THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement by a troupe of sixty acrobats who are appearing here for the first time. Preview Tuesday, March 25. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 26, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE CIRCUS—Opening performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. The lights go up on the first show on Wednesday, March 26. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 26, and Friday, March 28, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, March 27, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Saturday, March 29, at 10:30, 3, and 8. The final show is on Sunday, June 1.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Ruddigore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 30, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

BALLET WEST—A one-week engagement by a company making its first appearance here. Wednesday, March 19, at 7: "Sanctus," "The Lark Ascending," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Pipe Dreams."... Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Pas de Dix," "Inscape," "Don Juan," and "Pipe Dreams."... Friday, March 21, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Pipe Dreams."... Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "The Lark Ascending," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Billy the Kid."... Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Pas de Dix," "Inscape," "Don Juan," and "Pipe Dreams."... Sunday, March 23, at 2: "Sanctus," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "The Lark Ascending," and "Pipe Dreams." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, April 12—Monday, March 24, at 7, and Tuesday, March 25, at 8: "Ocean's Motion," "Brahms' Paganini" (premiere), and "Baker's Dozen."... Wednesday, March 26, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8: "When We Were Very Young" (premiere)... Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Fugue," and "Deuce Coupe" (company premiere). (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878.)

MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY—"Dance Concerto," "Dance Energies," and "Pursuit of Happiness." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, March 20, and Saturday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 23, at 2.)

BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—A program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. With percussionist Mongo Santamaria. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 20, at 7; Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 2.)

BALLET INTERVIEWS—George de la Peña being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey

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Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BLUE HAWAII, 135 Third Ave., near 15th St. (260-7690)—Live jazz in a large, pleasant restaurant that brings to mind suburbia in the fifties. Flugelhornist Mac Gollehon's quintet is here on Wednesday, March 19; guitarist Josh Breakstone will lead a quartet on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 25-26; and pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.** will work with drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN** and bassist **CALVIN HILL** on Thursday and Friday, March 27-28. Sets begin after eight-thirty and ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: singer and jazz-rock bassist **Jack Bruce** Wednesday, March 19; **Gotham**, a singing campy trio, Friday and Saturday, March 21-22; rock-and-roll auteur **JOHN CALE** and the **The Sunday** and Monday, March 23-24; **RICHEL HAVENS** Tuesday and Wednesday, March 25-26; and the **Uncle Floyd Show** (Uncle Floyd is a comedian-host of a kiddie show on New Jersey television) Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** are here through Saturday, March 22; on Monday, March 24, pianist **TOM GARVIN** and bassist **GEORGE BRAZ** will come in. On Sundays, Bradley's becomes an outpost for Brazilian jazz, as singer **ANGELA SUAREZ** and her quartet perform. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The Brazilian national dish is *feijoada*, a one-pot concoction of black beans and smoked meats, and some people find it heavy going. But the Brazilian national pastime is samba—although some might argue that it is *futebol* (soccer) or playing the guitar—and it is easy-to-take, light, never filling, and downright irresistible. This urbane room is a good place to hear the samba performed by a vo-

calist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who plays hot, rhythmic solos on his full-sounding seven-string guitar, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** and his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF**, wind up their visit to the Café Carlyle on Saturday, March 22. On Tuesday, March 25, **BOBBY SHORT** will reclaim the bandstand, and he'll have with him his trusty aides, drummer **GENE GANMAGE** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** romps over the keyboard and sings a little. She's on nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

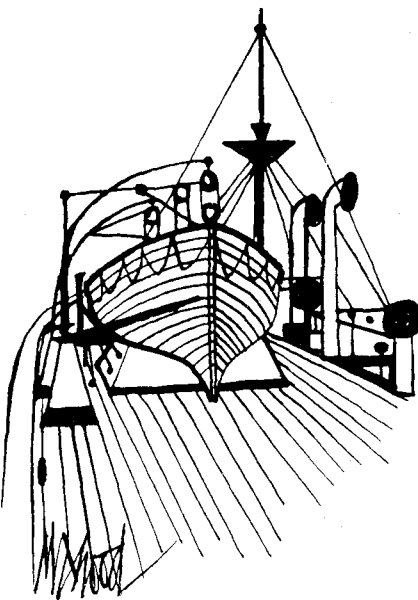
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reenergized New York rock scene. **LENNY KAYE**, Patti Smith's guitarist, is playing blues and rock with a local group called the **Nuggets** on Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20. On Friday, March 21, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO** and the **Crowns**, who come from Austin, will be on hand. Carrasco wears a teetering Queen Elizabeth-size crown and a cape, which keeps flopping onto the strings of his ivory-colored Telecaster guitar as he jumps around the stage. His music is billed as Tex-Mex rock and roll—it's also been called *nuevo wavo*—but the only Tex-Mex aspects of it are bouncing rhythm chords (reminiscent of Flaco Jimenez's accordion) that are played on a Vox Jaguar organ, which is, appropriately, wrapped in a serape. The music otherwise sounds like derivative Kingsmen, Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs, early Doug Sahm (when he was known as Sir Douglas), and other regional bands from the sixties, but it makes one smile a lot. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas Two-Step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you like watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply enjoy waiting for the park trees to bud. Farther inside the room are the musical attractions—singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist, **JACK SIX**, who perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

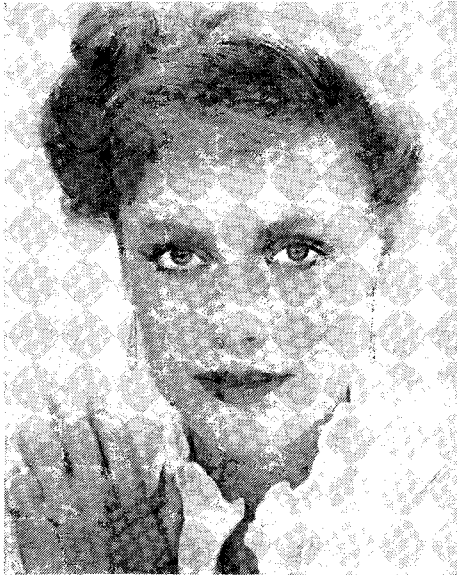
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER**, as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, squeaks, mutters, and sings "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "This Can't Be Love," "Princess Popoli Has Plenty Papaya," and a dash of the "Hawaiian War Chant." Her accompanists are guitarist **Skeeter Best** and bassist **Morris Edwards**. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE**, the singer-pianist who has no faults, does three sets with bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A



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businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. On Sunday, March 23, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will celebrate swing music with a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** is leading his latest quintet here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—**SARAH VAUGHAN** is singing at this upper West Side spot through Sunday, March 23. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—No, it isn't a movie set; it's a SoHo night club. The music lineup: Brazilian singer **ANGELA SUAREZ** Wednesday, March 19; pop-and-soul singer **MAXINE BROWN** Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23; and vibraharpist **DAVID SAMUELS**, saxophonist **Alex Foster**, and drummer **Ratso Harris**, beginning Thursday, March 27. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist **Alicia Sherman** Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist **Loumell Morgan** and a bassist.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that appears to be in the process of being refurbished itself. **DICK WELLSTOOD**, a stride-piano wonder, performs in the dining room Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio supply music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **Judd Woldin** alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are now twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by the Clash, the Specials, or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live-entertainment schedule includes **LENE LOVICH**, a rock-and-roll singer whose voice is reedy and pliant—almost like a tenor saxophone—and can be simultaneously off-putting and captivating. (She also plays tenor sax a little.) She'll be here with her band on Friday and Saturday, March 21-22. **Klaus Nomi** and **Coma-teens** perform Wednesday, March 19. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from eleven. Dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday, March 23-24.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—The **BARRON BROS. BAND**—co-piloted by saxophonist **BILL** and pianist **KENNY**—will work Friday and Saturday, March 21-22; on Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, **Taksim**, a quintet, will be present. Sunday is big-band night. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to **Ed-die Condon's** (see above), just thirty paces east. A Dixieland sextet provides the music Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, **Kaminsky** directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restau-

rant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. They're listening to pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, March 22. On Tuesday, March 25, another fine duo—**JOHN BUNCH** and **MICHAEL MOORE**—will move in. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded but authentic in its Texasness. A solid lineup of mostly rock bands is the current fare here. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—An upper East Side haven for former big-band and jazzy pop singers. **HELEN WARD**, who sang with **Benny Goodman's** band a while back, is singing here through Saturday, March 22; and on Monday, March 24, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**, one of the most highly lauded vocal teams around, will take over. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: **Ants**, **Heat**, **Science**, and **Panic Squad** Wednesday, March 19; **Chi-Pig** and **Art** Thursday, March 20; **Speedies** and **Tiger Beats** Friday, March 21; **Speedies** and **Swingin'** Madisons Saturday, March 22; **Now**, **Squirrels**, and **Bank Robbers** Sunday, March 23; **Bashers**, **Maroons**, and **Double Cross** Monday, March 24; **Numbers**, **Superior Beings**, and **Tourists** Tuesday, March 25. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and singer-pianist **JOHN LASALLE** are doing crisp, enthusiastic renditions of **Comden-and-Green** songs, and they seem to be having as much fun as their listeners. Through Saturday, March 22. On Tuesday, March 25, **Jonathan Schwartz**, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (**Arthur's**), will begin a visit. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear **Woody Allen** play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER's** jazzy quintet will perform Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22; and on Thursday, March 27, soul singer **Esther Marrow** will arrive. Jazz, jazz-rock, or rhythm-and-blues music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the

Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, and rock club. The high points on the current schedule are **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, the singing ranch hand from Flatbush, who, on Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, will no doubt deliver his sleepy, alpha-wavelike monologues and sing tunes by **Woody Guthrie**, the **Grateful Dead**, and **Louis Jordan**; and electric violinist **MICHAEL URBANIAK**, who will head his quintet on Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied **Mabel Mercer** throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** guides his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Lots of singers inhabit this club, but, right now, most of the time is devoted to **Barbara Cook**, who has settled into a Thursday-through-Saturday schedule. Her shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty. (Miss Cook will, however, be absent March 27-29.) Most of the rest of the singers are not as well known, except for **Patti Pickens**, who'll be on hand Wednesday, March 19, at eight-thirty. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A salute to producers **Fetner** and **Martin**: **VIVIAN BLAINE**, **SWEN SWENSON**, and three other singers and dancers re-create numbers from "Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," "Silk Stockings," and other shows in the **King Cole Room**. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Pianist **Robert Kraft** and his pop-jazz group are here Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23; and a sextet that will include trumpeter and proprietor **RANDY BRECKER**, pianist **BEN ARONOV**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will work Tuesday and Wednesday, March 25-26. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Some facts about pianist **DOROTHY DONEGAN**: her hands and arms have not been choreographed by **Bob Fosse**. She is not **Barbra Streisand's** acting coach. She does chew gum. She is always looking around behind her while she's performing to see what's going on. She is pure **Show Biz**. She is funny and wonderful, and, when she chooses to, she can ripple like **Teddy Wilson**. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine in the **French Quarter lounge**.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Singer and songwriter **JON HENDRICKS** performs with his singing wife and his singing children through Saturday, March 22. Tuesday through Saturday, March 25-29, have been reserved for tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and their band. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the **Village Vanguard**, and with good reason. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Pianist **MAL WALDRON** and saxophonist **ROLAND ALEXANDER** lead a combo through Thursday, March 20; Friday through Sunday, March 21-23, will belong to drummer **RASHIED ALI's** quartet; on Monday, March 24, drummer **JUAL CURTIS** will front a quintet; on Wednesday, March 26, saxophonist **RICKY FORD**, trumpeter



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OLU DARA, and RASHIED ALI will get together; and on Thursday, March 27, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will bring in his quartet.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The schedule is devoted mostly to new local rock bands, but on Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, bluesman **LOUISIANA RED**, who has lately been playing an electric guitar (a Stratocaster), will perform with his fine septet. The band has three guitars playing varying runs at the same time, and that adds up to enjoyable wild blues music. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. The bands: Blue Ize Wednesday, March 19; the Proof and Flashcubes Thursday, March 20; Lounge Lizards Friday, March 21; and the Mix Saturday, March 22. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—At the Top of the Gate, guitarist Tete Montoliu, from Barcelona, will perform on Friday, March 21, at ten and midnight, and on Saturday, March 22, at midnight and one-thirty. Downstairs, flutist **HERBIE MANN** will lead his Latin-jazz band on Friday, March 21, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty and on Sunday, March 23, at ten. And, meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**'s trio works on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** heads up a quintet through Sunday, March 23; on Tuesday, March 25, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are now **FRANK FOSTER** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. John Weiss plays piano Monday through Wednesday; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing (mostly) musicians; enthusiastic students. The Franc Williams Swing Four works through Friday, March 21; Monday, March 24, will belong to pianist **DILL JONES**; on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 25-26, saxophonist and clarinetist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will lead his Ellington-minded quartet; and on Thursday, March 27, saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will begin a four-night stint. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

OLU DARA TRIO—Bloomsday Bookstore Café, 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. 724-0120. Wednesday, March 19, at 8 and 10.

PAUL WINTER AND THE WINTER CONSORT—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, March 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

BILL COSBY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, March 21, at 8.

ROY AYERS—With Jean Carn. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

LEO SMITH ENSEMBLE—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, March 21, at 10:30, with Nana Vasconcelos & Collin Walcott; and Saturday, March 22, at 10:30, with the John Clark-Bob Stewart quintet.

JOAN MORRIS AND WILLIAM BOLCOM—In a program of popular American songs from the eighteen-nineties to the present. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

DON RENO AND THE TENNESSEE CUT-UPS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

SQUEEZE—With Wazmo Nariz and Bruce Wool-



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ey & the Camera Club. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The third in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Carolyn Leigh) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, March 23-24, at 8.)

LIZ GORRILL—Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8:30.

JAKI BYARD—With the Apollo Stompers, Roy Haynes, Bob Cranshaw, and Ricky Ford. (Public Theatre. Monday, March 24, at 8:30.)

JAZZ BANDS ARE BACK—The third in a series of four concerts, this one by Benny Goodman and his band. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

MEL TORMÉ AND FRIENDS—Three evenings at Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 28, with Carmen McRae and her trio and Gerry Mulligan & the New Concert Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, with the George Shearing duo, the Bill Evans trio, the Teddy Wilson trio, and Ruby Braff. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, with Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd, Anita O'Day and her trio, and Zoot Sims. All concerts at 8.

FLORA PURIM & AIRTO—With Robert Kraft & The Ivory Coast. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

OLD-TIME COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL—Friday, March 28, at 8:30: The Bailes Brothers, the Goins Brothers, and Josh Graves. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8:30: Vernon Oxford and Bob Paisley & Southern Grass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22: Mark Morganelli quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 26: Gil Coggins trio. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 28-30: Chuck Israels and the National Jazz Ensemble Little Big Band. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, March 21, at 8:30: Marilyn Crispell Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8:30: Five Feelings. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 23, at 3: Tito Puente. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8:30: Sunny Murray. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Friday, March 21, at 11 and 1: Suicide and Manhattan Project. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 11 and 1: Wazmo Nariz. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WILLIAM BECKMAN/ROBERT BARIBEAU—Oil paintings of figures and pastels of Minnesota landscapes done with a nineteenth-century exactitude. (Abstract acrylics based on house forms. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

CHARLES BIEDERMAN—Cleanly crafted geometric painted-aluminum reliefs. Through Thurs-

day, March 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PAUL BRACH—A new group of Western landscapes, painted in oil on Masonite, in which his customary string of wild horses is dimly seen racing along the horizon. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

AINSLIE BURKE—Semi-abstract paintings of the Maine coast. Through Saturday, March 22. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Early collages in which outrageous juxtapositions are achieved by clipping apart and rearranging solemn, old-fashioned steel engravings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Semi-abstract paintings of crude stone pillars and rough walls, depicted with a thick, cementlike medium consisting of sand, ground quartz, and oil pigment. Through April 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

PETER FINGESTEN—"Fantastic Works on Paper," a show of twenty large pen-and-ink drawings and several small pencil drawings. Through April 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ILSE GEIZ—Two shows of boxes, collages, and constructions by an artist who incorporates such found objects as dolls, game boards, and clocks in her works. A retrospective covering the years from 1961 to 1978 is at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5; through April 3.) . . . ¶ Recent works at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. (Open Mondays; through April 5.)

DAVID GIBBS—Paintings depicting, mostly, tangles of attenuated, semi-abstract arms and legs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Semi-abstract paintings, some of them reflecting her predilection for camels and bones, along with sculptural works, one of them a nine-foot tree with an Art Nouveau bronze trunk and brightly painted foliage made of perforated sheet iron. Through Thursday, March 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CHAIM GROSS—Watercolors and drawings from the past fifty years—many of them studies for his sculptures. Through Thursday, March 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Paintings from 1910 to 1942, and a group of silverpoint drawings executed in Bavaria in 1933. Through Saturday, March 29. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. A Hartley retrospective is currently at the Whitney Museum.)

JIM HUNTINGTON—Sculptures in raw steel and granite. Through Saturday, March 29. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Four large paintings, along with works on paper, crowded with figures. Through April 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT LOBE—Sculptural pieces made by hammering sheet aluminum over the object to be portrayed and peeling it off; the models here were a tree stump and a slab of paving stone. Through April 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JUAN MARTINEZ—Acrylic paintings of figures whose features are obscured under collages of gauze. First one-man show in New York by this Spanish artist. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—A dozen paintings from the fifties by the noted Abstract Expressionist. Through April 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

PHILIP MULLEN—Diptychs and triptychs incorporating acrylic paint and silk screening on canvas. Through Saturday, March 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Polished-bronze sculptures and collage paintings. Through April 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Intricate repoussé abstract compositions worked out in silk and cotton threads on a linen background. Through Saturday, March 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHARLES SEPOLWIN—Wall sculptures, most of

them evoking winged flight and made of molded sheet steel or aluminum. Through Friday, March 21. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Twenty-four paintings, including landscapes and studio portraits, that have been part of a private collection. Through April 5. (Salander-O'Reilly, 41 E. 78th St.)

MOSES SOYER (1899-1974)—Forty paintings and works on paper, including portraits and interiors. Through Saturday, March 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

JOHN WESLEY—Recent paintings. Through April 10. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HELEN MIRANDA WILSON—Oil paintings of figures on the beach and in interiors, and a series of romantic nocturnes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

EDWARD YOKILIS—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through April 10. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ADVERTISING ART—Illustrations chosen as the best published during the past year. Milton Glaser, Mark English, Bernard Fuchs, and Robert Weaver are among those represented. Through April 10. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DEUTSCH**, 43 E. 80th St.: Paintings from the thirties by members of the American Abstract Artists, including Josef Albers, I. Rice Pereira, and John Oppen. Through Saturday, March 29... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through Saturday, March 29. (Opens at noon.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on paper by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Klee, Braque, and others. Through Saturday, March 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 902 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and additional works by Ernst, Picabia, Matta, and others. Through April 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

NICOL ALLAN—Delicate torn-paper collages and Sumi-ink drawings, relating to such subjects as the sea, dancers, and mountains. Through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

JANICE BIALA—Fresh-looking paintings of studio interiors, still-lives, and landscapes by an artist who seldom exhibits; she is a sister of Jack Tworok and the wife of Alain, the cartoonist—now retired to fine arts—who did scores of drawings for this magazine. Through April 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

ANNA BIALOBRODA—Lush abstract paintings in which the recognizable components include Arabian interiors, tropical vegetation, and circus tents. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

PETER BLUME—Recent paintings and drawings together with pivotal works from the past fifty years. Through Friday, March 28. (Dintenfuss, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Large paintings in muted colors of architectural and anatomical elements reassembled in a kind of neo-Cubist arrangement. Through Tuesday, March 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CHARLOTTE BROWN—Patterns the artist has found on cast-off scraps of fabric, transferred to a prepared clay tablet. Through April 5. (Geller-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

JON CARSMAN—Small-town landscapes. Through April 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

JERRY CRIMMINS—Memorabilia from what the artist calls "Le République de Rêves;" included are passports, stamps, diplomas, medals, drawings, and photographs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROY DE FOREST—New paintings (his style has been described as "folklore-istic") and wall sculptures made up of tangles of branches and carved-wood oddments, all painted in bright

colors. Through April 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

DAVID DIAO—Large-scale, bright-colored acrylic paintings done in circular designs, like the workings of a watch. Through April 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN (1872-1946)—Oil paintings by an artist sensitive to individualistic patterns in landscapes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Still-lives and interiors, sometimes simplified to abstractions. Through Thursday, March 27. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

IRA JOEL HABER—Small constructions, made of wood, plastic, and found pieces, and set up on shelves as landscapes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE HARKINS—Watercolors of New York street life by a newcomer to the city. Through Saturday, March 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

BILL JENSEN—Small, compelling abstract paintings. Through April 5. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ—A new crop of his billboard-size paintings of smiling girls and their preppy friends enjoying the good life. One head is so big that it doesn't quite fit the gallery and has to be shown at a tilt. Through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JANE KAUFMAN / GENE DAVIS—A standing screen of pheasant feathers; six hanging jeweled curtains. Through April 12. / New stripe paintings. Through April 16. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

POLLY KRAFT—Watercolors and oil paintings of fruit, bedclothes, and backpacks. Through Saturday, March 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

WALT KUHN (1877-1949)—A show of his still-lives—the first exclusively devoted to them, and a pleasant reminder that he wasn't *always* painting clowns and acrobats. Through April 5. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—A relatively small exhibit that traces his work from his student days (Monet and van Gogh were clearly among his influences), through a hesitant period when the abstractions were born, and on into his prime. Through Saturday, March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT MURRAY / JANET STAYTON—Large freestanding sculptures made of molded aluminum plate painted with a glistening enamel. / A new series of her sampler-like works, in which discrete landscapes, freehand drawings (of coffee cups, for instance), rubbings of scissors and brushes, and numbered grid patterns vie for attention on the canvas. Through April 4. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GERALD OSTER—Abstract acrylics. Through April 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ARTHUR PIERSON / JAMES ROSEN—Fibre-glass wall constructions. / Abstract paintings. Through April 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

BRUCE PORTER—Large abstract paintings in which the artist keeps a great many bright colors and shifting forms in balance. Through April 5. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JASON SCHOENER—"Summer in Maine," a show of semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

HUNT SLOAN—Large oils encompassing motifs of Egyptian art, patterned fabrics, plants, and animals. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD SMITH—"Cartouche" is the name given

to a series of ten colored-paper-and-cloth wall hangings. Through April 22. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

HORACIO TORRES (1924-76) / **RICHARD CHIRIANI**—A group of portraits, some of New York people, by this traditionalist artist. / Views by a realist of a Cleveland industrial area and of the Catskills, along with an allegorical painting, called "Massacre of the Innocents," that the artist has been working on for five years. Through Thursday, March 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA (1874-1949)—Emblematic paintings from the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, March 29. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

ANNE TRUITT / ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Rectangular wood columns (anywhere from four feet to nine feet high) by a Minimalist. Through Saturday, March 29. / Abstract paintings. Through April 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

KAY WALKINGSTICK—Acrylics and encaustics laid onto canvas thickly and then slashed with a razor to reveal a second canvas underneath. Through Saturday, March 29. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by van Gogh, Grandma Moses, Egon Schiele, and others. Through Friday, March 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)... **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky, George Chemeche, and Robert Natkin. Through April 19.

GALLERIES—SoHo

BILL ALPERT—Large ramshackle wooden constructions. Through Saturday, March 22. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

JO BAER AND BRUCE ROBBINS—Six figurative paintings by two artists who work in Ireland. Through Saturday, March 22. (112 Workshop, 325 Spring St. Opens at 1.)

RACHEL BAS-COHAIN—A sculptural work in which writing on the gallery wall is seen through a series of holes cut out of a muslin structure. Through Saturday, March 29. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

BEN BIANCHI / RALPH GOINGS—A painted-plywood environment consisting of a gray room whose right side seems to have been hit by an earthquake. / Photo-Realist paintings of diner interiors—ketchup bottles and shiny tabletops—plus the diners in them. Through Saturday, March 22. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Hard-edged two-color abstract paintings from the fifties, all in bold vertical or horizontal stripes, plus one large recent triptych in vaulting curves. Through Saturday, March 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

CHRIS DARTON—Abstract paintings in which ribbons of raw color are squeezed right out of the tube onto the canvas. Through April 3. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

SUSAN DAYKIN—Panoramic paintings of Mexico in the last century. Also sculptures and prints. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

DONNA DENNIS—Two architectural sculptures, one of them an enormous work modelled on a two-story-with-porch house in New Jersey. Also drawings. Through April 9. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

M. C. ESCHER (1898-1972)—Woodcuts, lithographs, mezzotints, drawings, and a painting. Through June 30. (Vorpil, 465 West Broadway. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MICHAEL GALLAGHER—Trompe l'oeil paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

SANDY GELLIS / MIMI SMITH—Works from nature, literally: test tubes filled with water samples from the Hudson River, and plastic bags holding earth and sand from many parts of the world. / An audiotape, with drawings, commenting on pollution. Through April 5. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—Nine large-scale Abstract Expressionist paintings from his later years. Through April 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL KNIGIN—Paintings of classic Japanese prints, done in enamel and superimposed on current photographic backgrounds. Through March 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

TERENCE LA NOUE—Abstract paintings strongly



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

reflecting the artist's recent travels in India. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

JOHN LEES—Small paintings—portrait heads, a few landscapes—done in a thick impasto. Through Saturday, March 29. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Three wall-size Minimalist paintings—one yellow ochre, one blue, and one brown. Preliminary drawings are also on view. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

BEATRICE RIESE—Oils and gouaches based on a grid. Through April 3. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway.)

PHILLIP RIVLIN—Abstract paintings done on shaped canvases in forthright areas of solid colors. Through Saturday, March 29. (Cunningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

STUART SHEDLETSKY—Large abstract paintings in which blocks of high-pitched color are arranged in geometric patterns. Through April 5. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

NORA SPEYER—Large figure paintings, mostly of nude women, plus a selection of figure drawings. Through Thursday, March 27. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

ROBERT STRAIGHT—Spirited abstract paintings done with encaustics and oil on pleated, fan-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 29. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DENNIS WHITCOFF/JOHN COLT—Sculptures combining Indiana Bedford limestone, wood, rope, and iron. Large canvases in which lizards and snakelike bits of vegetation are part of a lightly sketched-in pattern, the work of an artist who spends part of the year in Haiti. Through Thursday, March 27. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Works by a dozen artists. Included are contemporary scenes done in colored chalk on large black-paper backgrounds by Philip Rand Smith; romantic episodes in charcoal-and-ink drawings by Wonsook Kim; and illustrated architectural "in" jokes, by Michael Mostoller, one of which shows King Kong deserting his Empire State perch for Philip Johnson's proposed A.T. & T. building. Through Saturday, March 29. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

... **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 121 Wooster St.: This co-op gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a group show in which forty members are represented. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Opens at noon.)

... **SONNABEND**, 420 West Broadway: A complicated machine, forty-one feet long, by Dennis Oppenheim, that purports to sift lies out of the atmosphere and condense them (some lumps of mendacious-looking coal are contained in a hopper at one end); a series of projected toms, each with a plastic skull on top, by Robert Morris; and an installation involving a tricycle, a string of red shirts, and five telescoping sheds, plus a tape recording, by Vito Acconci. Through Saturday, March 22. ... **TUTHILL-GIMPFRICH**, a newly opened gallery at 379 West Broadway: Paintings of cardboard mannequins done in oil and crayon on linen by Joan Gardner; collages in which almost photographic acrylic portraits are cut out and mounted on patterned wrapping paper by Robin Tewes; and Photo-Realist self-portraits by Catherine Kirkwood. Through Sunday, March 23.

SCULPTURE—An early Calder mobile, a painted-wood sculpture by Louise Bourgeois, and a steel piece from the sixties by Mark di Suvero are among the abstract works by Americans and Europeans on view. Through April 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

ALIGHIERO BOETTI—Representative works by an Italian Conceptualist—for example, a whole wall taken up with a display of envelopes on which six different Afghanistani postage stamps are pasted in every possible arrangement. (There are seven hundred and twenty possibilities.) Through Saturday, March 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO/MARK GOLDERMAN—Sculptures from the last ten years. Polaroid photographs. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

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CHARLES GLEYRE (1806-74)—Large allegorical salon paintings by this Swiss academician (his students included Renoir, Monet, and Whistler), plus a sizable group of colorful watercolors and drawings he did in the Near East. Through Saturday, March 22. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

REE MORTON (1936-77)—A retrospective of her exuberant and imaginative paintings and constructions. Through April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MICHAEL DE CAMP—Large color photographs. Through April 18. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

JOHN GOSAGE—Photographs in series of various unrelated subjects. Through April 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

HIROMITSU MORIMOTO—Large hand-applied-emulsion prints. Through April 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLIAM MORTENSEN (1897-1965)—Movie stills and portraits of movie stars (Valentino, Jean Harlow, Fay Wray) and stylized studies of female nudes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

ROY PERRY—Photographs of New York during the Depression. Through April 27. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—A silhouette of the model Kiki dated 1922 is one of more than fifty vintage prints, including solarizations and Rayographs. Also drawings and objects. Through Saturday, March 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

BURK UZZLE—Photographs of Cambodian refugees. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN—A show of a hundred prints, dated 1839 to 1919, including works by Francis Frith, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, and others. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At THE HASTINGS-RINHART, 121 E. 24th St.: One print apiece by sixty-three fashion photographers, all but a few of them contemporary. Through April 12. (Open Mondays.) ... **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by James Henkel (photographs with grease-pencil or spray-can drawings superimposed on them), by Roger Martin (a series on trees—his dominant theme), and by Larry Williams (still-lives of TV commercials). Through Saturday, March 22. ... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seven vintage prints of Paris by Atget, ten photographs of rural America by Wright Morris, and a new series on cats by George A. Tice are among the works on view. ... In another gallery, documentary works from the thirties, done for various government agencies, by Peter Sekaer. Through April 19. (Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in

which one of the bronze horses from the facade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. ... A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. ... "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Through April 1. ... An exhibit of prints from the sixties and seventies by more than a hundred and seventy-five artists, including Robert Indiana, Picasso, Robert Ryman, Richard Estes, Les Levine, and Jennifer Bartlett. Through April 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper. ... Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists showing here for the first time. Works on paper by the same artists are at the Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows start Friday, March 21.

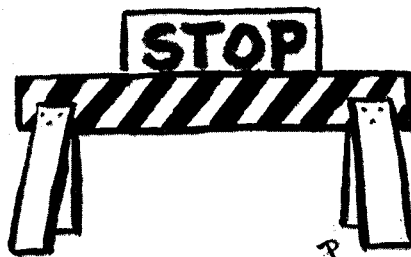
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. A complementary show is at the Babcock Galleries, 20 E. 67th St. ... Isamu Noguchi: theatre sets (three of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. ... An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. ... A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. ... Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by the figure sculptor Gaston Lachaise. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through April 16. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. Additional works are at the Doris Wiener Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. ... A show of contemporary Chinese scroll paintings. Through May 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by twenty-nine painters and sculptors who are candidates for the Academy's art awards. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. ... A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth.



Through April 6....¶A show of nearly three hundred individual ceramic tiles. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portrait miniatures and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-fifth annual, composed of two hundred and eighty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 1....¶Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages and superrealist paintings by Barkley L. Hendricks. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Separate shows (films, paintings, and so forth) by Jeff Balsmeyer, Silvia Kolbowski, Allan McCollum, Richard Prince, and Jenny Snider, through Saturday, March 29.

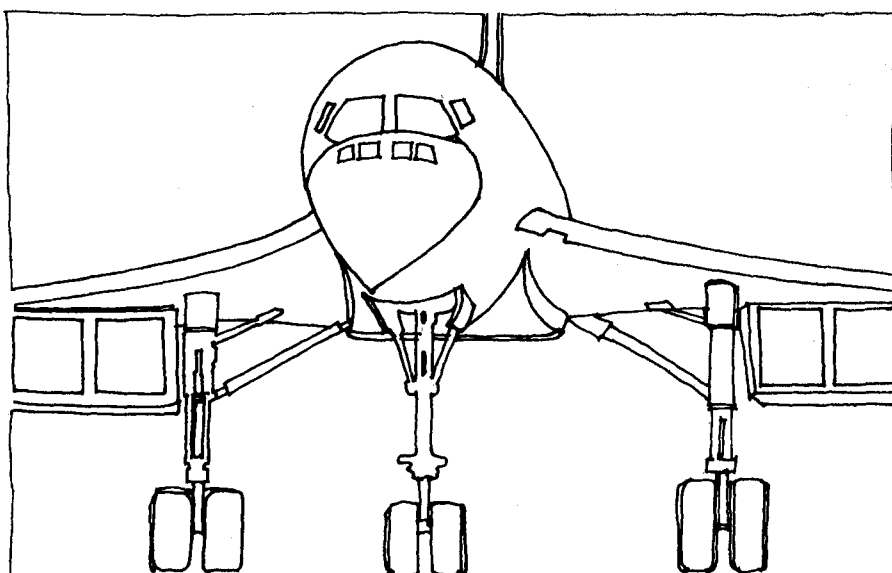
FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Sue Berkey (performance with film), Thursday, March 20, at 8:30; installations by two conceptual artists—Romaine Perin and Beverly Naidus, through Saturday, March 29; a display of a hundred artists' books on social change, through Saturday, March 29.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—David Lusby (dance), Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23, at 8:30; J. L. Alexanco & Luis de Pablo (performance), Tuesday and Wednesday, March 25-26, at 8:30; Lucia Dlugoszewski (chamber music), Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8:30; Dara Birnbaum (videotapes), Saturday, March 29, at 8:30; photographs by Cindy Sherman, through Saturday, March 29; ten videotapes daily, through Saturday, March 29.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit, "Afro-American Abstractions," consists of paintings, sculptures, and other works by nineteen artists, among them Barbara Chase-Riboud, Richard Hunt, James Little, Alvin Loving, and Howardena Pindell. Through April 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1011; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 19: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . Thursday evening, March 20: "Don Carlo," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . Friday evening, March 21: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Plácido Domingo, Pablo Elvira, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . Saturday matinee, March 22: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, and Dale Duesing; Nicola Rescigno. . . . Saturday evening, March 22: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . Monday evening, March 24: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Plácido Domingo, Pablo Elvira, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . Tuesday evening, March 25: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . Wednesday evening, March 26: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Dalmacio González, and Mario Sereni; Nicola Rescigno. . . . Thursday evening, March 27: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . Friday evening, March 28: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . Saturday matinee, March 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Plácido Domingo, Pablo Elvira, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . Saturday evening, March 29: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Dalmacio González, and Dale Duesing; Nicola Rescigno. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, March 20, at 7:15. Matinees at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 19: "Don Giovanni," with Ruth Falcon, June Anderson, Gwenlynn Little, Samuel Ramey, Maurice Brown, Joseph Evans, Ralph Bassett, and Thomas Jamerson; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . Thursday evening, March 20: The American premiere of Kurt Weill's "Silverlake" (in English), with a new libretto by Hugh Wheeler and new lyrics by Lys Symonette. With Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harold, and dancer Gary Chryst; staged by Harold Prince and conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . Friday evening, March 21: "Manon," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, Dominic Cossa, David Arnold, Marc Embree, and Douglas Perry; John Mauceri. . . . Saturday matinee, March 22: "The Barber of Seville" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, David Holloway, Jerry Hadley, Richard McKee, and Donnie Ray Albert; William Fred Scott III. . . . Saturday evening, March 22: "Don Giovanni," with Ruth Falcon, June Anderson, Gwenlynn Little, Samuel Ramey, Maurice Brown, Joseph Evans, Ralph Bassett, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . Sunday matinee, March 23: "Silverlake" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harold, and dancer Gary Chryst; Julius Rudel. . . . Sunday evening, March 23: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Kathryn Bouleyn, Michele Molese, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . Tuesday evening, March 25, and Thursday evening, March 27: "Silverlake" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harold, and dancer Gary Chryst; Julius Rudel. . . . Friday evening, March 28: "Mefistofele," with Pamela Myers, Dana Krueger, Justino Diaz, and Jacque Trussel; John Mauceri. . . . Saturday matinee, March 29: "Silverlake" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harold, and dancer Gary Chryst; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday evening, March 29: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Kathryn Bouleyn, Michele Molese, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sat-

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urdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)

CHAMBER OPERA THEATRE OF NEW YORK—William Walton's "The Bear" and Jacques Ibert's "Angélique," two one-act operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, March 23, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting—Thursday, March 20, at 8; Friday, March 21, at 2; Saturday, March 22, at 8; and Tuesday, March 25, at 7:30 (all with Michel Beroff, piano); and Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, at 8, and Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30 (all with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Colin Davis conducting a Schumann-Schubert program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, at 8.)

SYRACUSE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Christopher Keene conducting a program that includes the New York premieres of Roger Sessions' "Symphony No. 9" and Keith Jarrett's "The Celestial Hawk," with Mr. Jarrett as piano soloist. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—David Zinman conducting, with Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

SAAR PHILHARMONIC—Hans Zender conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here, with Roswitha Staeger, flute. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

ST. PAUL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Dennis Russell Davies conducting a performance of Mozart's Requiem and "Thamos, King of Egypt," with Elly Ameling, soprano; Susanne Marsee, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Thomas Paul, baritone; and the Pro Arte Chorale. (Avery Fisher Hall, Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Saturday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 23, at 5:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Albert Catell conducting, with Walter Hilse, organ, and Ralph Votapek, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SOVIET EMIGRÉ ORCHESTRA—Lazar Gosman playing the violin and conducting an orchestra made up mostly of Soviet exiles living in the United States. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Newell Jenkins directing the American premiere of Joseph Martin Kraus's opera "Aeneas in Carthage," in concert form, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Richard Anderson, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

ORPHEUS—Twenty-five wind and string players who perform without a conductor. With Heidi Lehwald, harp, and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Thursday, March 27, at 8.)



BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting a Haydn-Beethoven program, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 3.)

JULIUS GROSSMAN ORCHESTRA—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

WEST SIDE FESTIVAL OF CHORAL MUSIC—A program of works spanning the last five centuries performed by the New Amsterdam Singers, the Canticum Novum Singers, the New Calliope Singers, and Cappella Nova. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, March 21, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

BROWN UNIVERSITY CHORUS—William Ermye directing. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK MOTET CHOIR—Stephen Sturk directing. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA CHORUS—Alexander Dashnaw directing, with Lila Deis, soprano; Jan Opalach, baritone; and the Orchestra of New York. (Abraham Goodman House, Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS AND DARTMOUTH COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, with Peter Schubert and Melinda O'Neal directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ST. THOMAS CHOIR OF MEN AND BOYS—Gerre Hancock directing Handel's "Messiah," with Peter Becker, countertenor; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, March 25, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

OBERLIN COLLEGE CHOIR—Daniel Moe directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, March 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-0758, after six in the evening.)

RECITALS

BACH ARIA GROUP—With Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Wednesday, March 19, at 8.) . . . The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, March 22, at 3.)

SETH KIMMELMAN—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House, Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

ELIOT FISK—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

KIM KASHKASHIAN—Viola. (Abraham Goodman House, Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

VOCAL CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES OF THE CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Ashley Putnam, soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; James Buswell and Syoko Aki, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Edward Carroll, trumpet; and Charles Wadsworth, organ and piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Two performances of Mendelssohn's Piano Trio in C Minor and Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Thursday, March 20, at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall, Monday, March 24, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—A program of music by David Diamond and Dane Rudhyar, performed by Peter Oundjian, violin; Robert Black and William Black, piano; and Johanna Arnold, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

FESTIVAL OF WOMEN'S MUSIC—The last two of four programs. Thursday March 20, at 8: With Virginia Eskin and Ann Silsbee, piano. . . . Thursday, March 27, at 8: With Mitchell Stern, violin; Toby Appel, viola; and Diane Walsh, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concert.)

LAURENCE TROTT—Piccolo. (Mannes College of

enter Chloé

"A woman does not put on my
fragrance. She enters it."

Karl Lagerfeld



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Friday, March 21, at 7:30.)

MIRELLA FRENI—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

ANDREW APPEL—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER—Violin, with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

WALL-TO-WALL HAYDN—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jorge Mester and Allan Miller; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry and Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Rita Shane, soprano; James Atherton, tenor; and William Fleck, bass. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in and perform, and any singers will be able to participate in the grand finale, "The Creation." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 22, from 11 to 11.)

ERIK TAWASTJERNA—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30.)

PETER FRANKL—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—With David Carp, recorder, and Stephen Taylor, oboe. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

HARPSICHORD UNLIMITED—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Marsha Hogan, soprano; Linda Comparone, flute; Jodi Beder, cello; and others. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider and Hirono Oka, violin; Tina Pelikan, viola; Annabelle Hoffman, cello; Peter Lloyd, bass; and Sharon Isbin, guitar. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, March 23, at 2.)

PHILIP JONES BRASS ENSEMBLE—Ten brass players from England. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 23, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

ELLY AMELING—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

YEHUDI AND HEFZIBAH MENUHIN—Violin and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

RENATA SCOTTO—Soprano, in a concert postponed from Jan. 19. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

MUSIC GUILD CHAMBER PLAYERS—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and Artur Balsam, piano, will be joined by six other musicians in a newly formed ensemble. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

MUSIC PROJECT—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. With Nancy Allen, harp. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 60th St. Sunday, March 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-9311.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—A program of bel canto, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Allan Fast, countertenor; and other members of Badinage. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 23, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

RUTH GAGNEBIN—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 5:30.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with John Steele Ritter, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8.)

AMIRAM RIGAI—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 23, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of contemporary music, with Gerard Schwarz, conductor; Judith Nicotia, soprano; and Gordon Gottlieb, marimba. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8.)

BORIS CHRISTOFF—Bass, in a program of music by Verdi and Moussorgsky, with an orchestra and chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

DETLEF KRAUS—Piano, in the first two of four concerts presenting the Brahms cycle.

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(Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 24, and Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

FRANCK AVRIL—Oboe, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

ARTUR BALSAM, JAMES BUSWELL, AND LESLIE PARNAS—Piano, violin, and cello, in a benefit concert. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—An all-Beethoven program, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

CAROL WINCENC—Flute. (College Parlour, Barnard Hall, Broadway at 117th St. Thursday, March 27, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

RITVA AUVINEN—Soprano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, March 27, at 7. A limited number of free tickets will be available at the door on the night of the concert.)

RICHARD STOLTZMAN—Clarinet, with Yo-yo Ma, cello, and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

WAYERLY CONSORT—The last in a series of concerts, this one entitled "The Age of Humanism." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Richard Goode and Peter Serkin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 5.)

BERNARD KRAINIS—Recorder. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, March 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Violin, with Robert Conant, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

CARLOS BONELL—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

RITA BOUBOULIDI—The fifth in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—A Haydn-Fauré-Brahms program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 29, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

DA VINCI PLAYERS—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL FINALS—Eleven singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1980

competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council will appear. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, March 23, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3035.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 22, at 8:05. . . . Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, March 27, at 8:35. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, March 28, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, March 23, at 8:35. . . . Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, March 25, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 22, at 8:05. . . . Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, March 25, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 22; the Bay Shore, Sunday, March 23; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 29.

RUNNING—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at noon on Saturday, March 29, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, travel west across 72nd Street, turn north to 110th Street, and continue circling the Park to finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

SQUASH RACQUETS—World Professional Squash Association Championships. (Manhattan Squash Club, 41 W. 42nd St. A round of thirty-two players, Thursday, March 27, at noon; a round of sixteen players, Friday, March 28, at 3; Sharif Khan, Stu Goldstein, Clive Caldwell, Mario Sanchez, and four other players, Friday, March 28, at 7; quarterfinals, Saturday, March 29, at 12:30, 3, 5:30, and 8; semifinals, Sunday, March 30, at 1:30 and 5:30; and finals, Monday, March 31, at 7. For tickets, call 940-3985.)

TENNIS—Avon Championships: Tracy Austin, Dianne Fromholtz, Evonne Goolagong, Billie Jean King, Martina Navratilova, Greer Stevens, Wendy Turnbull, and Virginia Wade. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 19, at 10 A.M.; Thursday and Friday, March 20-21, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 22, at noon; and final singles matches, Sunday, March 23, at 1.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—John Haines and Paul Zweig reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 27, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . Grace Schulman and Arthur Gregor reading from their own poetry. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Thursday, March 27, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, March 21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . Saturday, March 22, at 2: Persian rugs. . . . Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including English cameo glass, Désiré Christian French cameo glass (from the collection of Jules S. Traub), Tiffany lamps, and a 1945 Wurlitzer juke box. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 22. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, March 22, at 2:30: Tiffany lamps. . . . Tuesday, March 25, at 7: Books, manuscripts, and bindings, in a benefit auction.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 23: "The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover."

March 24: Theatre closed.

From March 25: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through March 20: "The Rose" and "Janis."

From March 21: "Cruising."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through March 20: "The Electric Horseman" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."

March 21-27: "1941" and "Animal House."

From March 28: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through March 27: "Breaking Away."

From March 28: "Jesus."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through March 27: "The Fog."

From March 28: "Little Darlings."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through March 27: "The Black Marble."

From March 28: "When Time Ran Out."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through March 27: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

From March 28: "Serial."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through March 20: "Foxes."

March 21-27: "Hide in Plain Sight."

From March 28: "When Time Ran Out."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through March 27: "Best Boy."

From March 28: "Gilda Live."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Blood Feud."

MANHATTAN I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Through March 27: "Cruising."

From March 28: "Best Boy."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"Cruising."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Wise Blood." (No evening performances on Wednesday, March 19.)

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

March 19: Theatre closed.

From March 20: "Nijinsky."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Norma Rae."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

"Simon."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)

"A Small Circle of Friends."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Through March 20: "The Immortal Bachelor."

From March 21: "Little Miss Marker."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

"Coal Miner's Daughter."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"All That Jazz."

LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"The Black Marble."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Through March 27: "Chapter Two."

From March 28: "Serial."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9394)

Through March 20: "American Gigolo."

March 21-27: "The Electric Horseman."

From March 28: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through March 27: "The Fifth Floor."

From March 28: "Jesus."

LOEWS ORPHEUM I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Through March 27: "The Fog."

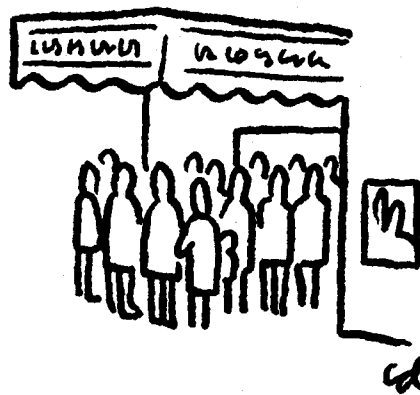
From March 28: "When Time Ran Out."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Through March 27: "The China Syndrome" and "... And Justice for All."

From March 28: "Little Darlings."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 24. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through March 20: "Foxes."

From March 21: "Hide in Plain Sight."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through March 20: "A Force of One." From March 21: "Little Miss Marker."

Theatre 2: Through March 27: To be announced. From March 28: "Gilda Live."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

"Being There."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"Joe and Maxi."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"All That Jazz."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through March 27: "The Electric Horseman." From March 28: "The Changeling."

Theatre 2: Through March 20: "The China Syndrome" and "... And Justice for All."

From March 21: "Little Miss Marker."

Theatre 3: "American Gigolo."

Theatre 4: Through March 20: "The Fifth Floor." From March 21: "Hide in Plain Sight."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through March 20: "Saturn 3."

From March 21: "Apocalypse Now."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through March 20: "The Human Factor."

From March 21: "Being There."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"A Simple Story."

LITTLE CARNegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

Through March 22: "To Forget Venice."

From March 23: "Clair de Femme."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through March 22: "All That Jazz."

From March 23: "Eboli."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through March 25: "Starting Over."

From March 26: "The Wicker Man."

CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"Angi Vera."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

"The Trials of Alger Hiss."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "Chapter Two."

Theatre 2: "American Gigolo."

Theatre 3: Through March 20: "Defiance."

March 21-27: "Foxes." From March 28:

"When Time Ran Out."

Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

NEW YORKER I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Through March 20: "Monsieur Verdoux."

"The Circus," "Limelight," "A King in New York," "Modern Times," "A Woman of Paris," "The Great Dictator," "The Kid," "The Gold Rush," "City Lights,"

and "Chaplin Revue."

From March 21: "Being There."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

From March 19 at 7:30: "The War at Home." (Opening night will be a benefit.)

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through March 20: "American Gigolo" and "Hardcore."

March 21-27: "Cruising" and "Americathon."

From March 28: "Hero at Large" and "The Frisco Kid."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

To be announced.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"All That Jazz." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Being There." (†)

Theatre 3: "Breaking Away." (†)

Theatre 4: "Chapter Two." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through March 27: "The Rose." (†)

From March 28: "Little Darlings." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"The Black Marble." (†) (The theatre will be closed on Monday and Tuesday, March 24-25.)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Through March 27: "The Fog." (†)

From March 28: "Serial." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)

"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

"Cruising." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 40th. (247-1633)

"Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

Through March 20: "Foxes." (†)

From March 21: "Hide in Plain Sight." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

Through March 27: "Defiance." (†) and "A Force of One." (†)

From March 28: "Changeling." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

"The China Syndrome." (†) and "Hero at Large." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

March 19: "The Strange Door" (1951), directed by Richard Pevney, with Charles Laughton, Boris Karloff, and Sally Forrest; and "Isle of the Dead" (1945), directed by Mark Robson, with Ellen Drew, Boris Karloff, and Katherine Emery.

March 20: "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Greenberg.

March 21: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

March 22: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928), a short silent film, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dalí, and Buñuel himself.

March 23: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, and Raymond Massey; "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, and Pat Hin-

gle; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainer.

March 24: "A Drama of Jealousy" (†); "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (†); and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."

March 25: "Harakiri" (†) and "I Live in Fear" (†)

March 26: "Bedlam" (1946), directed by Mark Robson, with Boris Karloff; and "Coma" (1978), directed by Michael Crichton, with Geneviève Bujold, Michael Douglas, Elizabeth Ashley, Rip Torn, and Richard Widmark.

March 27: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles.

March 28: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

March 29: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

March 19: "Kanchenjunga" (1962) and "The Adversary" (1971), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.

March 20: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Donkey Skin" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve.

March 21: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, and Carole Laure; and "Going Places" (1974), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, Patrick Dewaere, and Jeanne Moreau.

March 22: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, and Raymond Massey; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, and Pat Hingle.

March 23: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.

March 24: "Blithe Spirit" (1945), directed by David Lean, with Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Margaret Rutherford; and "Pygmalion." (†)

March 25: "Barbary Coast" (†) and "Tiger Shark" (†)

March 26: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnar Lindblom.

March 27: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "Mr. Klein" (1977), in French, directed by Joseph Losey, with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale.

March 28: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

March 29: "The Boys in the Band" (†); and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 20: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

March 21-22: "Luna" (1976), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.

March 23-24: "Lord Love a Duck" (†) and "The Landlord." (†)

March 25: "The Age of the Medici" (1973), Roberto Rossellini's three-part film.

March 26-27: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

March 28-29: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 27: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

From March 28: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and Anthony Dawson.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 25: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

From March 26: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 19: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "The End" (1978), directed by Burt Reynolds, with Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field.

March 20: "Teresa the Thief" (1973), in Italian and English, directed by Carlo Di Palma, with Monica Vitti; and "No Time for Breakfast" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli, with Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Isabelle Huppert, and François Périer.

March 21-22: "The Innocent" (1976), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "Conversation Piece" (1975), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, and Helmut Berger.

March 23: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "General della Rovere." (†)

March 24: "Strange Illusion" (1945), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Jimmy Lydon and Sally Eilers; and "Her Sister's Secret" (1947), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Margaret Lindsay and Philip Reed.

March 25: "Vietnam—The War Is Over: The Struggle Continues" (1976), a Russian film; and "The Warmth of Your Hands" (1972), in Russian, directed by Shota and Nodar Managadze.

March 26: "Mondo Cane" (†); and "Mondo Cane No. 2" (1965; "Mondo Pazzo"), an Italian documentary, with an English narration, made by Gualtiero Jacopetti.

March 27: "Alf 'n' Family" (†); and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood.

March 28-29: "The Boys in the Band" (†); and "A Different Story" (1978), directed by Paul Aaron, with Perry King and Meg Foster.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 19: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Gene Tierney, Don Ameche, Charles Coburn, and Marjorie Main; and "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945), directed by John M. Stahl, with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, and Ray Collins.

March 20: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

March 21-22: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight"



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(1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.
 March 23-24: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Henry Daniell, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.
 March 25: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both with the Marx Brothers.
 March 26: "Paramount on Parade" (1930), staged by ten directors, including Dorothy Arzner and Ernst Lubitsch, and with an all-star cast of that day (Fredric March, Clara Bow, Jack Oakie, and Skeets Gallagher, to mention a few); and "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929), directed by Millard Webb, with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall.
 March 27: "Summer and Smoke" (†) and "Toys in the Attic." (†)
 March 28-29: "The Secret of the Blue Room" (1933), directed by Kurt Neumann, with Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, Edward Arnold, and Onslow Stevens; and "The Uninvited." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 20 at 2:30, 6, and 8:30: Three programs of films made about films, such as "Oscar's First Fifty Years" (1978), made by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, "The Film Parade" (1933), made by J. Stuart Blackton, and "The Movies Learn to Talk" (1959), made by CBS....
 March 21 at 2:30: "Topaze" (1933), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy....
 March 21 at 6:

"The Last Laugh" (1924), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings; English titles....
 March 22 at noon: "The Lost Squadron" (1932), directed by George Archainbaud, with Richard Dix, Mary Astor, and Erich von Stroheim....
 March 22 at 2:30: "Manhattan Melodrama" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy....
 March 22 at 5: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone....
 March 23 at noon: "The Lost Squadron"....
 March 23 at 2:30: "Vanessa: Her Love Story" (1935), directed by William K. Howard, with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery....
 March 23 at 5: "Le Quai des Brumes" (1938), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, and Michel Simon; no English subtitles....
 March 24 at noon: "Gene Deitch: The Picture Book Animated" (1977), directed by Gene Deitch; and "Seconds to Play" (1976), directed by Patrick Crowley....
 March 24 at 2:30: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Jean Harlow, and Wallace Beery....
 March 24 at 6: A program of animated short films by Larry Jordan....
 March 25 at noon: "Gene Deitch: The Picture Book Animated" and "Seconds to Play"....
 March 25 at 2:30: "Le Quai des Brumes"....
 March 25 at 6: "The Trials of Alger Hiss" (1980), a documentary film, directed by John Lowenthal....
 March 27 at 2:30: "Dancing Lady" (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone....
 March 27 at 6: "The Young in Heart" (1938), directed by Richard Wallace, with Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr....
 March 27 at 8:30: "Vanessa: Her Love Story"....

March 28 at 2:30: "Manhattan Melodrama"....
 March 28 at 6: "Variety" (1925), a German silent film, directed by E. A. Dupont, with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti; English titles....
 March 29 at noon: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields, Freddie Bartholomew, and Basil Rathbone....
 March 29 at 2:30: "Hollywood: The Selznick Years" (1969), a documentary, directed by David Wolper....
 March 29 at 5: "The Young in Heart." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 23: "Microcultural Incidents in Ten Zoos" (1971), directed by Ray L. Birdwhistell and Jacques D. Van Vlack; "The Ax Fight" (1975), directed by Timothy Asch and Napoleon Chagnon; and "Dance and Human History" (1974), directed by Alan Lomax and Forrester Paulay. Showings at noon, 2, and 4....
 Starting March 25: "Poto and Cabengo" (1979), a documentary, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-6601) for ticket information....
 March 25 at 5: A five-part audiotape—"The Telephone Stories" (1979), conceived by Mitchell Kriegman and read by Marshall Klugman and Susan Blommaert—has been installed on three floors in the museum. You may call from your own phone and hear the tapes at any time (570-3603). The museum is closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of thirteen cartoons made by Dave and Max Fleischer, including "Koko's Earth Control" (1928) and "Superman: The Japaneers" (1942). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALF 'N' FAMILY (1970)—English comedy film written by Johnny Speight and directed by Norman Cohen—the barely related source of the American TV series about Archie Bunker. Alf Garnett, who also began on television (in England), is a much less bigoted character than Bunker; his style is one of insufferable and fairly cowardly rudeness to absolutely everyone. There is a very good and spunky performance by Dandy Nichols as his wife, who answers back with the best of them. The nature of the film is rather unremitting and reminds you of a lot of TV programs strung together, but Alf's hopelessly rude retorts sometimes have the pathos of the unbeatable aged. (Thalia; March 27.)

ALL THAT JAZZ—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1....
 Cinema 3; through March 22.)

AMERICAN GIGOLO—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad....
 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through March 20.)

AMERICATHON—Adapted from a play by Phillip Proctor and Peter Bergman, who made some good comedy records with a group called the Firesign Theatre. The movie could have used Firesign's flaky attention span. It begins as

political satire—the year is 1998, the President (John Ritter) a predictable Jerry Brown joke—and it bogs down in a plodding telethon format. With Harvey Korman, Peter Riegert, Richard Schaal, Nancy Morgan, and cameos by Elvis Costello and Meat Loaf. Directed by Neil Israel. (8/27/79) (Olympia; March 21-27.)

... **AND JUSTICE FOR ALL**—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Quad Cinema; through March 20....
 Loews Orpheum 2; through March 27.)

ANGI VERA—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsébet Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

ANIMAL HOUSE (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (St. Marks Cinema; March 21-27.)

APOCALYPSE NOW—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrester, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld; starting March 21.)

BARBARY COAST (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing

re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

BEING THERE—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Waverly, and Embassy....
 Festival, and New Yorker 1; starting March 21.)

BEST BOY—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin, Ira Wohl, whose thoughtful presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Sutton; through March 27....
 Manhattan 1; starting March 28.)

THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET (1958)—The Italian title is "I Soliti Ignoti," the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy is about a group of petty thieves eager to move up in status—to rob a

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safe in a loan office. The thieves are ambitious, good-natured, and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. This is a shaggy "Riffi." With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and, as the leading safecracker in Italy (now near-senile), whom the small-time thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò—a stylized image of fatigue, sadness, decadence. From a screenplay by Age and Scarpelli, Cecchi D'Amico, and Monicelli. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 24.)

THE BLACK MARBLE—Writer Joseph Wambaugh and director Harold Becker were responsible for the strong, memorably ugly police thriller "The Onion Field," but they have slipped badly in this ill-conceived attempt to extract whimsy and romance from the middle-earth level of the Los Angeles underworld. Harry Dean Stanton is a convincingly scummy small-time dognapper, but the picture is far more interested in the grumpy badinage between Paula Prentiss and Robert Foxworth, as a pair of detectives inexplicably in love. (3/10/80) (Loews New York 1... ♣ Loews Astor Plaza. The theatre will be closed on Monday and Tuesday, March 24-25... ♣ Murray Hill; through March 27.)

THE BLACK STALLION—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

BLOOD FEUD—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishes among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Plaza.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nelly, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Thalia; March 28-29... ♣ Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 29.)

BREAKING AWAY—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Embassy... ♣ Gramercy; through March 27.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CALIGULA—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

THE CHANGELING—With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Melvyn Douglas, and Jean Marsh; directed by Peter Medak. (Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting March 28.)

CHAPLIN REVUE—Three of his silents—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923). In "Shoulder Arms," Chaplin levelled a full comic barrage at the glamorous soldier-hero; he fought militarism in his own way by making it ridiculous. As the misfit in the ranks, he acts out a soldier's dream of glory: single-handed, he seizes an enemy squad, saves his buddy from

a firing squad, rescues a French girl (Edna Purviance) from the classic fate-worse-than-death, and captures the Kaiser. Along the way, he impersonates a tree; it is the most imaginative extended sequence in the film. One of his first four-reelers, this picture is remarkable for its sustained comic invention; nothing lachrymose slows it down. (New Yorker 1; March 20.)

CHAPTER TWO—Familiar backdrops (Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on) fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy... ♣ Loews New York 2; through March 27.)

THE CHINA SYNDROME—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Quad Cinema; through March 20... ♣ Loews Orpheum 2; through March 27.)

THE CIRCUS (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (New Yorker 1; March 20.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (New Yorker 1; March 19.)

CLAIR DE FEMME—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Little Carnegie; starting March 23.)

COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin' on manner

and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Rivoli... ♣ 34th St. East; through March 27.)

CRUISING—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack are repellent but powerful, yet the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot only encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Manhattan 2, and National... ♣ Manhattan 1; through March 27... ♣ Olympia; March 21-27... ♣ Art; starting March 21.)

DEFIANCE—With Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by John Flynn. (Loews 83rd Quad; through March 20... ♣ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through March 27.)

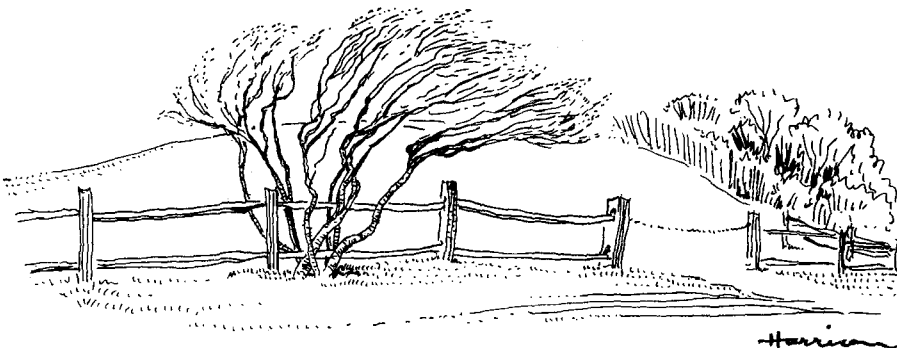
A DRAMA OF JEALOUSY (1970; "The Pizza Triangle")—A genial mutt of a movie: an extroverted romantic satire with sight gags, along with jokes about the pollution in Rome and modern sex mores. As Oreste, a moon-faced, bushy-haired Communist bricklayer who doesn't always smell good, Marcello Mastroianni holds it all together. Married to a battle-axe, a fat hag with a topknot, Oreste falls in love with a young flower-seller, whom Monica Vitti plays with a soulful silliness that is a parody of generations of comic waifs and neorealist heroines. When she betrays him with his best friend, a Tuscan pizza cook (Giancarlo Giannini), he becomes obsessed with the idea that there's a class basis for the betrayal, and the movie turns into a slapstick tragedy. Oreste, the great *stupido*, whose face reflects a mind that has been emptied of everything but fluky ideas, commits a crime of passion and becomes a comic-strip parody of an operatic figure—the crazed lover. (This is one of Mastroianni's least-known great performances.) The color is warm and bright, the music is light and nostalgic, and the cutting has a quick rhythm. There's an original comic temperament here. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't seem to be anxious; the picture is spotty, but nothing is forced, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 24.)

ESOU—Based on Carlo Levi's book, with Gian Maria Volonte. Directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema 3; starting March 23.)

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 20... ♣ Quad Cinema; through March 27... ♣ 72nd Street East; March 21-27.)

THE FIFTH FLOOR—With Bo Hopkins and Dianne Hull, directed by Howard Avedis. (Quad Cinema; through March 20... ♣ U.A. East; through March 27.)

THE FOG—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter



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in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens. With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Bay Cinema. Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through March 27.)

A FORCE OF ONE—With Jennifer O'Neill and Chuck Norris, directed by Paul Aaron. (R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 20.... R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through March 27.)

FOXES—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Strode are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through March 20.... Loews 83rd Quad; March 21-27.)

THE FRISCO KID—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Olympia; starting March 28.)

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (1959)—Vittorio De Sica has perhaps his greatest role in this otherwise mediocre film, directed by Roberto Rossellini. It is set in Genoa in 1943. De Sica is a small-time swindler with a classic con man's grand manner; the Germans induce him to impersonate a resistance general whom they have inadvertently shot, and send him to a political prison, where he is supposed to ferret out information for them. But the petty, self-loathing crook, experiencing for the first time the respect and admiration—even the awe—of other men, becomes as courageous as the man he impersonates. The mask has molded the man, and the Nazis must destroy their own creation. De Sica is superb; we watch his evolution from worm to Il Generale with utter astonishment and delight. At its most original, the film is a shockingly funny black comedy: the con man, battered and bleeding from torture, weeps sentimentally over a photograph of the real Generale's children—a scene as excruciatingly comic as the surreal torture scenes in "Bend Sinister," Nabokov's novel about the Nazis. But this film, made on a slender budget and shot and edited in six weeks, is—surprisingly—too long; the director and the writers seem not to have discovered their best material until it was too late to pull the story together. The compositions, the groupings of actors, the ideas, and the milieu are like a reprise of the neorealist "Open City" (1945); the rawness and immediacy are gone, though. The faces are actors; the sets are obviously sets. In Italian. (Thalia; March 23.)

GILDA LIVE—Filmed at Gilda Radner's stage per-

formance on Broadway last August. (Sutton, and R.K.O. 86th St.; starting March 28.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin. Silent; some prints have a musical track. (New Yorker 1; March 19.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (New Yorker 1; March 20.)

HARAKIRI (1962)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. Directed by Masaki Kobayashi and probably his masterpiece. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25.)

HARDCORE (1979)—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way dogs hate cats. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Olympia; through March 20.)

HERO AT LARGE—A Twinky-sweet comedy about a struggling actor (John Ritter) who, as a public-relations stunt, is hired to play "Captain Avenger," a Superman-like hero, and is surprised when the public begins to believe his act. The movie, which bears resemblance to an expiring TV sit-com, may be trying to say something about contemporary folkways and politics, but it doesn't. With Anne Archer, Bert Convy, and Kevin McCarthy. (Victoria.... Olympia; starting March 28.)

HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT—A blurred, flaccid drama about a factory worker (James Caan) who is suddenly and cruelly deprived of his two young children by a particularly heavy-handed stroke of governmental stupidity, and about his lengthy, frustrating efforts to find them and bring them home. The picture, which is based on an actual series of events that began in the late nineteen-sixties (the

worker's ex-wife had married a small-time criminal-turned-informer, whom the state had hidden away for his own protection), was directed by Mr. Caan and filmed in realistically dingy locales in Buffalo, but it has none of the edge and flow that are essential to a story that stretches over many months. James Caan the actor is convincingly inarticulate and embittered, but we grow impatient waiting for James Caan the director to give him some outlet for his long rage. (With Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Barbra Rae, and Kenneth McMillan—who adds some pepper to this gruel with his portrayal of a case-hardened federal cop.) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting March 21.... Eastside Cinema; March 21-27.)

THE HUMAN FACTOR—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson, as the stricken hero. (2/11/80) (Festival; through March 20.)

I LIVE IN FEAR—In 1955, Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mi-fune plays a factory owner trying to sell out and leave with his family for the safety of Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and he ends up mad and hospitalized. The picture praises dread with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25.)

THE IMMORTAL BACHELOR—Giancarlo Giannini as an unshaven Roman layabout who slaps around his wife (Monica Vitti) when he isn't out cheating on her, but keeps her happy with his inspired lovemaking. Miss Vitti is funny and sexy-looking, and Mr. Giannini croaks and rolls his eyes in his entertaining horny-frog style, but the comedy is slowed by its dopey, familiar message: only the poor have fun in bed in Italy. With Claudia Cardinale and Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (2/25/80) (Gemini 1; through March 20.)

JANIS (1975)—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Art; through March 20.)

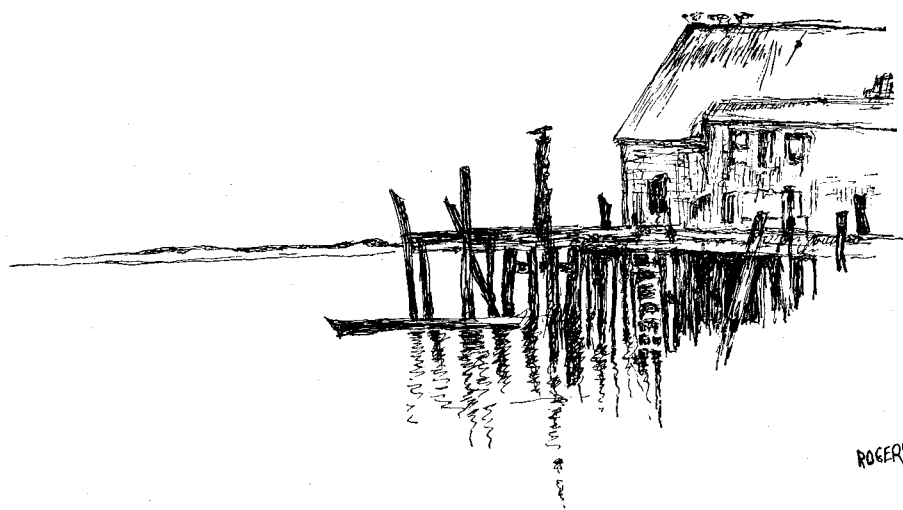
JESUS—With Brian Deacon, directed by Peter Sykes and John Kirsh. (Gramercy, and U.A. East; starting March 28.)

JOE AND MAXI—A documentary about a shore-front entrepreneur named Joe Cohen, made by his daughter, Maxi, and Joel Gold. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Greenwich Playhouse 1.)

THE KID (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (New Yorker 1; March 19.)

A KING IN NEW YORK (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (New Yorker 1; March 19.)

THE KING OF MARVIN GARDENS (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the then decaying playground of Atlantic City in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps de-



ROGERS

claring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio, issuing such pronouncements as "Goodbye, written word" and, referring to his own life, "Tragedy isn't Top Forty—which is just as well." Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed, the film might have had a little energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, who is being replaced in his affections by her own stepdaughter, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Julia Anne Robinson as the stepdaughter, Charles Lavine as the brothers' grandfather, and Gary Goodrow, Sully Boyar, and Josh Mostel. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 20.)

KRAMER VS. KRAMER—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

THE LANDLORD (1970)—About New York real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Cinema Village; March 23-24.)

LIMELIGHT (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie debut, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Egilevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (New Yorker 1; March 19.)

LITTLE DARLINGS—With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol, directed by Ronald F. Maxwell. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Forum; starting March 28.)

LITTLE MISS MARKER—The Damon Runyon story done with Shirley Temple in 1934. Now with Walter Matthau, Julie Andrews, and Sara Stimson; directed by Walter Bernstein. (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Quad Cinema; starting March 21.)

LORD LOVE A DUCK (1966)—This satire on teenage culture, modern education, psychoanalysis, and what have you, was the best American comedy of its year, and yet it's mostly terrible. The picture is bright and inventive, but it's also a hate letter to America that selects the easiest, most grotesque targets and keeps screaming at us to enjoy how funny-awful everything is. Finally we're preached at for our tiny minds and our family spray deodorants. Tuesday Weld has a wonderful blank, childlike quality as a Los Angeles high-school student who lusts after cashmere sweaters and wants everybody to love her. The director, George Axelrod, drew upon "What's New, Pussycat?" and the Richard Lester movies; there is eating à la "Tom Jones" and there are other tidbits from all over, even from "Nights of Cabiria." Roddy McDowall plays a genie; Lola Albright is spectacularly effective as Tuesday's cocktail-waitress mother; and Ruth Gordon does her special brand of dementia. Several of the other performers—Max Showalter (sometimes known as Casey Adams), Sarah Marshall, Martin West—are in good form until

they're made to slaver and shout. Also with Harvey Korman, Martin Gabel, and Joseph Mell. From Al Hine's novel, adapted by Larry H. Johnson and Axelrod. (Cinema Village; March 23-24.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women's dresses. One of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (New Yorker 1; March 19-20.)

MONDO CANE (1963)—The Italian documentary-maker Gualtiero Jacopetti and his associates are actually documentary fakers: they set out to demonstrate how uncivilized the world is, and then fake the proofs. There's no shortage of available evidence, but they prefer titillating, shocking frauds. The grossness of the picture works to the advantage of the filmmakers, since it seems almost naive to attack it. (Thalia; March 26.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—who charms rich widows and murders them for their money. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdox's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Mady Correll, Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. (New Yorker 1; March 20.)

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED (1959)—This is the English comedy in which Peter Sellers—playing a field marshal, an imposingly big-bosomed grand duchess, and the Prime Minister of Grand Fenwick made his first big impression on American moviegoers. It's about a minuscule mythical country that declares war on the United States, expecting to be quickly defeated and thus eligible for the cash benefits of rehabilitation. Twenty Grand Fenwickians, dressed in armor and toting bows and arrows, set sail for New York in a ramshackle tug. That's about as far as the comedy gets. The film abandons its small, amusing idea and goes off on a wearying tangent about a scientist (David Kossoff) with a big bomb and an ingénue-daughter (Jean Seberg), but it was hugely and inexplicably popular. Leo McKern and William Hartnell are in the cast. Jack Arnold directed; from a novel by Leonard Wibberley, adapted by Roger Macdonald and Stanley Mann. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 29.)

MOZART—A CHILDHOOD CHRONICLE—A film, nearly four hours in length, of the early life of Mozart (age seven, twelve, and twenty) taken from letters written by himself and his family. Directed by Klaus Kirschner. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 25.)

MY BRILLIANT CAREER—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybilla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

NIJINSKY—With Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña as Nijinsky. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting March 20.)

1941—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (St. Marks Cinema; March 21-27.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

THE PRIVATE FILES OF J. EDGAR HOOVER (1977)—With Broderick Crawford, José Ferrer, Michael Parks, and Ronce Blakley. Directed by Larry Cohen. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through March 23.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. It doesn't seem weighted down with talk, like most of the others, and though a trifle slow in spots, it has a very satisfying tempo. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film debut as Eliza, the Covent Garden flower girl, and Leslie Howard is marvellously high-spirited and combative as the smug Prof. Higgins, who trains Eliza to speak like a lady. Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. The costumes are by Czettell, Worth, and Schiaparelli; the cast includes Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins, Scott Sunderland as Col. Pickering, Jean Cadell as Mrs. Pearce, David Tree as Freddy, Esmé Percy as Count Karpthy, and Leueen MacGrath, Everley Gregg, Violet Vanbrugh, Iris Hoey, Stephen Murray, Irene Brown, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Ivor Barnard. Though several writers worked on the screenplay, the Academy Award for it was given only to Shaw (who wrote some new scenes for the movie). (The play was later turned into the musical-comedy "My Fair Lady," which was filmed in 1964.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24.)

THE ROSE—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Art; through March 20.... Forum; through March 27.)

SATURN 3—A *ménage à deux* (Farrah Fawcett and Kirk Douglas) on Saturn's third moon is interrupted by the arrival of a deranged astronaut (Harvey Keitel) and an eight-foot robot named Hector, who is programmed for lust. How Hector is expected to consummate his mineral love is never explained. Not for children. Not for adults, either. (3/3/80) (Ziegfeld; through March 20.)

SERIAL—With Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld, directed by Bill Persky. (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1; starting March 28.)

SIMON—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some

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mad-genius scientists at "The Institute for Advanced Concepts" almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Mr. Brickman's quick, intelligent gags are aimed at the inexorable encroachments of contemporary schlock and cant, and although his saga is sometimes less than dazzling in its latter stages, it is sustained throughout by fine comic-performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Cinema I.)

A SIMPLE STORY—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)

A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS—With Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker; directed by Rob Cohen. (Cinema II.)

STARTING OVER—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Paramount; through March 25.)

SUMMER AND SMOKE (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction 'tain't smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Page is all delicate shadings and no surprises; her performance is so meticulously worked out that it's dead. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to her spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez sweating and shouting, Rita Moreno being tigerish, and Pamela Tiffin dimpling. Perhaps the best reason to see "Summer and Smoke" is to appreciate Williams' rewritten version, "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 27.)

TIGER SHARK (1932)—The material of this brisk (eighty-minute) Howard Hawks melodrama is naive and far from virgin-new, but the movie is freshly and powerfully directed, and the tired plot is filled out by footage of tuna fishing in the Pacific. Edward G. Robinson gives a shrewd, energetic performance as the Portuguese captain of a tuna boat; the beautiful, sullen, dark-eyed Zita Johann is his wife, and his best friend (Richard Arlen) is, inevitably, in love with her. Wells Root did the script, from "Tuna," by Houston Branch.

Vince Barnett and J. Carrol Naish are in the cast. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

TO FORGET VENICE—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. Directed by Franco Brusati; with Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Little Carnegie; through March 22.)

TOYS IN THE ATTIC (1963)—One of those unflinching movies in which a family that is "living a lie" suddenly finds its glass house crashing down in a crescendo of furious accusation. ("You never really loved me... It was Jed, your own father, you really wanted... Go on, say it.") The main characters in this adaptation of Lillian Hellman's play are an incestuous trio of two sisters (Geraldine Page and Wendy Hiller) and a brother (Dean Martin). Page has considerable brio, but her transitions from fluttering Dixie charm to obsidian cruelty are confusingly melodramatic; Hiller has the trembling lip-rip; and the miscast Dean Martin is more wooden than ever before or since. They're all at work against a crippling dramatic deadline: they have to exhibit the faults in their characters almost at once so that the "powerful" finale will come off. George Roy Hill directed; with Yvette Mimieux and Gene Tierney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 27.)

THE TRIALS OF ALGER HISS—A documentary, directed by John Lowenthal. (Embassy 72nd St.)

THE UNINVITED (1944)—Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey are the brother and sister who buy a house on the Cornish coast only to find it inhabited by an evil presence. Sexy-eyed Gail Russell never could act worth a damn, but she had an eerie lustre, and she's lovely as the mysterious young girl who helps in the exorcism. The picture was popular, though it doesn't come anywhere near fulfilling one's initial hopes that it will be a first-rate ghost movie. Lewis Allen directed this adaptation of Dorothy Macardle's novel. With Alan Napier, Donald Crisp, Dorothy Stickney, and Cornelia Otis Skinner playing the usual Gale Sondergaard role. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28-29.)

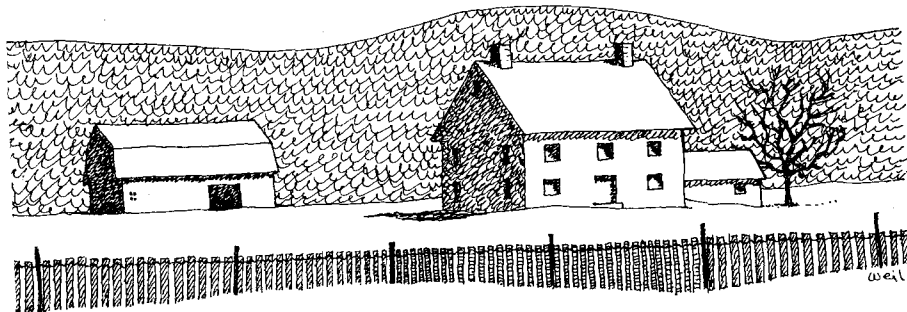
THE WAR AT HOME—A documentary about the anti-war movement between 1963 and 1973 in the city of Madison, Wisconsin. (New Yorker 2; starting March 19, at 7:30.)

WHEN TIME RAN OUT—With Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset, and William Holden; directed by James Goldstone. (Murray Hill, Eastside Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 28.)

THE WICKER MAN—With Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland, directed by Robin Hardy. (Paramount; starting March 26.)

WISE BLOOD—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schorr, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacrose. (2/25/80) (Baronet. No evening performances on Wednesday, March 19.)

A WOMAN OF PARIS (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (New Yorker 1; March 20.)



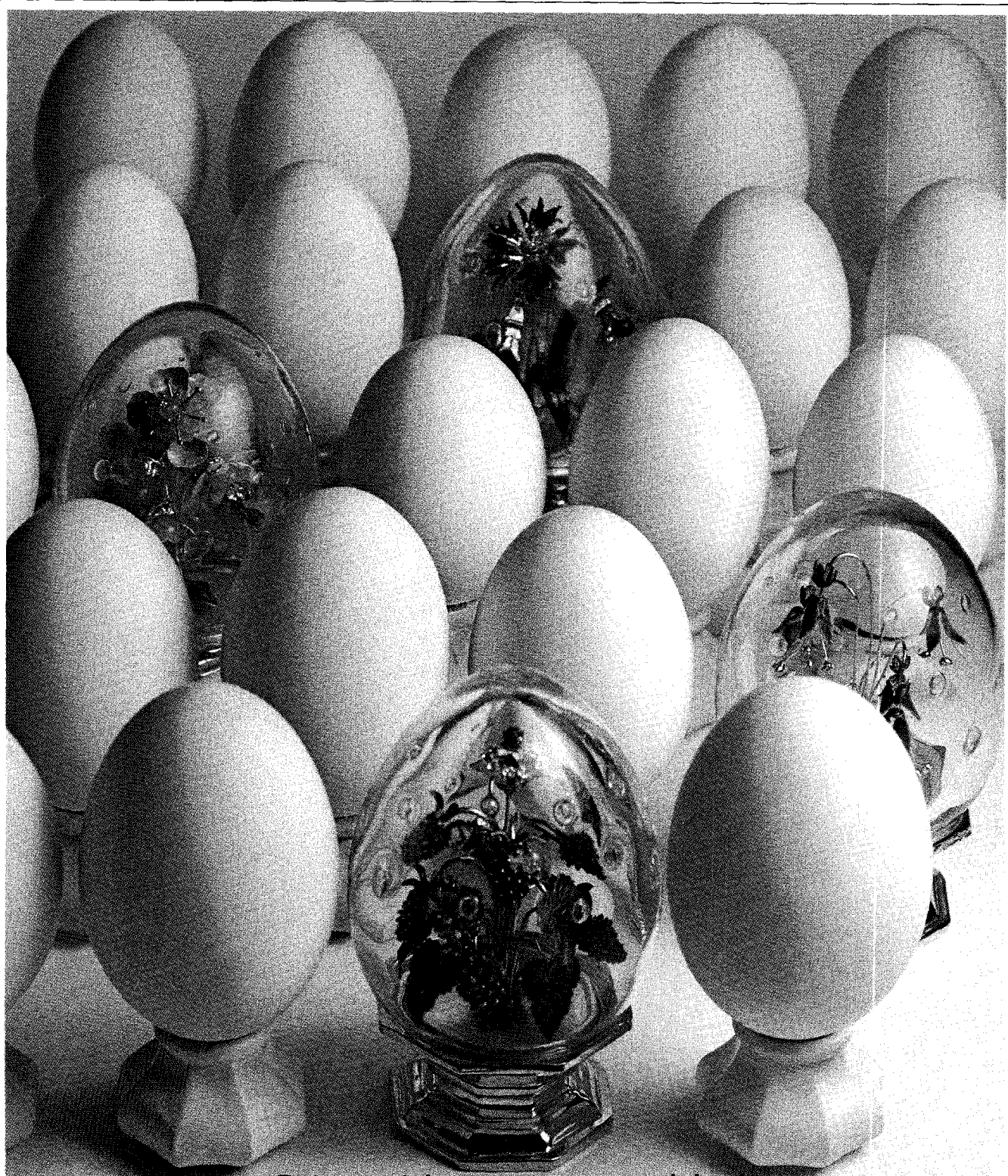
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MARGARET STERNBERG, teller at a midtown branch of a large commercial bank:

The most exciting thing that has ever happened at my bank happened today. It was just about closing time, around three-fifty-five in the afternoon. The bank was virtually empty. I was at one of the savings windows, and two other tellers, Gwenda Bey and the head teller, Nick Grant, were also at savings windows. We were just tallying up. Alona Brown and Valerie Bunn were at P. & R.—that's paying-and-receiving—windows. This woman comes in, and she goes up to Alona's window. This woman was wearing a beige wool peacoat and a brown wig. It was almost like a fright wig. It had a rubber band on top, and a little bun, and it ended under her chin in a little flip. I don't know whether she waited until Alona was free or not, but she'd been to Alona's window once before, in the morning, when she made a deposit to someone's account and she cashed a check for two hundred and fifty dollars which she signed in front of Alona and the signature matched her ID exactly. This time, she wanted to cash a check for three hundred and fifty dollars. Alona recognized her from the morning, and she got suspicious, because not many people go out with six hundred dollars on a weekday, so she went to an officer of the bank, who looked at the woman and said, "Uh-uh. I'm not going to cash it. That girl's a junkie." So Alona took the check to the woman and told her she had to take it to the platform—that's the area at the front where the officers have their desks—to get it O.K.'d. The woman said never mind, she wasn't going to do it today, she didn't need the money today. There was a guy who had been standing around waiting for her. I don't remember what he looked like—he was wearing dark clothes. The woman and the guy proceeded to the side entrance. Allan Wick, another officer of the bank, decided that the checks might be stolen,

so he decided to try and stop them, and he left the tellers' area and started walking after them, saying "Miss, we'd like to speak to you about that transaction" and "Miss, we have pictures of you." Since it was after four-o'clock closing by this time, the side doors were both locked, and the woman started pulling on them, and then the man started trying to get the keys away from Pablo—Pablo Tamari, our unarmed security guard. Allan went back to get more officers. The woman looked around, and then she hopped up on the sill of the window that faces on the side street—there's a sign in the window saying something about Super Saver Certificates, and a little window box of plastic poinsettias—and she parted the curtains, and she proceeded to kick at the window, and she just kept on kicking the glass next to the Wells Fargo and Master Charge decals, and there were these big reverberations, like *bam, bam*, and I thought, I can't believe she's going to damage our property, but she just kicked and kicked until the window gave, and she jumped right out the window. We all felt a gust of cold air. I didn't see the guy go out. At this point, the manager and the assistant manager came running, and they saw nobody and a broken window. Then Harry McCoy, a teller, who hadn't known what was going on, suddenly got the idea that Pablo had been hurt, and he really raced over, but when he saw that Pablo was all right he calmed down. The woman and the man were long gone by then. Finally, someone called the cops. During all that, nobody

had pressed the alarm button or called the cops. Don't laugh—I'm one of those nobodies. A good half hour later, the cops showed up. As Nick Grant said, they raced to the scene and arrived the next day. Now there's glass on the sidewalk, and just a piece of cardboard over the hole, and everybody's going home except Nick, who has to wait for someone to come and replace the glass—which they say might take from two to three hours. Anyway, it was really exciting.

Hummingbird's Health

"I'M perfect!" declared Hummingbird Takahashi, who is a third grader at P.S. 3, in Greenwich Village, as he leaped from the stage of the school auditorium, landing in front of a young woman in a white laboratory coat. Hummingbird and his third-grade classmates were gathered in the auditorium on this particular morning to participate in a pilot health program conducted by the American Health Foundation and called Know Your Body; after he had been measured for height and weight, skin-fold thickness, blood pressure, cholesterol level in the blood, and pulse rate following exercise, Hummingbird received a diploma-like sheet of paper with gold stars on it and the assurance of another young woman in a white lab coat that he was in good health.

"That's very good, Hummingbird," said the young woman he had leaped toward, who was Wendy Nochimson, the program's clinical coördinator. "Now go over there to the table and fill out our Health Habits Survey. We have to find out whether what little Hummingbird eats is going to give big Hummingbird medical problems."

"My name is *Hummy*," the little boy said vehemently. Then, softening, he asked, "What's a medical problem?"

As Hummy settled in with his questionnaire, another third grader landed in front of Miss Nochimson. "The kids



are very excited by this program," she told us. "We're going to twenty-nine schools. Many of the students we're seeing are third graders, and the others are in junior high. It's important that they learn about their bodies as soon as they can. An important part of the K.Y.B. program is to get kids to identify with the actual risk factors of disease, so that they can begin to modify their life styles. The whole focus of K.Y.B. is on what *you* can do for your body and health."

Another class came in, through a side door, and Miss Nochimson picked up a clipboard and walked over to them. "O.K., Santiago first!" she called out, pointing to the scale on the stage. The stage had been divided into small examination areas by low folding screens, and at each booth was a young woman in a white lab coat. As we watched, a chubby girl took her shoes off before being weighed and then put them on before her height was measured; three giggling girls had the bottom of their triceps pinched by a metal caliper that determined their skin-fold thickness, which is the thickness of their fat tissue; a wild-haired boy put his hands over his eyes and turned his head away in a dramatic pose before offering his finger for sacrifice at the blood-test table; a boy with glasses stared at the blood-pressure cuff on his arm as if it were a bomb about to be detonated.

We climbed onto the stage and observed a red-haired young woman called Ginny Reath drawing blood from a girl's finger into a thin tube, to the amazement and horror of several short onlookers. "For a lot of these kids, this is the first real physical examination they've had, and certainly the first one where *they* find out about the results," Miss Reath said. She stuck a tiny bandage on the girl's finger. "That's what makes the K.Y.B. program valuable," she continued. "But if there's no followup, the kids are just being run through another city program. The teachers have K.Y.B. guidebooks, so the kids, I hope, will be taught more about it."

We asked about the

third graders' reaction to their first blood test.

"They're incredibly competitive," Miss Reath said. "All they want to know is 'Is my blood better than his?'" In one of the junior-high schools, where we take blood from the arm, a girl got scared after we couldn't find a vein large enough to draw from. "Don't I have any blood?" she asked. And another boy—this kid was something. He walked in absolutely terrified, and after we're finished, he says to me, "Can I learn to do drugs this way?"

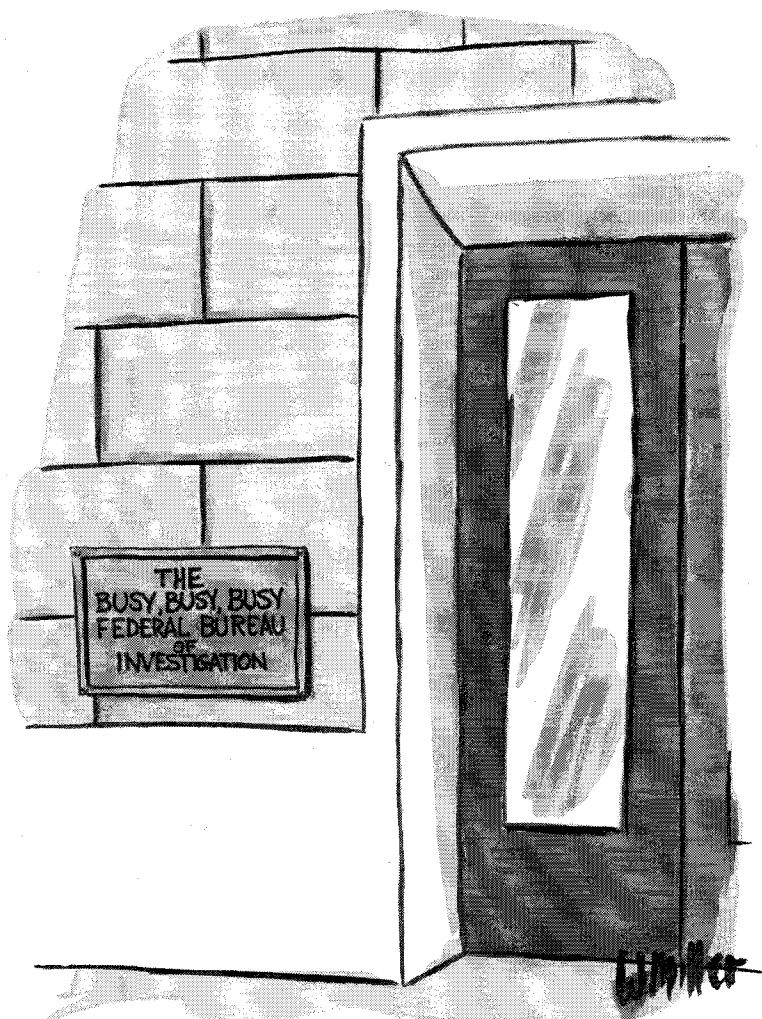
At the final stop, the Health Habits Survey table, two K.Y.B. clerks were assigned to assist the students in reaching answers to some of the questions in the survey—there were thirty-five of them. We took a seat next to an olive-skinned boy who had never used dental floss; who once smoked a whole cigarette; who had never chewed a red disclosing tablet to show plaque on his teeth; who never wears a seat belt; who never adds salt to his food; who eats twice a week at a fast-food restaurant; who prefers potato chips to raw vegetables; who has not taken a drink of beer in the last week; and who rides a bicycle more often than he takes any other form of exercise. He looked up

from his paper when one of the teachers strolled by the table. "Isn't this fun, Nidal?" she said, changing the direction of the hair on his head. "You know, they don't do this in Syria."

Choosing a Piano

THE choice of a sympathetic instrument is as important to a musician as the choice of a sympathetic jury is to a trial lawyer. For a lawyer, establishing friendly relations with the jury he has helped to select is fundamental to the conduct of his case. For a musician, choosing a friendly instrument—one that creates an atmosphere of comfort and optimism—is the foundation of a good performance. Since pianos are just about the least portable of musical instruments, it is not surprising that the men and women who play them professionally are constantly engaged in an obsessive search for perfection. This fact was impressed on us one afternoon recently when we attended an informal *voir dire* for concert grands which was conducted in quasi-judicial fashion by the celebrated Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, with the assistance of his wife, a pretty, blond Icelandic woman, whom he addressed as Dody. Mrs.

Ashkenazy, who is also a pianist, is an expert judge of piano tone quality. The object of the screening process was to select a piano that Mr. Ashkenazy would use in New York for three concerts—two at Carnegie Hall and one at Avery Fisher Hall—and a recording session. The candidates were seven American Steinway concert grands that were housed in Steinway Hall, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and two Hamburg Steinways that were stored a few blocks to the north, at Pro Piano. (Before we go any further, we'd better explain that Hamburg Steinways are built abroad by a German branch of American Steinway; American Steinway, incidentally, is owned by CBS. The German pianos are more expensive than their American coun-



terparts—thirty-seven thousand dollars to twenty-two thousand—and they are not sold in this country.)

When we arrived at Steinway Hall to observe the selection process, we found Mr. Ashkenazy—a small, intense, soft-spoken man who has strong features and shaggy gray hair and wears gold-rimmed glasses—in a gloomy mood.

"You know, I can't remember ever really liking a piano here in New York," he said. "Most of them have a big, bombastic bass—which doesn't have much aesthetic value for me—and a rather thin top. You have to work very hard with them to get the proper quality of sound."

"Volodya's been absolutely *desperate* about the state of pianos in this country," said Mrs. Ashkenazy. "What he's looking for is a well-balanced instrument that doesn't shortchange you anywhere."

We all descended to the basement, where Mr. Franz Mohr, Steinway's chief concert technician, had seven black concert grands lined up for Mr. Ashkenazy's inspection. After looking over two pianos at the left end of the line, Mr. Ashkenazy sat down at the third and played a few chords. "This sounds dry even here," he said, moving quickly to the next piano. This one was more to his liking; he played a fast, brilliant passage from Rachmaninoff's Second Sonata and, pausing, looked up at his wife.

"It seems a bit shallow," said Mrs. Ashkenazy.

"That one is No. 492," Mr. Mohr said.

Frowning, Mr. Ashkenazy tried two more pianos in the line. The first was too loose in the keyboard, and the second was scratchy. ("Sandpaper!" said Mr. Ashkenazy.) Then he settled down at the last of the instruments to play the romantic, percussive final movement of the Rachmaninoff sonata.

"How were the fortes?" he asked while the last thunderous chords were still hanging in the air.

"That's a nice one," Mrs. Ashkenazy said, walking over to the piano. "But you can't tell much about the balance of sound in that corner."



"He seems very California, but actually he's bi-coastal."

The piano, which was identified as 349, was pulled to the center of the room, and Mr. Ashkenazy moved back and forth between it and 492, testing each of them with a lyrical passage from the Tchaikovsky A-Minor Trio, limpid sections of the Beethoven D-Major Sonata, and forte phrases from the Rachmaninoff sonata. "Though 492 is more brilliant at the top, the sound seems hard and clangy," he said.

"The other one is better," said his wife. "The top isn't very bright, but the bass is much richer."

Mr. Ashkenazy tentatively chose 349 for his first concert at Carnegie Hall, and Mr. Mohr said that he'd do what he could to brighten up the top.

We went on with the Ashkenazys to Pro Piano, where two black Hamburg Steinways were sitting side by side covered with quilted silver thermal shields. The proprietor of the service, a bearded young man named Ricard de La Rosa, pulled the cover from the one he had prepared for an audition, and Mr. Ashkenazy, with an excited look on his face, sat down to play it. He played Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and Chopin, and as the bright, enormous sound of the piano filled the room, he began to look cheerful. "It's more than brilliant," he said, leaning back from the keyboard. "There's meat in this one. It's a clearer, better-balanced sound."

"It's absolutely shattering," said Mrs. Ashkenazy, beaming.

Mr. Ashkenazy decided to use the Hamburg Steinway for the two other concerts and for the recording date. "And I'd like to bring it to Carnegie Hall on the day of the first concert there, so that I can compare it with the American Steinway," he said. "That way, I'll get the best piano in New York."

We arrived at Carnegie Hall a week later to find Mr. Ashkenazy onstage testing the rival Steinways with fragments of Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, and Chopin. From the auditorium, there was an appreciable difference in tone. The Hamburg Steinway had a bigger, more brilliant sound, but the American piano had a deeper, mellow-er bass. When Mr. Ashkenazy had finished the last movement of the Rachmaninoff sonata on the Hamburg, his wife said, "In the top, there's no comparison. You can hear the melody above C all the way through on that one. On 349, you pound and pound and I just can't hear it."

"The bass of 349 is excellent," Mr. Ashkenazy said to Mr. Mohr. "But the treble is dull. The Hamburg sound is larger, clearer, and better balanced."

"It's a matter of taste," Mr. Mohr said unhappily. "For me, the Hamburg has a newer, darker sound."

"The Hamburg is an infant," said Mr. de La Rosa. "Mr. Ashkenazy's only the second person to touch it. When it's had from thirty to fifty hours

of solid playing, you will see what a rich, round bass that piano can produce."

"I touch more notes on the Hamburg," said Mr. Ashkenazy, "because the bases of the black keys are a little wider. But I'm willing to work harder to get the quality of sound that I want."

"If I slide the action one or two millimetres toward you in the bass end, we may hear some different overtones," said Mr. de La Rosa. "I would like to get the odd partials a little more noticeable in the bass for better balance."

Mr. Ashkenazy nodded, and announced that he would use the Hamburg piano that evening. Then he sat down at the keyboard and played Chopin's elegant B-Flat-Minor Prelude from beginning to end. When he had finished, he said, "It's a big piano that really helps you, because there is a warm, singing tone on top that you need for Chopin. With the dominant rhythm in the bass and the right hand playing very fast in the treble, there has to be tremendous brightness to counter those heavy low chords. And when you play as fast on top as the prelude demands, there's a limit to how hard you can hit a piano. I don't need more bass, but I do need a top that is full of color and life."

"Every piano has its own personality, and you're stuck with whatever it turns out to be," said Mr. de La Rosa.

"Some pianos take a long time to develop a personality," said Mr. Ashkenazy. "Others blossom immediately. I have a feeling that this one is good from the start. It's a very generous, welcoming, comfortable instrument."

Ice Time

GITLER'S GORILLAS need hockey. They'll do remarkable things to get ice time. They'll drive over to Jersey on a Friday evening to play the Newark Sabres at the Ironbound arena. They'll go to Great Neck to tangle with the Parkwood Bruins on the Bruins' home ice, the Parkwood Ice Skating Rink. Ira Gitler, the spiritual leader of the Gorillas, is fifty-one years old—the same age as Gordie Howe. He has been playing and worshipping hockey since before any of the members of the 1980 United States Olympic hockey team were born. Every Tuesday night, around the hour that normal people are thinking about settling down with Johnny's monologue, he leaves his apartment, on the East Side, and takes a taxi to Sky Rink, a penthouse arena in a building on Thirty-third Street west of Ninth Avenue, near the Lincoln Tunnel. At Sky Rink, he suits up—long underwear, shin guards, socks, garter

belt, elbow pads, chest protector with shoulder pads, pants with hip pads and thigh pads, suspenders, one knee brace, skates, jersey, helmet with tooth guard—and then, with about twenty other Gorillas, he spends two hours, until one-fifteen Wednesday morning, skating more or less in circles, absorbing body checks, trying to score, and hoping to avoid being scored upon.

The Gorillas pay six dollars each for the privilege of scrimmaging at Sky Rink. This goes toward the rink rental. Gitler collects the money and stashes it between his left thigh and his thigh pad. Nobody in the group seems to consider hockey at midnight a hardship. There is a pickup game most Saturday nights at Sky Rink, incidentally, which doesn't actually get under way until two-o'clock Sunday morning. The players who show up for that game—none of them Gorillas—call themselves "rink rats," a term of self-reproach. To play in Gitler's Tuesday-night/Wednesday-morning scrimmage, you have to be a bona-fide Gorilla or a vouched-for friend of a Gorilla. No mere rink rats allowed.

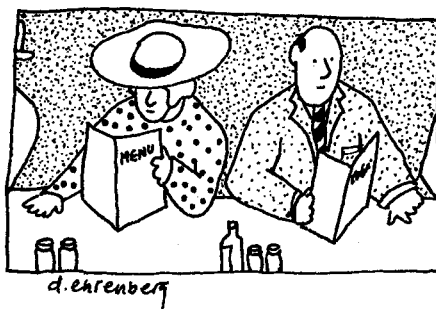
Gitler organized a scrimmage group in 1971. Two years later, when a six-team summer league was being formed, he founded the Gorillas. They won the championship. The Gorilla jersey, which is green and white and black, features a caricature of Gitler as King Kong—straddling midtown, with the Empire State Building at knee level, a loving cup in one hand, and the head of King Kong tucked under his arm. It is an impressive rendering of the founder, who has a drooping pepper-and-salt mustache that matches his slightly drooping midsection. On the ice, playing defense, he wears clear-plastic-framed eyeglasses. When he wears a white plastic protective helmet, no one notices that he has lost most of his hair. The Gorillas no longer belong to a regular league, but Gitler does manage to schedule a few games each winter. Recently, they lost two games—to the Parkwood Bruins, 3-2, and to the Newark Sabres, 9-5. They also dropped their last game of the 1979 season, bringing their losing streak to three—a string of bad fortune unprecedented in the history of the franchise. In the face of adversity, however,

Gitler draws upon his reserves of optimism and imagination.

"We were short of personnel against the Sabres," he told us in the locker room at Sky Rink the other night as he adjusted a shoulder pad. "We had to play with only two front lines and five defensemen, and they showed up with four lines and six defensemen. Even at that, I think we had them worn down by the end. Our problem was no-shows. Hutch Cohen, an old Gorilla who coaches and teaches at Chatham Township High School, in New Jersey, couldn't be there. John Hicks, our co-captain, just had an accident loading steel—he's a truck driver—and lost a fingernail. Adam Bernstein, our fastest skater and stick handler, couldn't make it. Al Bauer was away gambling in Atlantic City. I don't know. Early on, the puck just wasn't rolling for us. We were behind by 8-1 going into the last period, and it ended up 9-5. I think if we'd had one more period to play we would have pulled it out."

When Gitler had finished lacing his skates, he said, "Time to warm up. What you're going to see now is an exercise in which all the guys who never manage to get a slapshot off during a game bombard the hell out of the goals for about fifteen minutes."

He was correct. Out on the ice, the players unleashed vicious shots at the net. They also did sprints the width of the rink, and practiced stopping quickly, pivoting, switching direction, and falling down. At eleven-thirty, Gitler blew a whistle and shouted "Pucks off!" It was time to divide into two teams and begin to scrimmage. All the players lined up along one wall of the rink. Gitler chose nine—the core of the Gorillas and a few extras. Mario D'Avanzo, who teaches English at Queens College, and who always runs the opposing team during the scrimmages, took the rest. D'Avanzo happens to be the only professor in the crowd, which includes a bell captain from the Plaza, a fireman, a couple of stockbrokers, an antique-furniture restorer, some lawyers, a press agent, a night-club owner, a jazz trombonist, and a jazz vibraphonist. Ira Gitler is a free-lance writer who contributes regularly to *Jazz Magazine*, *Radio Free Jazz*, *Swing Journal* (published in Japan), *Hockey Pictorial*, and *Goal*. His hardcover oeuvre includes "Jazz Masters of the Forties," "Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Seventies," "Ice Hockey A to Z," "Hockey: The Story of the World's Fastest Sport," "Make the Team in Ice Hockey," and "Blood on the Ice." Gitler would hate to have to choose be-



tween jazz and hockey—he knows them both so well. At this point, he concedes, he knows hockey better than he plays it.

The scrimmage was broken up into two-minute shifts. At the end of each shift, all the players but the two goalies would be replaced by a slightly refreshed set. We sat on a green wooden bench and listened to Gitler's delayed play-by-play commentary. "That was the old skate block. Did you catch it?" he would say as he came off the ice, or "I finally got the poke check working," or "I'm trying to get my fourth wind." The pace of play started out quick and aggressive and gradually slowed. Sportsmanship prevailed all the way. A forward on Gitler's side named Art Trakas, who played collegiate hockey at Stony Brook, and who now lives in Astoria and practices law there, sat next to us whenever his line was taking a breather.

"This is not a violent group," Trakas said at one point. "I've been playing with them for three years and I only have a separated shoulder and a fractured sternum to show for it. Both times, after the injuries, I came back maybe a couple of weeks early and I told these guys, 'Hey, please, go a little easy on the body checking,' and, hey, I mean it, not a single one of them took advantage. Really. A nice group of guys. Of course, I didn't take advantage of them, either. It cuts both ways."

Shortly before midnight, D'Avanzo's team scored the first goal. A couple of minutes later, when they scored another, Gitler yelled from the bench, "C'mon, guys! Let's get off the schneid!" At twelve-thirty, with D'Avanzo's team leading 5-1, he said disconsolately, "Our second line's badly outmanned." Then, for no obvious reason, in the course of two shifts Gitler's team scored four straight goals. This tied the game, and then his team scored again. D'Avanzo's team re-tied it, but at one o'clock Gitler's side regained the lead, 7-6. The game ended at one-



"My question is hurled at Chairman Taylor."

fifteen, as it always does. By then, Gitler's team was trailing again, 9-7, but he refused to concede defeat. As he wobbled toward the locker room on his skates, he dropped one of his hockey gloves, then retrieved it with the blade of his hockey stick. "The old stick-in-the-glove trick," he said, with a smile. "And what do I care? As far as I'm concerned, we won fair and square, 7-6, at one o'clock in the morning."

A Barrel of Oil

PERIODICALLY, we are startled to realize that there are some phrases we use over and over without having

the slightest idea of what they really mean. For example, the other day we read the news that the average price of a barrel of imported oil is now about thirty dollars, and we had the sudden realization that we did not have any notion of what a "barrel" of oil really was. Well, after a good deal of research we do now know what a barrel of oil is. In fact, in a sense there is no such thing. Under "Barrels & Drums" in the Manhattan Yellow Pages, thirty companies are listed, one of them being U.S. Steel. We called U.S. Steel, and one call led to another, until we reached the company's Public Affairs Office, near Philadelphia. There we



"In the midst of chaos, Larry is the clear voice of reason. Get him the hell out of here."

found ourself in touch with a pleasant-sounding gentleman who said that while he did not know what a barrel of oil was, he would find out the name of someone, somewhere, who did. Before long, he phoned back to tell us that our best bet was the American Petroleum Institute, in Washington, D.C. We called the Institute, and were connected with Earl Ross, the manager of print media for the A.P.I., which, we learned, is the major trade association of the American petroleum industry.

"What is a barrel of oil?" we asked.

Mr. Ross explained patiently that a barrel of oil is forty-two United States gallons of oil.

"Then what is a drum of oil?" we asked.

"A drum of oil," Mr. Ross said, "is fifty United States gallons of oil."

"But is oil shipped or stored in barrels or drums?" we asked.

In general, neither, Mr. Ross explained, but, rather, in tanks or other containers, which may hold hundreds of thousands of gallons. Yet insofar as barrels or drums are used, only drums are used, so in the little diagrams one

sees showing amounts of oil the cylindrical container depicted is not a barrel but a drum. A barrel is simply an arbitrary unit of measurement.

"Why?" we asked.

"For that, you will have to speak to our library," Mr. Ross said.

The next voice we heard belonged to Lois Schuermann, an assistant librarian for the A.P.I. She told us that last month she had responded to over three hundred calls asking for information about petroleum but that no one had asked her why a barrel of oil is forty-two gallons. Since the A.P.I. library is one of the largest in the world devoted to petroleum, she was sure that if we gave her a day she could locate a book that would have the information.

The next day, we called back, and, sure enough, Miss Schuermann had just the book. It was called, she told us, "The Oilman's Barrel," by Robert E. Hardwicke, and was published by the University of Oklahoma Press. Now, hold on to your hat! The notion of using a standard barrel of measurement dates back to the early fifteenth century. Henry VI of England decreed that a

barrel of eels or herrings should be thirty gallons. But a little later Edward IV, who succeeded him, raised the amount to forty-two gallons. (A barrel of fermented beverage, though, is still about thirty gallons.) Thus was born the standard barrel of forty-two gallons. However, after the first oil well anywhere was drilled—in 1859, here in the United States, at Titusville, Pennsylvania—the oil producers used anything between forty and fifty gallons as the barrel they sold. This led to a certain amount of chaos, so in 1872 the so-called Council of Producers adopted forty-two gallons as the standard barrel. In 1916, this was made official by an act of Congress. And so it has remained.

One final note. How much energy is there in a barrel of oil? When a gallon of oil is burned to make electricity, it yields about thirteen kilowatt-hours, the amount of energy it would take to keep a hundred and thirty one-hundred-watt light bulbs burning for one hour; so a barrel of oil yields about five hundred and fifty kilowatt-hours.

The next thing we may look into is what is meant by a bushel of corn.

THIS IS MY SHEILA

I DON'T deserve a nice shampoo. No, I don't. A nice shampoo, coming green from the bottle, springing into suds. *Lather*. Just from a bit. A bit on the finger. So thick. So rich. Filled with protein. With the scent of the out-of-doors, with the scent of India—Mysore, maybe, that subtle hint of the decay of centuries. Right on your hair. I don't deserve it.

I didn't deserve a nice mom. I didn't deserve breakfast, for instance, or a nice voice on the steps leading to a warm kitchen. I deserved a hot kitchen, maybe. I can see a kitchen like that. Much too hot—too hot to cook in. Dishes piling up. No way to get through. Everything piled up. Everything in disuse. I see myself in that kitchen. But not with Mom.

Mom was incredible. She went out with a man who came to sell roofing. He came up the steps. He had a line of talk. About the neighbors, about the way our roof sagged. Mom cut him short. "Come inside," she said. Later, she said, "Let's find a party." Wouldn't cook my breakfast. Wouldn't pad down the stairs to start the warmth. Mom was incredible. She had a little night table. Ugly. From the period when they were making furniture that was like blond wood but not wood—*plywood*, with a blond tint to it. Chipping. Little pieces the size of fingernails coming off at the edges. On that table Mom kept a hundred kinds of pain relievers and didn't care which ones she used.

THIS is Sheila. What did I tell you. Sheila's a *felon*. What did I tell you. Sheila was given a position of responsibility and trust in a special school for sweet children. The sweetest children in the world. Children who only asked for a smile and they would do their work so well and go out and play and be so happy and loving. Sheila was given a position of trust in that school and she completely abused it. She kept the vouchers in her purse and turned them over to Roy, who was a guy she knew from years ago who it turns out she was seeing the whole time she was seeing me, the whole time she got me to wait upstairs in my room while she changed. I remember that. I stayed in my room. All my collections were dusty. The eaves came down in a way that made me sweat. Noises came up the stairs in a way that made me sweat. I stayed up there for three, four hours. Finally, I came

down. She and Roy were eating raw dough. Some kind of raw dough you buy frozen. You're supposed to thaw the dough and then put it in the oven and then it turns out to be Pop 'Em Tarts or Special Sweeties or little Pastie Petes. Sheila didn't even know to do that. Roy didn't know to do that. They just ate the dough.

"You're supposed to thaw the dough," I said.

"That's *your* story," Sheila said.

We went driving. Roy drove fast. He drove incredibly fast. Past Dairy City and Hardware Town. Right out to where I used to live when I was a kid. With Mom. When she had the little garden. And the little way of waking me up when she came home. She would arrive and shout and shout and shout. "You up?" she'd shout. "Well, you're up now!" Mom was incredible.

Roy stopped the car and got a Shrappy Shrappy Float Boat for Sheila and him. At the bottom there was a special sponge cake filled with a rich cream filling, and then there were seven layers of Shrappy Shrappy Soft Stuff and a secret whip and nuts. I begged Sheila not to eat it, because it means serious medical problems for her.

"Remember the Vasculator," I said. "Last time, it took four hours on the Vasculator."

"Get *him*," Sheila said. She pinched Roy. That shut me up.

It shut me up when the men came and told me my Sheila was a felon. It shut me up when they showed me the vouchers in her purse. My Sheila doesn't know any way to take care of herself. There's that. And her skin, which really isn't that good, and her stubby fingers, and the way her hair holds the damp. Sheila's not too smart. She's a felon. And she's not too bright.

But when we went driving we went fast. "Straightaway," Roy said.

"Straightaway. Straightaway. Straightaway."

"Straightaway-straightaway-straightaway-straightaway-straightaway-straightaway," Sheila said. Sheila squirmed a little in her seat. "You know," she said to Roy.

"Yeah," Roy said. "Straightaway."

Sheila turned and looked right at me. "That's what's great about Roy," she said.

Later, we went to a movie. It was about a police officer who was in constant contact with special leanings. At first, he was disgusted. Then he began to have special leanings. You could see him lean. He began to collect models of large machinery. He began to carry pieces of large machinery with him. Sometimes in scenes in an office—with a man in a suit in an office with a view—you could see that the police officer was thinking about other things. You could see him leaning. Sheila leaned. She laughed and then she leaned. She leaned over Roy. "Want to fix this?" she said. I sat behind them. They ate Butter Quicks.

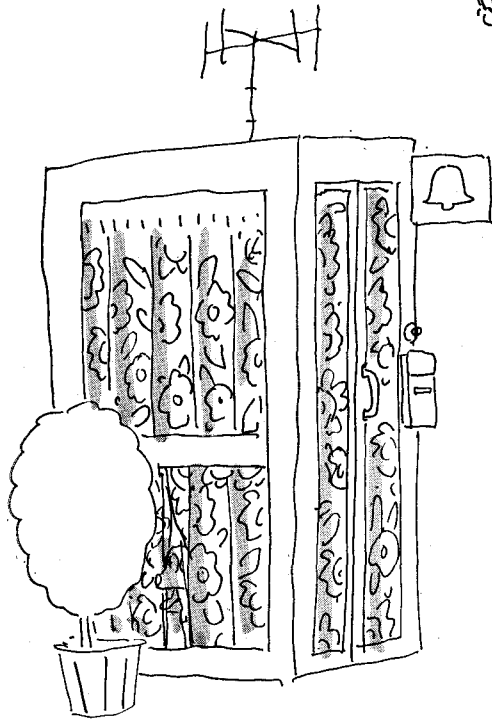
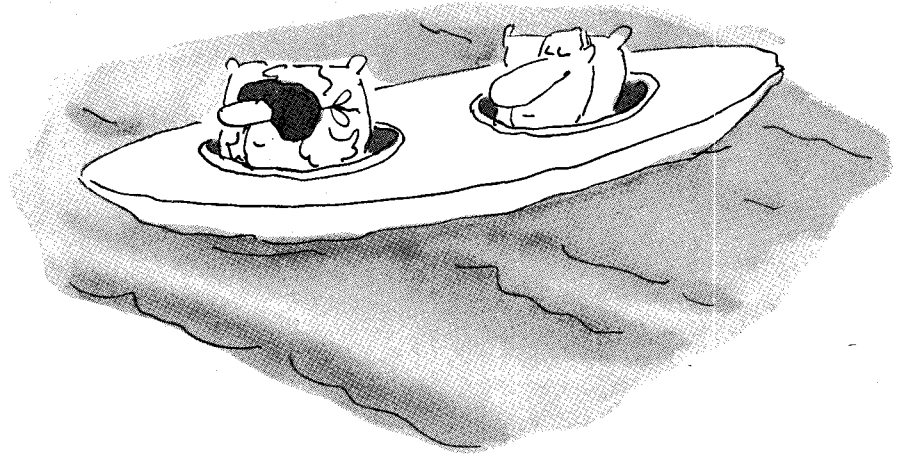
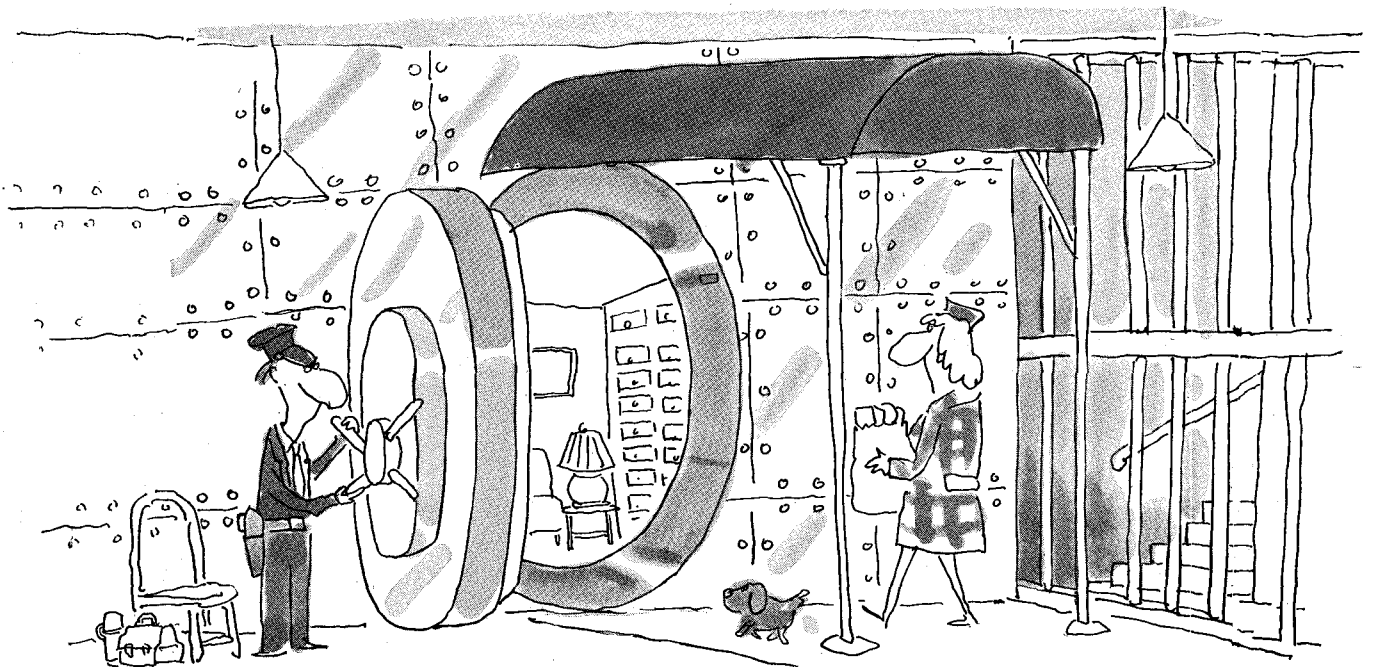
"Fix this?" Sheila asked. She was so lively. She had all the life in the world. Then she turned a little pale. "I think I need the Vasculator," she said.

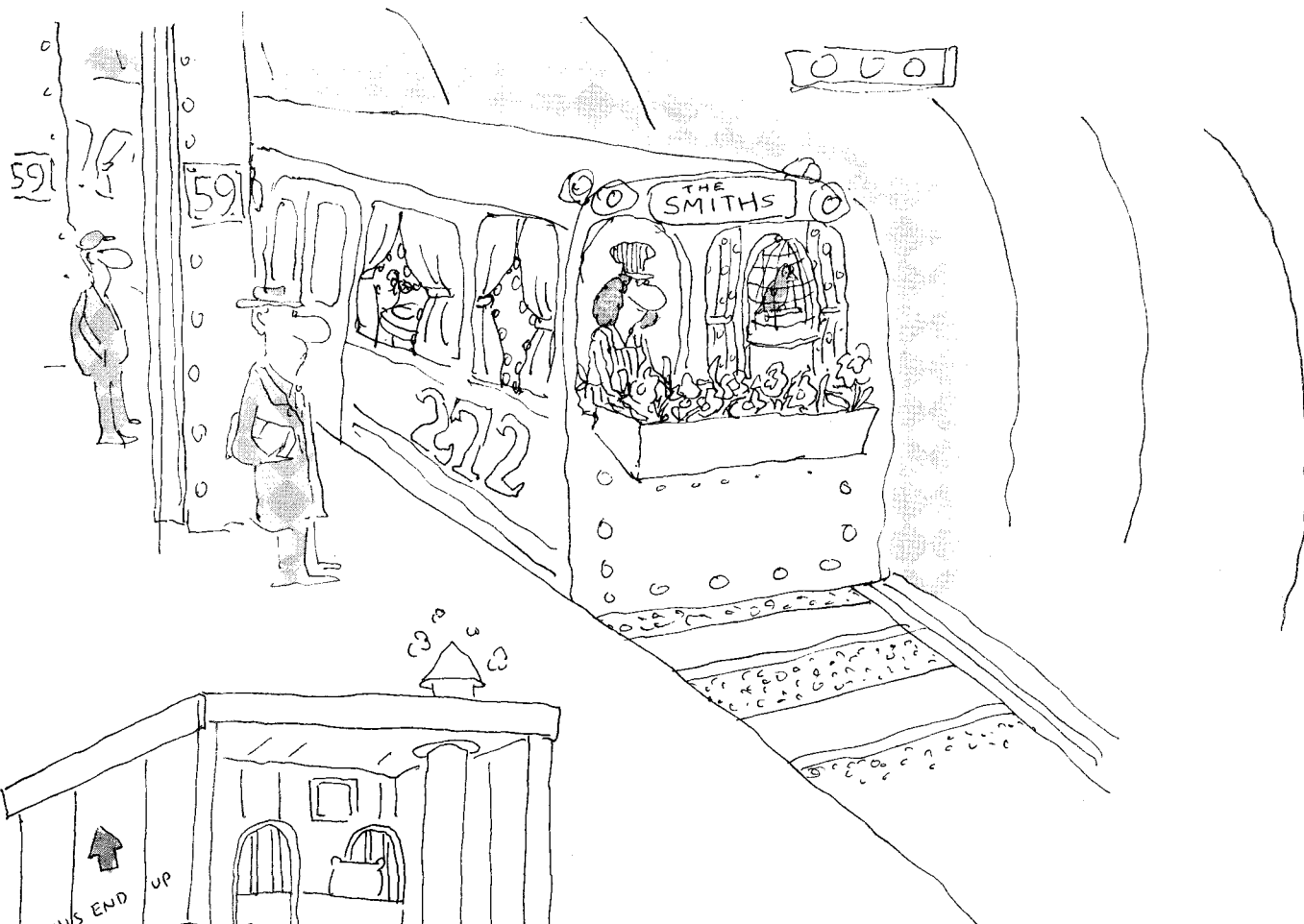
"Oh, great," Roy said. "What a bummer." Roy got up, and the box of Butter Quicks spilled and all the tight Butter Quicks rolled on the floor. It was a cement floor. There wasn't much of a cover on it, even in the aisles. Only a kind of shredded substance. Roy just left. Didn't even turn around—just left. Sheila looked pale. She tried to push her way after Roy, but it didn't work out. She had to sit back down. I got her up. We walked up the aisle. You could hear the shredded substance underfoot. You could hear the movie. "Mine doesn't look anything like that" was the sentence I heard. Sheila leaned on me. It had been a while since she'd done that. I let her lean. This is my Sheila. What did I tell you.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

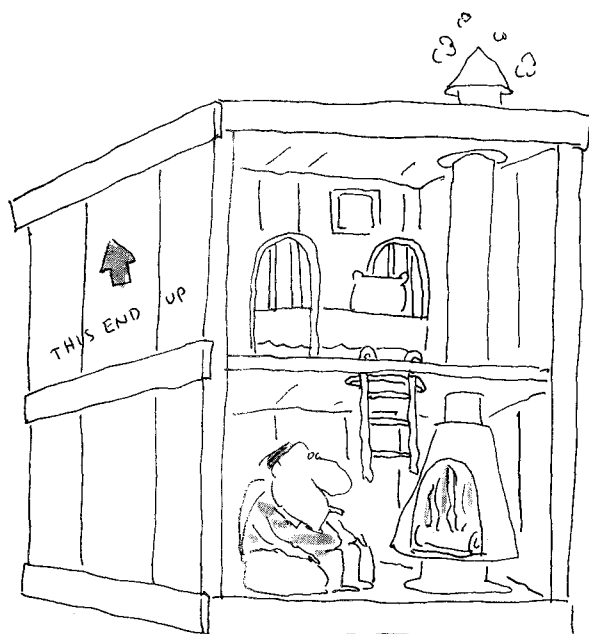


ALTERNATIVE SPACES

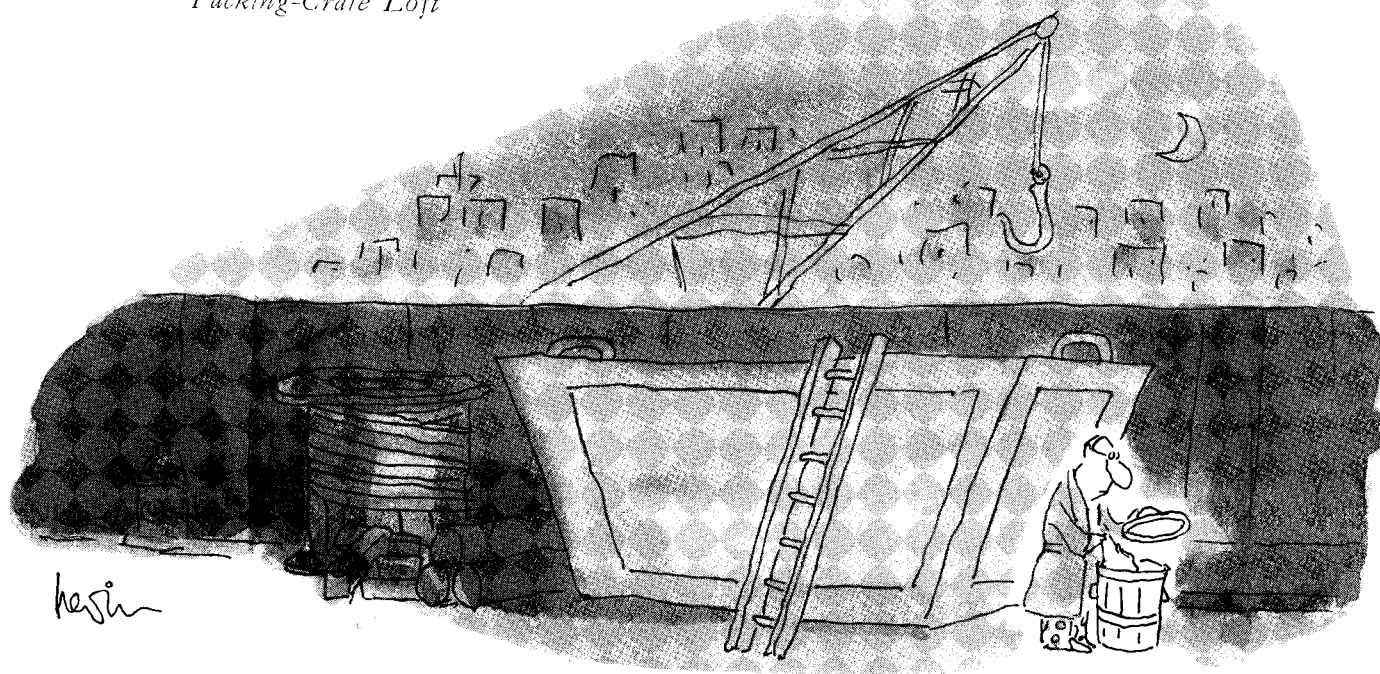
*Pothole Estates**Junior Studio**Two-Bedroom Kayak**Basement Single*



Eight-Bedroom Walkthrough



Packing-Crate Loft



Dumpster Duplex

TAKING CARE

WE are alarmed. The Makepeaces are not. But they have never been ripped off. When Tom and Jean left for the islands this winter, Tom telephoned the police, who ought to be used to his calls by now: the Makepeaces are always going to islands—one in the summer, a group in the winter. It is obvious to our friends that, with Gladstone for a husband, I'm lucky to get to Manhattan Island and back, and then not so many times that I feel compelled to seek a rest cure. Anyway, when Tom Makepeace called the police recently to say that he and his wife were going away for a few weeks and that he would appreciate police surveillance of the house, he talked to a new desk officer. As Tom reports it, the new man took down the basic information—name, address, etc.—and then said, "Is your house alarmed?" Tom, who has a way with words, looked around, thought about it briefly, and said, "No, not alarmed, but you might say a bit twitchy." The desk officer cleared his throat. "Take care," he said, and hung up.

We've been robbed twice. The first time was on a perfectly lovely day when I had left a window open to let in fresh country air; someone came in through the window and went away with my jewelry case. I was furious, because, among other things, my medal was in it, and I knew I'd never get another. I threatened to buy a gun, but Gladstone said no—no guns in this

house, absolutely not. Without further ado, I hustled out to the car and drove down to a local animal shelter to case the supply of savage dogs, one of which I would train to protect and attack. When I got there and wandered woe-fully over the recently hosed cement floors, I knew I had made a serious mistake. Not one dog or puppy looked like attack material. They crowded their barriers and cried out to me; those that had tails wagged them and those that didn't wagged anyway. I could not bear to think of their watching me leave; they would go back to a corner and lie down with their noses on their paws and be silent. I aimed myself at the nearest door and found myself in a hall stacked with cages of kittens and cats, who all saw me at once and shrieked for attention. Going through these shelters where people have dumped unwanted animals is a devastating experience. Unbalanced with rage, I got to the exit just as an attendant brought in a carton containing two white kittens. My own white cat had been killed on the road some weeks before. The kittens went home with me, although I do not recall the details of the transaction. I had had something to do with the unwanted before and been shaken by it. When I was young and lived in a Midwestern city, I spent one summer doing volunteer work at an orphanage (it was Catholic, I was not)—a dumping ground where there wasn't a chance of matching babies to adoptive parents

in any systematic way. I worked hard to help feed, dress, hold, and in general assist in salvaging the detritus of alleys, garbage cans, what-have-you for Adoption Day, that time designated frequently by the staff for viewing the merchandise, when the supply got relatively well cleaned out and nobody fretted about taking in someone who might not scintillate dangling from the family tree. At the end of the summer, as I was saying goodbye to the nurses, I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned to see the Mother Superior. She said, "I am glad to see you smiling. It means that you are happy, as you should be. You have given us strength and support this summer, and, what is more, a helping hand. You deserve a medal." I grinned foolishly and shuffled my feet and said it was nothing. She took my hand, placed something in it, patted my shoulder, and went her sober way. I looked at what was in my hand, and one of the nurses laughed. "You wouldn't know," she said, "but that's a St. Christopher medal." I said I had heard of him—that he was the patron saint of lost things. She shook her head. "No," she said, "that's St. Anthony. St. Christopher is the patron saint of travellers. He'll take good care of you." I still have a warm feeling for St. Christopher; it means little to me that he was removed from the Church Calendar in 1970. One Western legend has it that he went in search of Christ and met a hermit, who told him to pray. "That I cannot do," Christopher said. "Then," the hermit said, "you must carry travellers over the deep river." And so Christopher did. One night he heard a voice calling him and found a little child. He put the child on his shoulders to carry him over the deep river, but the child grew heavier and almost weighed him down. He said, "You seem to weigh as heavy as the whole world." "Well said, Christopher," the child answered. "I created the world, I redeemed the world, I bear the sins of the world." And the child vanished. Thus Christopher saw that he had borne Christ over the stream. Christopher never lost status with me.

The kittens, White



and White, never leave me. Because I recently had the kitchen floor done over in white tile, I am always close to trampling a White; in the dark, when I grope for my shearling slippers, my bare foot prods a White. By day I think I am seeing things as they trot along amiably beside me; when I stop they repose on the tops of my feet, like rosettes of whipped cream. They are quiet only at night. To give them a sense of security, of belonging, I treated them to crimson cushions to sleep on, but it didn't work; they sleep on me. When I lie on my left side, they sleep along the ridges formed by my arm, hip, and thigh; when I roll over, they take to treading me. If I bend down to pick up something, they leap onto my back and crouch there, beginning a leisurely bath. When I receive guests, they scale forbidden bookshelves before my eyes and swat houseplants. They once ate two ferns and shredded my terry-cloth robe. When I bark a command—"Heel!"—they collapse, roll over, and squirm with delight. When I stand quite still and look down at them in blank despair, they wind themselves about my ankles and croon and have no other gods before me. They hear things that cannot really be heard. But as watchdogs they are a total flop.

The second time our house was broken into, I got home from the supermarket (where I had spent some time collecting no-frills canned goods), unlocked the front door, and found White and White crouched on the red hall carpeting waiting for me, as usual. But instead of greeting me with an invitation to romp, they simply knelt on folded legs like sacred cattle in a foreign land, each with a tiny tuck of disapproval in the corner of the mouth. "Holy cow!" I said, staggering past them to the kitchen, where I let down a bag of groceries from each arm, sighing over the effort it takes simply to exist: woman's work is never done, etc. I stretched my arms, rubbed them, and went upstairs to change into my work clothes. At first I couldn't think why the place looked worse than usual, than when I had gone out. Drawers and



"A really good cheeseburger is a rarity these days."

closets were open, and the contents were strewn over the floor. Then I realized that intruders had been there and had not had time to put everything back neatly. What kind of homes could they have come from? I called Gladstone at his office and then the police, who came right over and found the splintered door in back, which I had locked securely before I left. The police wanted to know what was missing. We could not find the television, which would not have been easy to miss, as it was as big as the washing machine. They had also taken the vacuum cleaner, and a digital clock that Gladstone had given me for my birthday and that I had scarcely been able to take my eyes from; it gave me the hypnotic though sweat-producing experience of not only realizing that time goes by but also watching it go. While Gladstone sat with the police listing missing articles, I wandered through the hall and bedrooms mewling and riddled with tics. There was so much stuff lying around which I failed to recognize that I began to wonder whether the intruders might have brought with them items of their own that *they* didn't know what to do with, to add to mine. In the room that used to be a child's and is now my retreat, used largely for writing importunate notes to the Conservation Commission protesting the new raised ranch that is too close to wetlands, the closet takes the place of an attic, which we have never had, as I have been fearful that it would too

soon be filled with what I would only have to go through and sort out. The burglars had hit that closet like a hurricane.

I AM no good at straightening up the house in lousy weather. Wait till the sun shines, Nellie, I say, and the clouds go drifting by. Now I am sitting at my desk on a foul spring day writing my Last Will and Testament in case I should begin to flounder, mortally, while I am tidying up—in case the strain should prove too much for me. It is a perfect day for this composition—gray, windy, clammy, like night turned inside out and showing its seamy side. The thermostat has been turned down all winter, leaving the house with an irreversible chill, and I am wearing my Pasadena Playhouse sweatshirt, given to me years ago by No. 1 son (in order of appearance). My spirits are good, as they always are when I put together this document—which I do frequently, until I get to the place where, being a conscientious member of society, I must dispose of my component parts when they are no longer working for me; then I look around for something to take my mind off my work.

It is at this moment that Gladstone appears at the door to my room, carrying a flashlight and candle in one hand and in the other his transistor radio, which he is holding close to his ear. "Wind's coming up," he tells me briskly. "And the radio says it's

gusting to gale force. In case the power goes off you'll want these. The flashlight seems weak, so you better hang on to the candle as well; here's matches, too." He peers at his feet, which are isolated among little islands of material possessions. "Why don't you put some of this stuff away while you can still see where it goes?" He has been saying this for some weeks, and it is not really a question. But that's all right; it has been a gloomy season.

"I'm busy," I say quickly. "What about the alarm? How can it work if the power goes off?" He explains that there is a backup system, and pads out of the room. I hear him in the bathrooms running water in tubs and basins so that we will have plenty if the power does go off, although I do not understand what we will do with it. Will Gladstone appear with a washboard for me? Has he a vision of me on my knees beside a tub, scrubbing the laundry, up to my elbows in suds while bellowing ethnic folk songs into clouds of steam? As I sit staring at the typewriter, Ms. White dances into the room, pirouettes, and lights in my lap. I rise and dump her; she rushes into the empty closet, hides behind the sliding door, and grumbles. All I can see is her long white tail—longer than necessary and oddly flat on the floor. I get up and stumble over to the closet. "Don't be a sorehead," I tell her. The tail twitches. I go back to the desk, to my wearisome task, and scan what I have written, wondering if it seems too impersonal.

Gladstone appears at the door of the room again, this time quite soiled from having been in the garage, where he has been starting the power mower. This is something he does often all winter—to keep the machine limber, as he says, and to be sure it is still able to start. When the day comes for the first grass-cutting, the mower starts, stops, starts, sends out a cloud of smoke, and has to go into the shop, where it is diagnosed as needing professional attention, is tagged, and takes its place in an endless line of machines, while we get in touch with a neighbor, who is in command of a sickle.

"Why did you want to know about the alarm?" he asks.

"I was just thinking," I say. "If we go out to dinner and the electricity goes off, we might not be guarded."

He folds his arms and I look out the window, where the sky is falling.

"We *aren't* going out to dinner," Gladstone says. "Not in this. I'm not

EGRET

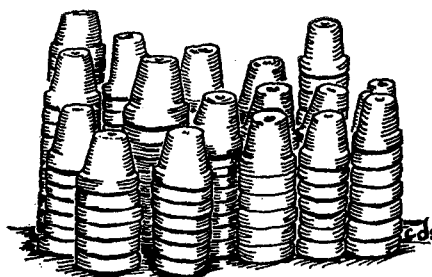
Here in the rain I rehearse old jokes
to tell my children.
Everybody in town has run inside
looking silly, breathing hard.
Doors shut, windows bang.
You'd think nature was the monster to end all monsters.
Still squatting on the lakeshore, I am
the only living thing in sight
except a white bird watching the ripple of a fish.
His yellow stare has marked me down:
am I good to eat?
I keep my place, he continues his act
while the scene blackens for thunder
and, like a silent film, jumps a little.
Clouds go out of focus, grass blurs,
the egret's tail ruffles
in the sort of silence in which fish are hiding.
Suddenly his neck bends in three different directions,
a rope climbing the air.
Houdini, what a trick!
He gives me his profile, pleased,
and swoops to gobble a grub
as if to throw me off the scent;
then, one leg lifted slowly after the other,
loping with a sly grace, arching his back,
he stalks his prey.
If I were the pianist behind the potted palm,
I'd play a short staccato for the villain to enter.
But the drama's over already; with incredible speed
he's swallowed his victim—I see it in his gullet—
struts toward the edge of the horizon,
his chest puffed out, his stomach full,
his aigrette shining
like a crescent of muted sunshine,
a vision of day closing in his wake.
I imagine him victorious in another world now,
applauded by innocent strangers who believe in God
and see birds perpetually for the first time
in the joy of their whiteness, their clean-cut greed
slowed by ice, heated by flowers,
turning irretrievably as light across the water,
preening as they move into death.

—DAVID POSNER

getting tangled in live wires, even if I am in a car—or having trees drop on me. And something is bound to happen."

AFTER the second break-in, we had to protect ourselves. The alarm system took some getting used to. There is a main alarm and alarms to alarm it—beams, bugs, strategical-

ly sensitized areas of carpeting, and panic buttons generously distributed throughout the house; I can scarcely turn around without being alerted to possible disaster. When the system was first installed, friends came to inspect it and shook their heads in dismay; they could not, they said, live in a fortress. A jittery woman tried to convince me that one cannot live with fear, and hinted that I ought to go to the next meeting of Emotions Anonymous with her, but I'm not about to spill the beans in front of an audience, am I. The system was installed by a crowd of scruffy, shaggy young men in jeans and statemental T-shirts, who looked as if they themselves might have been casing the premises with plans to make away with the plate but who



were cozy in a system of electronics which I hardly believe exists. When it was all done, they gave me lessons with great kindness and encouragement, and they left with a wave and a cheerful "Take care." I was convinced that being safe was a snap. In the evening of their departure Gladstone turned the alarm on and, sighing in total security, we went our separate ways. I wandered through the living room and enclosed porch, where we keep potted plants, and where the setting sun gilded window boxes and faded sofas and trickled down the flowered wallpaper. Outside on the terrace, Robert White yowled that he wanted to come in. I opened the door and the alarm went off, clattering through the house like a rusted chariot coming for to carry me home. I clutched my head, hands over ears; Robert White spun twice in the air, lit sprawled, and whisked himself under a sofa, and Gladstone, who had been taking a shower, came pounding down the stairs in the bathrobe that I had just given him—one with kimono sleeves that flap like a crow's wings. He turned off the alarm and reset it. I tottered to the telephone and called the police. A deskman answered.

"Oh, hi!" I said. "This is Mrs. Gladstone Fairchild calling? I just wanted to tell you not to be upset because our new alarm went off by mistake." I listened. Then I said, "You don't have to bother. You see, I was only letting the cat in and . . ." I listened. "Well. O.K.," I said and hung up.

"Yes?" Gladstone said. He stood with his arms folded, a cat in each sleeve, resembling the Prophet Muhammad, who, it is written, when he preached from the tallest minaret in Mecca was seen to carry his white cat, whom he called Muezza, asleep in the sleeve of his robe.

"They're taking it seriously," I told him. "The cops are coming."

Still shaky, I went back to the porch to be sure I had locked the door. A begonia seemed listless; I moved it to a place where it would get more winter



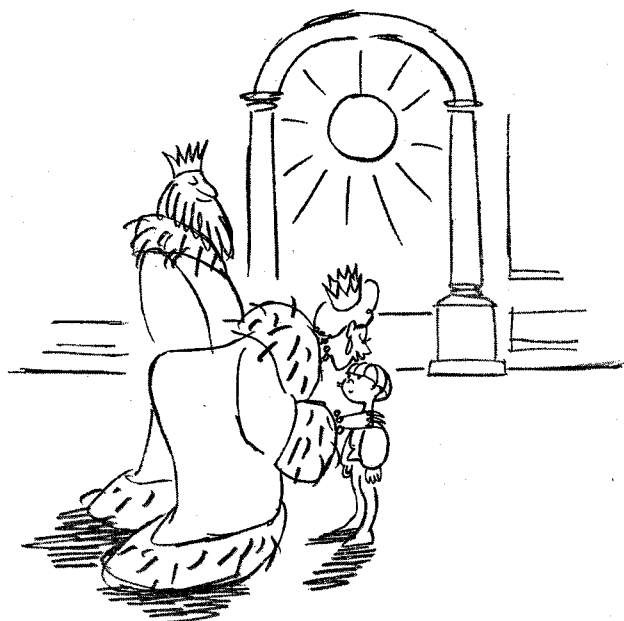
"It was exquisite! Enchanting! Exciting! Enjoyable! And extraordinary!"

sun and the alarm charged through the house. Gladstone got to it just as the doorbell rang. Opening the door, we caught glimpses of the darkening front yard chopped to fragments by flashing lights of patrol cars. Two young policemen stood on the welcome mat. "I'm so sorry," I began. "You see, I was just letting the cat in, as I told your captain, and . . ."

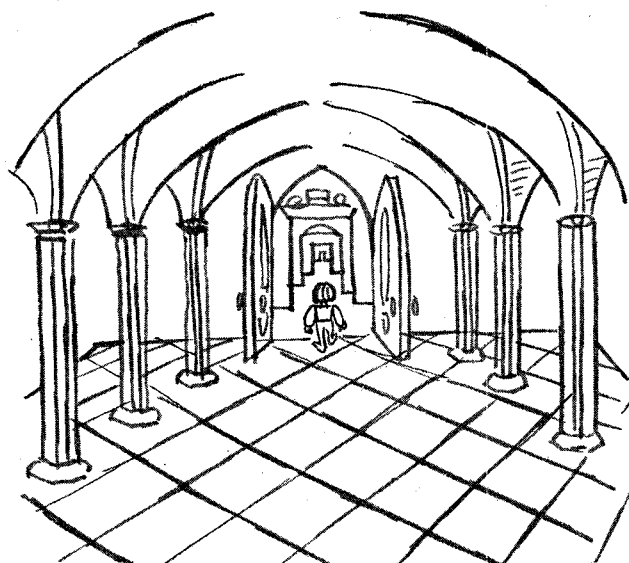
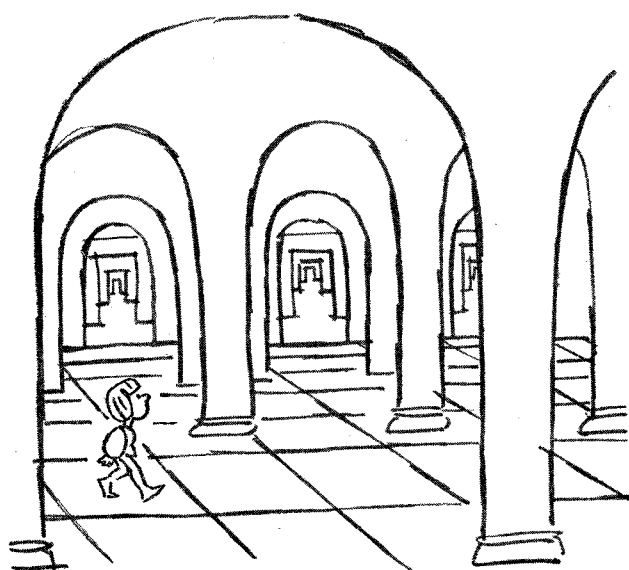
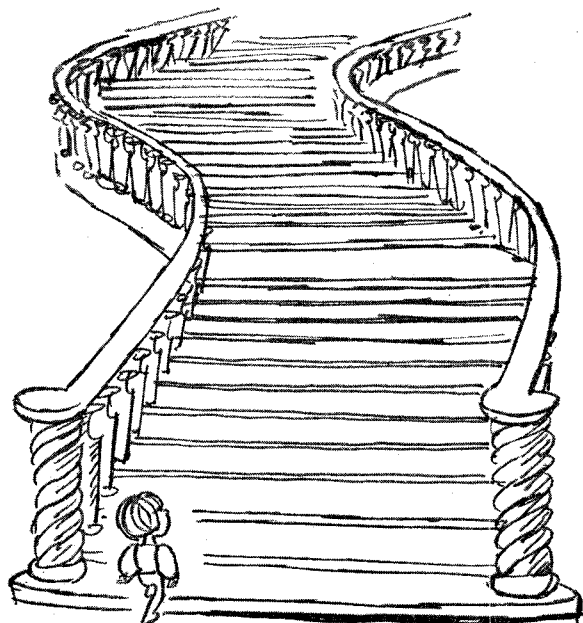
"Yes, Ma'am," one of them said.

"The other men are looking around outside and we'll just have a look at the house." He disappeared with Gladstone while his partner paused to say to me, "You see, we don't know that someone isn't standing there with a gun at your head *forcing* you to say that it was a mistake."

As he spoke he threw open the door to the hall closet; two rain hats drifted out, an umbrella flopped across his



"Time to go to bed."



shoes, and one of Gladstone's galoshes faints at his feet.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I've been trying to get to that closet."

They left after a thorough inspection. "Take care," one of them said pleasantly.

"BY the way," Gladstone says as I frown at the typewriter ribbon, which is crumpling. "Since we're not going out to dinner, what's for dinner?"

"I don't know," I tell him. "I hadn't planned for this kind of day; there was nothing about it in the *Times*. There's probably a can of tuna fish on the shelf. We could have a salad."

He stares at me. "That's lunch."

The telephone rings. "I'll get it," he says, and, a moment later, "It's for you."

It is my friend Louise, who has cancer. "Honestly, I'm so depressed," she says. "I thought I'd call you before the phone goes."

"What's the matter?" I ask.

"My new wig is itchy," she says. "And my other one is at the hairdresser's. And I'm supposed to go out to dinner."

"In this?"

"What do you mean?" she asks.

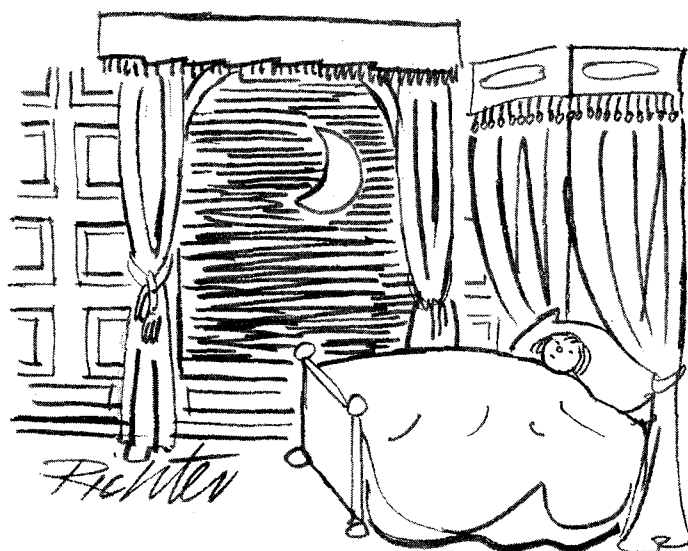
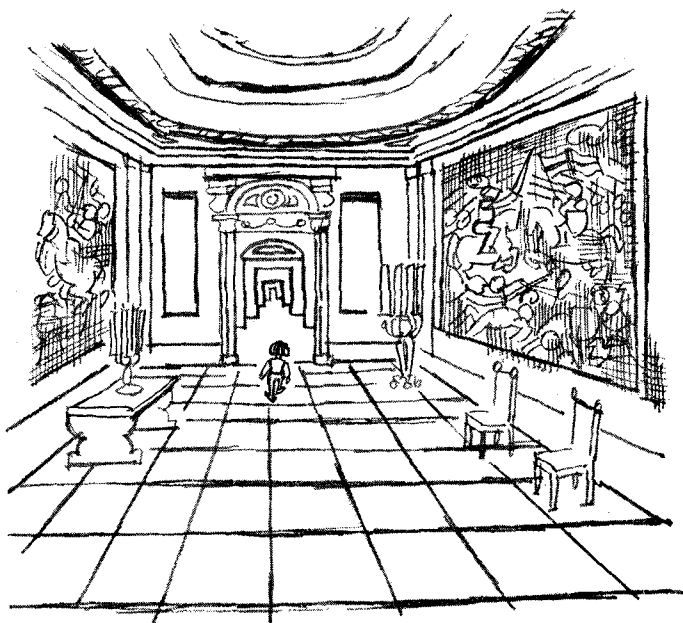
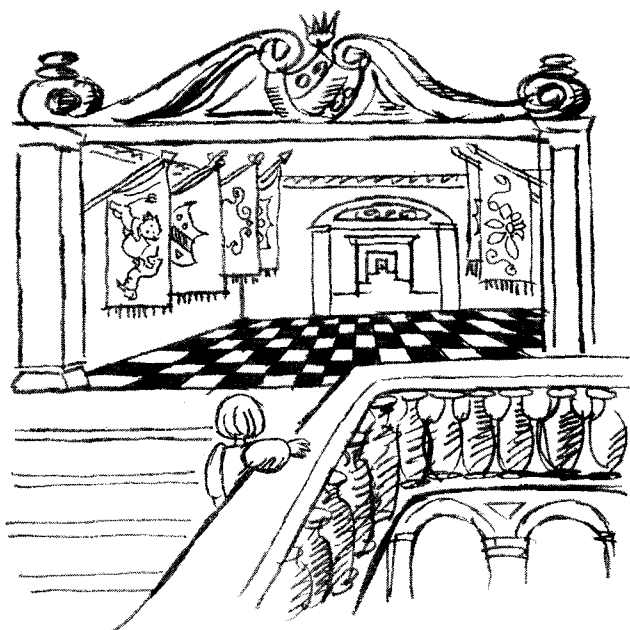
"This weather," I say. "There could be live wires and branches and trees falling; you could get hurt."

There is a silence. Then she says, "I think I hear someone at the door. I'll call you tomorrow."

"O.K.," I say. "Take care."

I go back to my desk and hear Gladstone shuffling around the kitchen. He won't starve. We went out to dinner last night—very filling. We don't dress for dinner on Saturday night any-

more—not out here; perhaps it's a sop to the times, but it's also the result of a condition arranged, I am convinced, by prowling designers who the instant I have a good long skirt shorten all skirts or dismiss them altogether and bring on floaty dresses with appendages to the neck or sleeves that, if I should wear such a garment, would get in the soup or salad. Last night was the usual party where after three days in the kitchen the hostess is barely able to reel out to greet her guests, but it is always a superb dinner; husbands forget middle-age spread, wives forget middle-age sag. (Recalling fallen friends, however, we have gone back to measuring our alcoholic consumption in the cocktail hour.) After dinner the women retired to our hostess's bedroom to repair the ravages of chattering and chewing and time; we were getting on with it when I hap-



pened to glance across the hall to another room that had been a child's but was empty now, and, as in a trance, found myself at a window there, where the first chalk-white moths of March soared around a glaring arc light that warned away intruders and limned a bare Kousa dogwood against the darkness beyond—moths that might have been the wavering spirits of past spring nights come back like little ghosts from another time, only briefly, only to see if they might have been missed.

Now what? The typewriter ribbon has come out of the little hooks that hold it in place; it is an old, tired ribbon. I try to put it back, do, and continue my Last Will and Testament, but the ribbon slips out again and my last words remain unwritten, for heaven's sake. "What were her last words?" the curious will want to know, and never will. The page is

smudgy, too, with carbon from my fingers. It's nothing that I can possibly leave for my heirs, loved ones, and God knows what professional Paul Prys. Here is an impasse.

I get up and go over to the yellow lounge chair that I haven't used for some time, as it has been otherwise occupied—by books, by magazines, by the hat I bought because hats were back but keep forgetting to wear. All these things go temporarily—on the floor, of course; I will dispose of them later. I do not put the hat on the floor, as that is no place for a hat, is it. I put it on my head experimentally, to see how long I can wear it without mashing my hair. If I were in town I might be going to "21" for lunch. Or something.

Ms. White has edged out of the closet and is sitting at the window, accommodating herself to the small sill. The wind is gusting with no nonsense

now; the branches of the white birch clump are beginning to sweep the ground, as if seized by a sudden spell of housekeeping, and farther out in the yard the sugar maples are flustered by the weather, not knowing which way to turn. A burst of rain spatters the windows and Ms. White draws back in revulsion, turns toward me, and in one leap arrives at my side. I inch over to give her room. She blinks at me, turns her head, and stares into the room as the day darkens and drowns.

It is her time for musing, for storytelling, and with trembling lips she begins those small sounds of time remembered, lifting her head again and again as if there were a whispering in the air to remind her of this and that and long ago, not mourned but simply remembered. I understand; the only difference between us is that I must put everything into words and she has

none. In my own past time there was my grandmother Elizabeth, who sat in her wheelchair and stared out the window toward the country south of town, where she had been raised. She was winding strands of hair over her Jim Twisters; my own had been put up in rags, and tomorrow we would both be curly. While I looked at my grandmother, I thought of what I had been told—that she was going to die soon—and from funerals of her friends I recalled one word. “Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide. . . .” “Eventide”—a word I had never heard until that summer, and one that never left me. Was she looking into the eventide that was fast falling over the farm where she had been a child, like me? I cannot say “eventide” to the little cat, but

in her own terms she is mentioning it to me; she has no tones of imprecation or adulation or rue but only: This is the way it seems to be. I, who must have words and in their proper places—I think of a lass six years old who sat in profound dejection on a flagstone step, her head hanging, her yellow hair falling limply about her face, her hands dangling hopelessly between her knees. I am on my way to the clothesline with a basket of sodden laundry. I stop and question her; why isn’t she playing with the other children?

“I’m sad,” she says lilyingly.

I boost the laundry basket with one knee. “Nonsense,” I say. “You don’t know what sad is, at your age. Go run around and you’ll feel better.” And I go on to the clothesline. In a tree out of sight a cardinal says, “*Tst!*” The cat and the cardinal know that words are not all. How can anyone say why she is sad? There is no reason. You do not take instruction in it; it has nothing to do with morning, noon, or night, and it cannot be cured; like a small cloud it will drift away. And my grandmother sat looking toward the farm south of town, putting Jim Twisters in her long brown hair and singing a funny country song to me: “Go tell Aunt Rhody the old gray goose is dead. . . . She died in the mill-pond from a toothache in her head.” I stared at my grandmother in the eventide, and in my bed at night I wept for the old gray goose that was dead.

As Ms. White crowds closer to me, I scrutinize the massed objects on the floor and begin to recognize some

When thunder fell in Tinsley’s pasture we recognized a sign from Heaven. From that day on we have rejoiced that God has not forsaken us: A blast upon the wavering wheat is God’s lean son walking ghost-colored through our bodies, saying *Yours is a famine of the soul.*

On my advice the congregation met six nights a week to pray and sing, to burn the bushel off our flame. Beneath a tired December sky we looked for a descending light to radiate from New England shores to the almost mythic cusp of Asia.

Instead, the signs would not form a prophecy. Attendance fell; the fervor would not hold its bloom.

things that are not mine and yet have not been abandoned by intruders: a Victorian dress, a folded practice pad for a drummer, a wire hanger from which had dangled the assorted limp headbands that are now a tangle at the edge of the heap. These go back some years to the days of children now gone—from when they began to get married, at sunrise or high tide or whatever. The sun set, the tide went out, and before you knew it they had made commitments, brought leftovers from their single lives home, and gone away again, leaving us uncommitted but with ample storage facilities remaining, should they be needed. Hadn’t my Sign convinced everyone that I was a born housekeeper and homebody, and wasn’t I the last to know? Were these keepsakes? I had

In March, hens in the cemetery pecked up the younger Perkins boy, who died the winter past. And yesterday the family cat

ate a poison spider, sickened, died. I shall miss Joshua. Asleep on my lap while I composed sermons, he’d purr like a bit of Satan almost controlled. At home Sarah’s held to the hard faith. We’ve supped on vegetables and bones, but mostly bones, those old friends

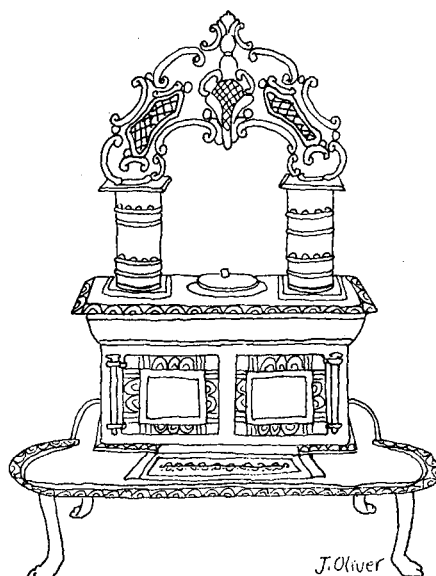
returning from other, more fleshy stews. It built, it built to no climax then passed to spring—with dandelions and little purple weeds: the white fields laced with merciless speedwell. I shall retire and read St. Paul, who called the human corpse a seed.

—ANDREW HUDGINS

some of my own. “Before you go,” I said, “let me show you Grandmother’s footed creamer again.” But they had already gone.

I glance out of Ms. White’s window at the ripening storm and see our neighbor, Chuck, jogging past the top of the driveway on his way home. Chuck is a psychiatrist; we meet at neighborhood parties now and then. Not very long ago I found myself next to him with a drink in my hand; there was also one in his. “I’ve been thinking I ought to be analyzed or something,” I told him. “Well, don’t look at me,” he said, backing away and slopping a Martini on his clean ascot. “Then how about somebody you knew at med school?” I said, following him. “I was a loner,” he said, and got lost in the crowd.

Who will save me? Not since when all else failed and it became apparent that I was college material have I been in such a dilemma. I think of this cold morning, before the day went awry, before the wind came up and the sky darkened. I went out early to check the progress of the year, went alone to look for the beginning of squill, for buds, for anything that would assure me that the world had not run down. As I looked up I saw a gray bird sitting on the branch of a bare tree. I stopped. The bird stretched down a leg and instantly drew it back and under a wing, as if it had dipped too soon into spring. “Dummy,” I said. It looked down at me soberly. “Not yet,” I said. It flew away and the raw wind began to come up, and I went





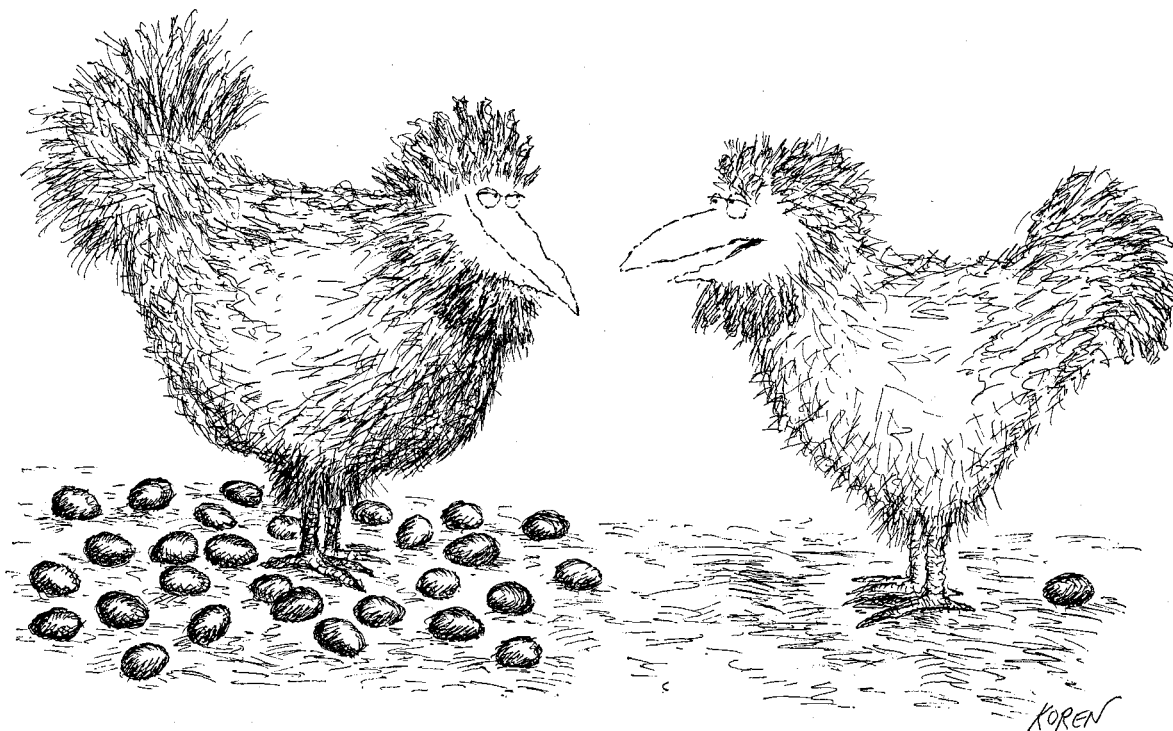
"Now, should you decide to join our organization you will be surrendering certain liberties."

back into the house. But what is there to do here except put everything back in the closets? Nothing works on a day like this: my Last W. & T. will have to be done over neatly after I get a new typewriter ribbon.

IT has been a dismal season. Last week somebody I knew died. She had phoned to tell me where she was. "Come see me," she said. When I called back to say we'd be down very soon, she was gone. Now she stammers again, in my memory: "Call this a re-ha-bil-i-ta-tion center? Some re-ha-bil-i-ta-tion. Conked out, didn't I?" Here we are, civilized, and I must tell the news of her death to the

civilized who knew her, who speak of death in slightly lower tones than those used on the courts or around the pool, or of high prices or rainy Caribbean holidays—the muted voices of those who accept the inevitable, that we all have to go sometime, which those of us whose rough edges still show are not at all sure of, or which makes us raise our voices in heart-thumping, blood-racing outrage for which there is no medication. She may not be widely mourned, but I remember when she lived in our town, on our road, when she strolled toward our house with a basket of red raspberries slung over her arm, freshly gathered from the masses of tangled bushes in her yard, all the

scents of summer in them. After she had moved away, the house was sold; the new tenants had the raspberries ripped out and replaced with the glittering flowering trees of May that bear no edible fruit. And then I recall a summer day when the Whites were very young, when I went out to the flagstone walk to check some house-plants that were summering there. As I glanced back to make sure the screen door was closed, I saw two small white heads and the tips of four white paws poised in the lower panel of the screen. I went about my work, feeling soil, pinching back blossoms, and removing yellowed leaves from a scarlet geranium. A few leaves slipped through my



"You're a hard act to follow."

fingers, and one whirled away and lit on a flagstone near the door. I looked at it curiously; it was not curled at the edges like the other faded leaves. I took one step toward it; it fluttered away and dropped again. I sat down and stayed still; the Whites' heads were pointing at the leaf, which I now saw was a toad. It was thin and flat and golden, not burnished but of that true color of the unrefined and unalloyed metal. It was perhaps an inch long, and its narrow head was half the length of its body. It had the slanted, luminescent eyes of an Egyptian god. Its skin was almost transparent, scrawled with delicate, opalescent veins and shimmering like a dew-spattered spiderweb in the earliest morning. And so we all, we four things together, paused in a tenuous awareness of each other that had nothing to do with friends or enemies or kinds or species but only the sharing of living and differences, the pulsating veins, the unreliable heart, while at my back and over my head a small cloud moved in and sent a scattering of precise raindrops down, dappling the flagstones. The toad whirled and fluttered and disappeared behind a laurel next to the house. I got up and went in and closed the front door.

THERE go the lights! No—they are only flickering. I hope we will not have a brownout—a disaster for electrical appliances. (Once,

when we did have one, the refrigerator broke down. I called the repairman, who came over and said, "Nope. Can't be fixed. Too bad, you'll have to get a new one, and they don't make them like this anymore—not to last.") If a tree goes down in the storm, or branches, and a high-voltage wire goes along with it, the company will turn off the power when they have been notified. That means I have to go down and turn off the refrigerator. I get up, and Ms. White, who had drifted into dreams, moves over into the warm spot I have left, stretches, yawns, goes back to sleep; it's not her problem, is it. I go down to the kitchen, where I see Gladstone opening the can of tuna fish while the electric can opener is still working. "Here we go," I say. "Don't forget your candle and flashlight," he says, but I have. He stands wistfully regarding the can on the palm of his hand, the radio crackling on a counter top by his side. "There ought to be olives, too," I say, "to go with the salad." I turn off and unplug the refrigerator as he watches. "How long before the ice cubes melt?" he wants to know. But the lights flicker again. I see a candle on the kitchen table and I light it, and at that instant I hear a car churning in the driveway and someone begins to pound on the door. Clutching the candle, I turn on the alarm and move into the hall. "Yes, who is it?" I call

out, not about to offer a haven to a stranger. I peer through a glass panel at a huddled figure, both fists flailing the house. A voice floats in the wind: "There's a tree down on the road and live wires are sparking; call the power company!"

At that moment, the lights really go out. Through the dark Robert White leaps down the stairs to see who is here and lands in a sensitive area. Alarms clang through the house; Robert White does two backflips and snakes under a striped cotton rug. I shut off the alarm and open the door to say thank you, but the figure at the door scuttles to his car and splashes away.

Gladstone passes me—trailing behind the light from his flashlight, which is tucked under his arm—on the way upstairs. He is carrying a tall glass full of ice cubes and an amber liquid, and his transistor radio is streaming with news: "... winds gusting to gale force, with power outages being reported in parts of Westchester and lower Fairfield County. This late report has been brought to you by Harrison's Convalescent Home. Do you have an aging parent who needs proper diet, medical attention, and love and tenderness? Bring him to us, the people of your caring community..." And I am quite alone by the open door—at last, la!, wearing my new hat in public, alone with candle wax spotting my hand and the cuff of the Pasadena Playhouse sweatshirt. Police-car headlights and spotlights begin their phantasmagoric dissection of the night, slashing and shredding the dark lawn and woods, tearing at the sky. The wrath of weather reaches the flame of my candle, which trembles like a good deed in a naughty world, and once again, if only by mistake, my last words unwritten, perhaps even my last song unsung, I brace myself to be saved.

—KATINKA LOESER

This book answers the questions:
Which books are safe and nonaddictive? Which are not?

—Publicity note from Berkley Books.
Watch out for "Emma."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980: REAGAN

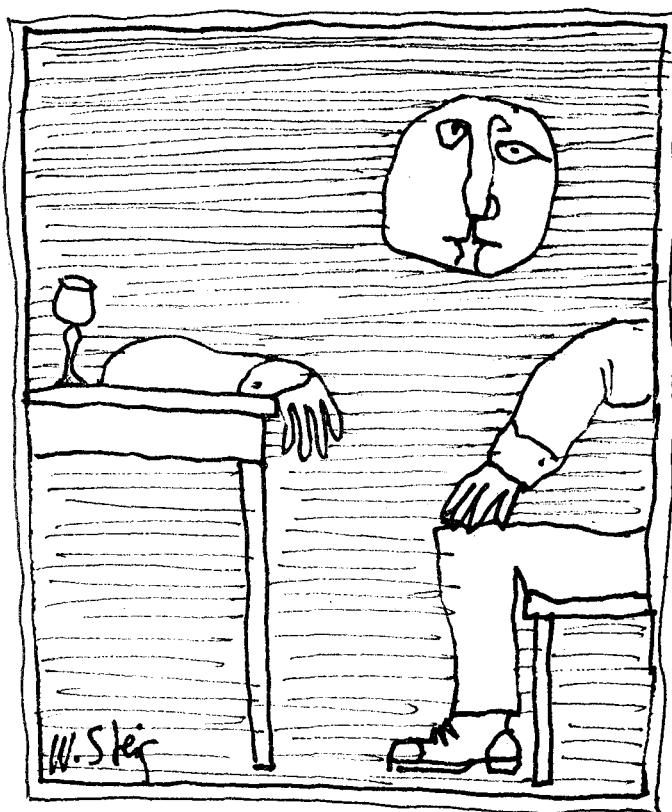
SHORTLY before noon on Friday, February 29th, Ronald Reagan and his wife, Nancy, arrive at the airport just outside Sarasota, Florida. It is suddenly dawning on a lot of people, in the wake of his unexpectedly thorough defeat of George Bush in New Hampshire earlier this week, that Reagan might in fact be the Republican Party's nominee. Assumptions about what will happen in politics bloom and fade rapidly. And memories are short. For some time, it had been assumed that Reagan might well be the nominee, because no one could figure out which candidate could stop him. Then it was assumed that he was too old, too blunder-prone, simply too improbable. Reagan could still make a big mistake and some candidacy could pull itself together to stop him, but as of this moment, as he arrives here in Florida, neither has happened. Another assumption has been that if Reagan is the Republican nominee the election of a Democrat is certain. That's exactly what people thought when Reagan first ran for governor of California, in 1966. He won by almost a million votes, in a state that was heavily Democratic and whose Republican tradition was liberal to moderate, and he was reelected four years later by a half-million votes. He had a strong instinct for what would attract traditionally Democratic blue-collar votes. Moreover, the great waves of national discontent have been moving in Reagan's direction: discontent with inflation and with "big government," with our powerlessness in certain international situations, and with our lack of military superiority over the Soviet Union. Reagan is at once a very familiar figure and a remote one, accessible and at the same time inaccessible. And his campaign has been going through turmoil: on the day of his New Hampshire triumph, he fired John Sears, his campaign manager, and two of Sears' allies, and the campaign has already spent two-thirds of the money allowed under the federal spending laws. Reagan has

been the object of a tactical and ideological struggle among the people who would make him President. The question is where—or even who—he is in all this.

Reagan has, of course, been the conservatives' beau ideal for years now; he has a gift for speaking to what is bothering them. He is the titular leader of that wing of the Republican Party which took over in 1964 and changed the Party's politics and its culture: the East yielded power to the West; large Eastern financial interests to small businesses and shopkeepers in the South and Southwest; Wasps to blue-collar workers and Catholics. The Reagan wing can also draw on young voters of the sort who once supported George Wallace. (In 1968, Wallace received twice as much support as Eugene McCarthy among young voters.) That wing of the Party forms Reagan's base and makes him the only Republican candidate who started with such a committed following. In New Hampshire, the Reagan campaign took advantage of the fact that Bush's image, if not his politics, made him appear to represent the old Eastern elite, and left in ruins Bush's strategy of trying to bridge the great divide in the Party. Gerald Carmen, Reagan's New Hampshire cam-

paign manager, ran what approached a class war there. He told the *Boston Globe*, "There are more of us than there are of them." One of Sears' stratagems had been to try to soften the edges on Reagan's conservative picture, on the theory that this would make Reagan more electable. That was the idea behind Reagan's choosing Richard Schweiker as his running mate in 1976 and behind some of the early strategies for 1980. The struggle over Sears' role had gone on for some time, and Sears lost out for a number of reasons, only one of them ideological. Sears had insisted on too much power and made too many important enemies in the Reagan camp, including some who had been closest to Reagan for many years. And, finally, Nancy Reagan turned on him. Sears was one of the few people able to tell Reagan that he shouldn't say certain things. Reagan's natural inclination when he campaigns is to do what he is most comfortable with: say things that fire up his natural following. The problem is that when he follows his inclination to take the red-flag issues to the conservatives, the moderates see red flags. Sears was trying to prevent some of this. (One of the victors in the power struggle told me that the strategy of keeping Reagan under wraps in Iowa, which has been attributed to Sears, was generally agreed on in the Reagan camp.) But Reagan was not comfortable in his cotton batting, and many of the faithful were feeling let down and were complaining to the Reagan camp. These people were useful allies to the Old Guard in the power struggle. Reagan began to follow his own instincts in the final days before the New Hampshire primary. Afterward, he and those who supported such an approach felt vindicated.

On the way from the Sarasota airport to his first stop, I have an interview with Reagan—the first of two today. I ask him if the description of him as perhaps the most conservative major figure in this campaign is an accurate



Cabin Fever



"Rumor has it that Mrs. Ritterhouse will be jamming at this year's Galax Old Fiddlers' Convention."

one. Talking to Reagan can be something like grappling with a wet cake of soap. He is pleasant enough, and responsive, even garrulous, but he often follows much the same script that he does onstage, and many of his answers slide away.

Now he responds, "I have always deplored labels, because I don't think they are fairly descriptive. Everybody has his own definition when they hear the word as to what they think that word means. I would just prefer to go on the specific issues and on the record of what I did in California. For example, is it ultraconservative that when I began, the state income tax in California began with the first two thousand dollars of a family's earnings, and when I left, it began with the first eight thousand dollars? Or that almost instantly when I took office I called in the prison director and we

introduced in California the conjugal visit?"

Reagan was, in fact, a more moderate governor of California than his campaign rhetoric would suggest. This is attributed at least in part to strong countervailing forces—the Democratic legislature, the state's liberal traditions, and the strong professional state government. One of his former opponents says, "He fought with the symbolic liberal institutions—the state-university system, welfare groups, Cesar Chavez—and on the rest he struck a bargain." It has also been said that he was not a very energetic governor, particularly in his second term—that he seemed bored. Reagan is often described as not particularly interested in getting in and coping with the push and pull of politics.

I ask Reagan where he thinks the idea that he is so conservative comes

from, then, and whether he would prefer that that were not the impression people had.

"No," he replies. "I suppose it's conservative to the extent that I don't believe in big, centralized federal government. I believe that the federal government has attempted to do far too many things—that there are federal programs that should be returned to the states, along with the tax resources to pay for them. I believe that the federal government is too interventionist. I believe in the free marketplace." In his 1976 campaign, Reagan got into some difficulty by proposing that the federal government return ninety billion dollars' worth of programs to the states, to be continued there or not, and only later amended that to say that the taxes to pay for the programs would also be returned to the states. When I ask him what, other than a saving in overhead, his transfer of programs to the states would accomplish, he talks about the diversity of the nation and sug-

gests that mayors should have more discretion in the use of federal funds. When I ask him if he thinks there should be federal standards to require certain equities on the part of the state and local governments, Reagan replies, "There are areas that properly belong to the federal government. For example, I have no quarrel with there being a federal Food and Drug Administration. It began around the turn of the century, when we lost a great many people—as a matter of fact, soldiers in the Spanish-American War—through poisoned canned meat. That's fine. Government exists to protect us from each other. But as the years have gone on and the bureaucracy grows, as bureaucracies do, we find that they have gone far beyond protecting us from poisonous or harmful substances, and they have now set themselves up as the doctor and decided that they will tell

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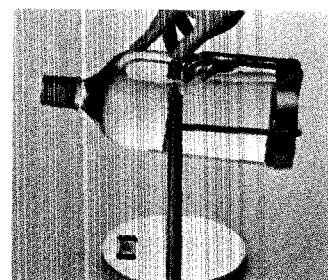


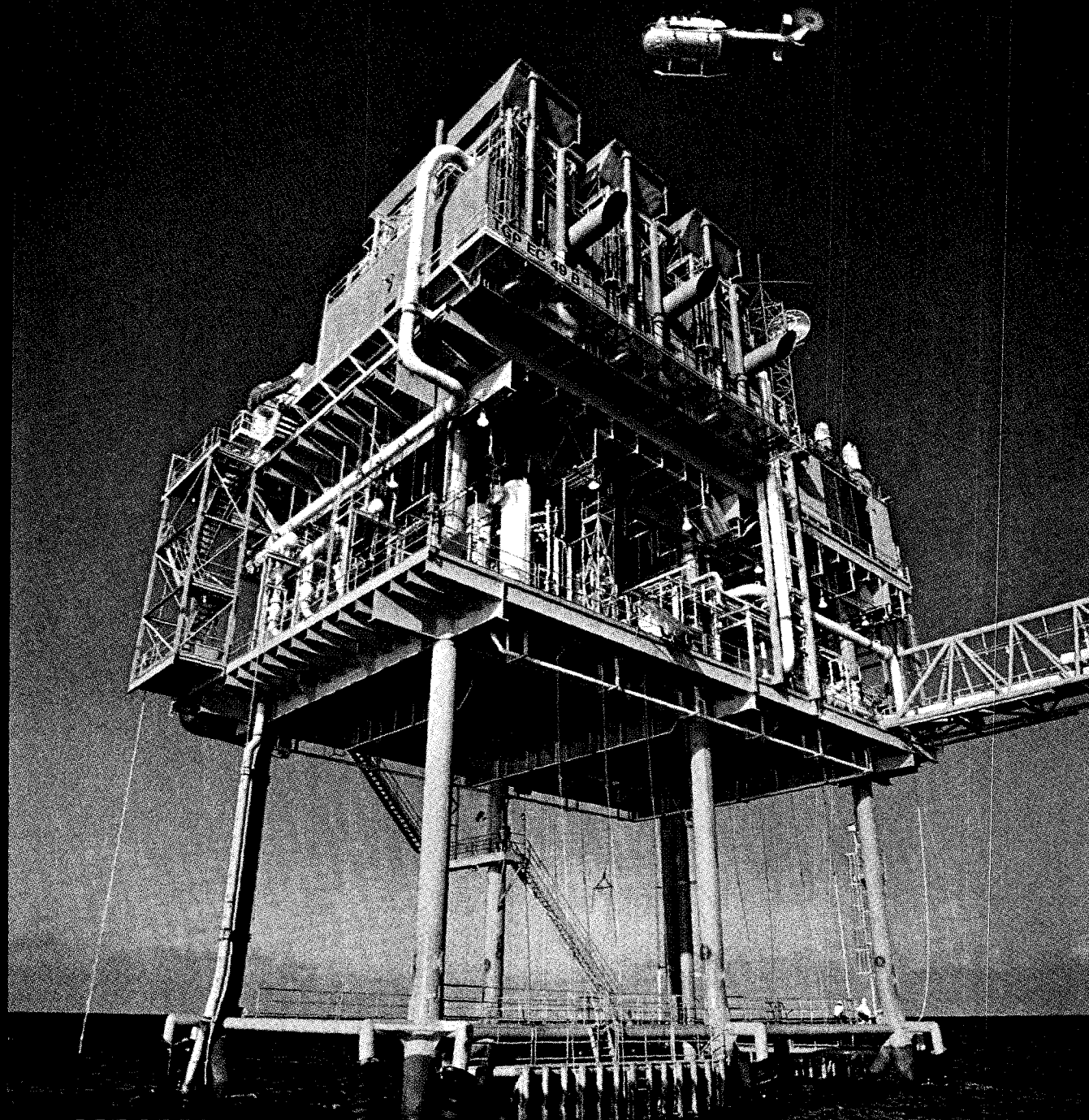
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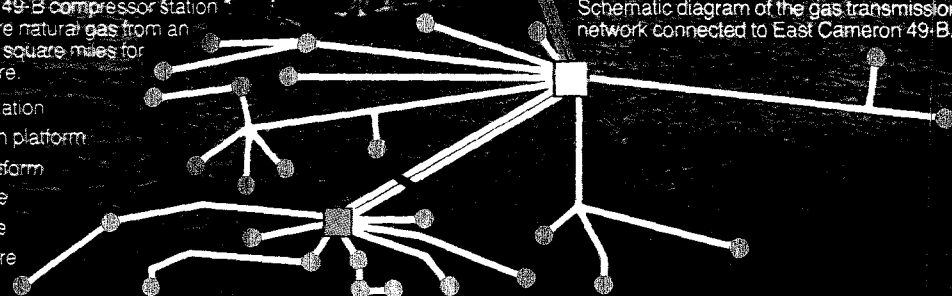
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first tests off the Georgia-Florida coast and we plan to participate in future exploration elsewhere in the Atlantic.

On shore, we have purchased, within the past year alone, rights to explore more than one million undeveloped acres in Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico and Canada. Tenneco also has a one-half interest in a shale oil recovery project in Colorado which is estimated to contain 1.2 billion barrels of recoverable oil.

We're also working to bring additional gas from Canada and Mexico, and liquefied natural gas from Trinidad and Tobago.

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Although energy provides two-thirds of Tenneco's income, the Company continues to supply other basic needs, like food, automotive components, chemicals, ships, packaging, farm and construction equipment, and insurance.

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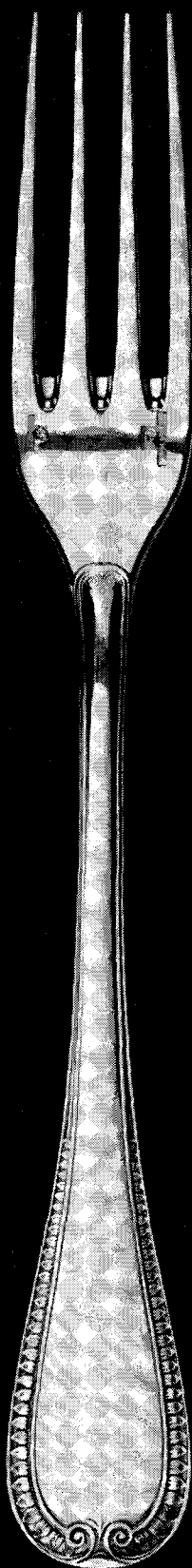
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us what medicines are effective." And then he gives what he obviously feels to be an absurd example. This is a standard Reagan technique—the ridiculous example, sometimes of dubious origin or accuracy. We begin to talk about Reagan's anti-inflation program but, having arrived at the first stop, agree to resume later.

IN Sarasota, Reagan is holding a "press availability" beside Sarasota Bay, just outside the hall where there will be a rally later. The sky is clear, and the scene is a lovely one and will look good on television. A large number of Republicans—the highest concentration in the state—are clustered in the Gulf Coast area of Florida that Reagan will cover today. The only problem with this setting is that occasionally Reagan's answers to questions are drowned out by a powerboat or an airplane. Nancy Reagan stands beside him, looking, as she always does, perfect—relentlessly neat and composed—and her expression, as always, is one of fixed adoration. She is wearing a bright-pink Adolfo knit suit, a fuchsia blouse, and pumps that blend with the blouse. Mrs. Reagan's fixed stare can give the impression that that is all there is to her, but this is definitely not the case; she is a true conservative believer, an influence on her husband, and a power in the campaign. The Reagans are obviously very close, and are frequently seen holding hands. Reagan is wearing a blue-gray tweed suit, just short of flashy, with double vents; a white handkerchief is folded in his breast pocket. Just as George Bush looks Eastern and John Connally looks Texan, Ronald Reagan looks Western.

Reagan is asked his reaction to the recently renewed rumors that Gerald Ford might enter the race.

"Well, what can I say?" he replies. "The race is open to anyone who wants to enter."

He is asked whether he thinks that Ford's candidacy would be a formidable one.

Reagan smiles, and replies, "It was the last time." (Still, Ford was the incumbent, and had used the incumbency, and Reagan went into the Republican Convention with just eighty fewer delegates than were committed to Ford.) He says that Ford had told him that he would not enter the primaries but that if the Convention was deadlocked he would answer a draft. Reagan continues, "That's the only

word I've had, and that was directly from him."

He is asked about a statement he made in the course of a debate with Republican opponents in South Carolina last night to the effect that marijuana is the most dangerous drug in America. He says that what he said was that a great many scientific people have come to the conclusion that it is one of the most dangerous drugs, and that one of the latest findings is that "a marijuana cigarette probably is several times the cancer hazard for lung and throat cancer that a tobacco cigarette is."

A reporter remarks that a person doesn't have to smoke as many marijuana cigarettes to get the desired effect.

Nancy Reagan pokes her husband and whispers, "You wouldn't know."

Ronald Reagan says, "I wouldn't know."

A reporter points out that this is the hundred-and-eighteenth day that the hostages have been held in Iran, and asks Reagan whether he would have handled the matter differently.

Reagan says that the Administration apparently believed that when the United Nations commission to investigate Iranian grievances was established the hostages would be released, and that then more concessions were demanded. He says, "And each time our government has taken up the negotiating of those additional salami slices. And I believe once you think you have made a deal you have to say to the captors, 'This is all you get. There are no further concessions to be made.' If you don't do that, as long as they have the hostages they just can keep on demanding concessions until you're grovelling on the ground."

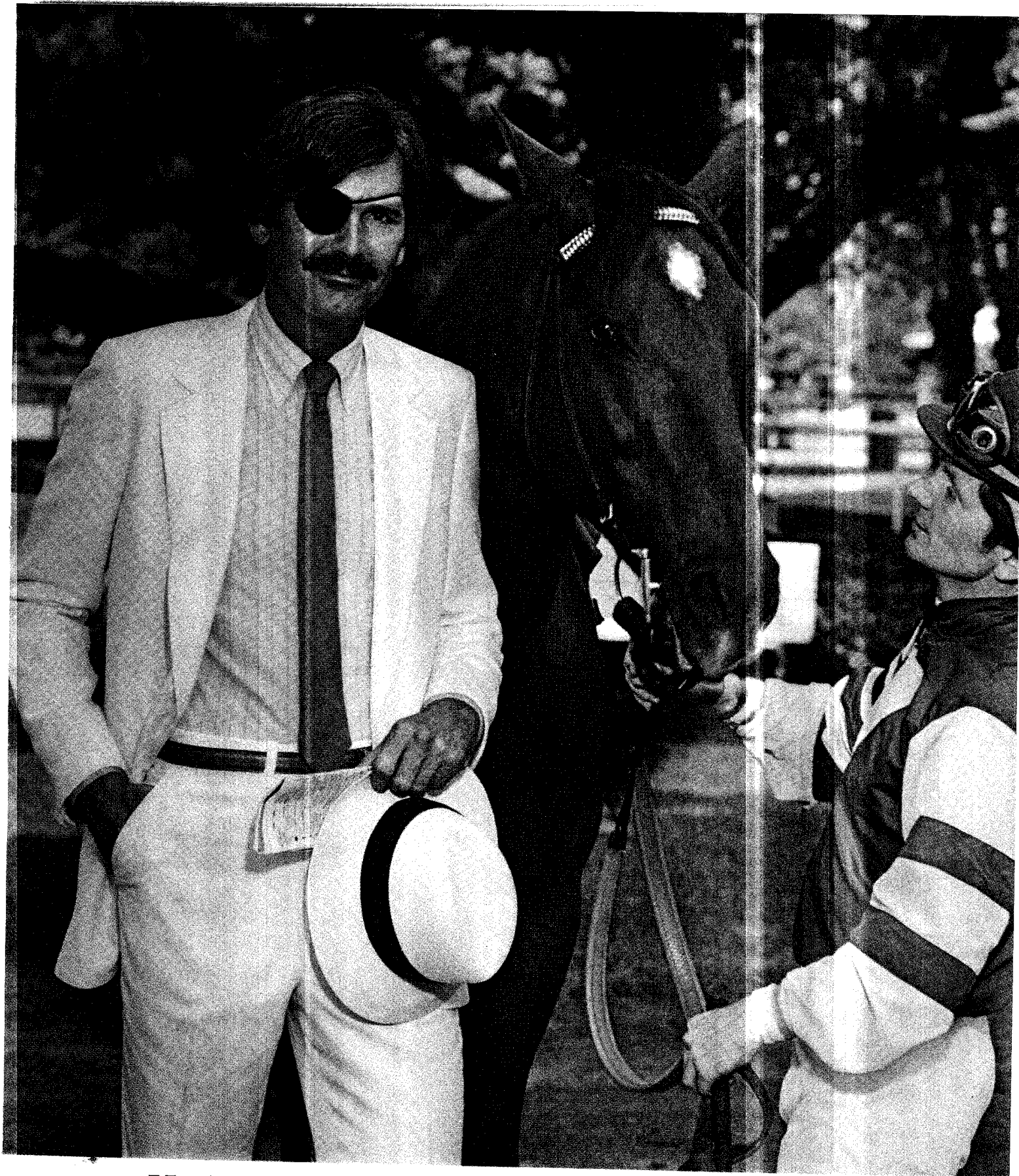


He is asked if Iran couldn't then just say that they would keep the hostages indefinitely, and he replies, "Well, there comes the time when a government has got to be willing to set a date for their release and let them know privately what the option will be if they are not released as of that date."

He is asked if our government could do that now.

He says, "I think we should have done it back about the end of the first or second week that they were held."

After this press conference, the Reagans will attend a fund-raising brunch, and Reagan will give an interview to a local radio station, which has carried his syndicated three-minute weekday



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Lest the photograph mislead you into thinking that such a shirt would only grace a tropical suit, Hathaway hastens to suggest otherwise.

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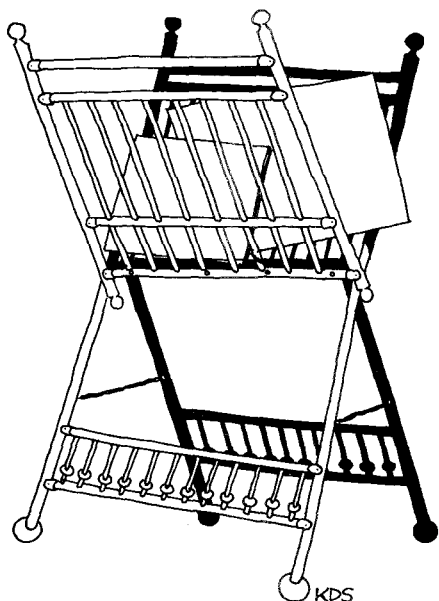
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commentaries. (During campaigns, the commentaries have to be dropped because of equal-time laws.) About two hundred stations across the country have been carrying those commentaries for years—which hasn't hurt his political career.

NOW, in the early afternoon, Reagan is standing on a stage in a large auditorium, with a large American flag as a backdrop. Behind him is the Riverview High School Kiltie Band, which played "The Stars and Stripes Forever" when the Reagans entered the hall. Over the years, the Reagan campaigns have done better than any other at appropriating the patriotic symbols. His rallies are draped in red-white-and-blue bunting. Reagan supporters wear straw boaters with red-white-and-blue bands that say "Reagan." His posters are red-white-and-blue, and this year's shows Reagan smiling his crinkly-eyed smile over a picture of the White House. The slogan is "Let's Make America Great Again." Onstage as well as up close, Reagan looks fine. The blue eyes are clear, the apple cheeks give an impression of health. His recent triumph seems to have invigorated him, given him a certain buoyancy. There do appear to be some new wattles about his chin, which show up more in some camera shots than in others. Reagan delivers his message in a jaunty style, his head tilted slightly to one side. He often smiles the crinkly-eyed smile. He is a polished performer, as well he might be. The voice is husky-silky. There are no oratorical glissandos or gestures—he doesn't need them. Reagan's standard approach now is to make a few brief remarks and then take questions from the audience, in what he refers



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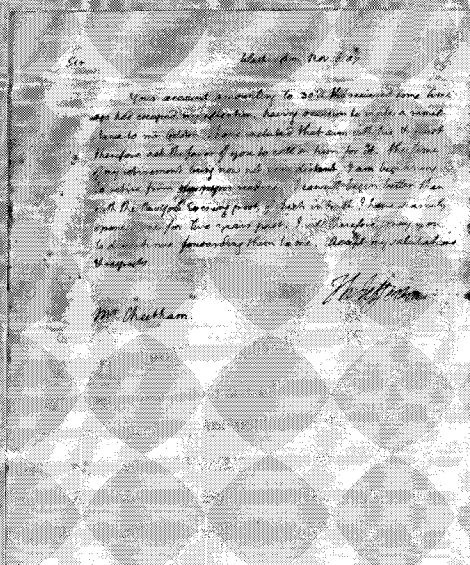
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to as a "dialogue." The brevity of the remarks relieves him of the burden of developing a thought at any length, and the question-and-answer session enables him at once to seem accessible to "the people" and to turn the situation to advantage. Sometimes he uses his four-by-six index cards, sometimes not. He has his lines down well by now.

Today, he begins with a couple of audience-warming jokes and then says that Carter took what he himself had described as "minor crises" when he took office—inflation and energy—and turned them into "major disasters." Reagan's solution for inflation is balancing the budget and cutting taxes by a third over three years (this is a version of the Kemp-Roth proposals that have been floating around in Congress) and reducing regulation of business. He says, "General Motors has to employ twenty-three thousand three hundred full-time employees just to fill out government paperwork and comply with government regulations." The audience gasps. (Like several Reagan examples, this one is technically accurate but gives a misleading impression. Actually, according to General Motors, about twenty-four thousand eight hundred of its employees work full time at complying with federal, state, and local regulations, but the great majority of these are workers involved in engineering work on pollution-control, fuel-economy, and safety standards and on regulation of plant facilities—air- and water-pollution standards and safety standards. Even according to the company, about five thousand—out of more than five hundred thousand—General Motors employees are involved in government "paperwork," which includes such subjects as taxes.) Reagan says, "Balancing the budget is like protecting your virtue: all you have to do is learn to say no." In propounding his tax cuts, he employs a curious mixture of liberal Democratic and conservative Republican thought. He points out—as Democrats did against Gerald Ford—that each percentage-point increase in unemployment costs twenty billion dollars, mainly in unemployment compensation and lost tax revenues. Harking back to the sort of Keynesian economics that most Republicans deplore, he points out that a tax cut proposed by John Kennedy and enacted in 1964 stimulated the economy. But the Kennedy tax cut was employed to stimulate a sluggish economy, whereas recently the problem has been that the economy is overheated. Therefore, unless Reagan is contemplating making

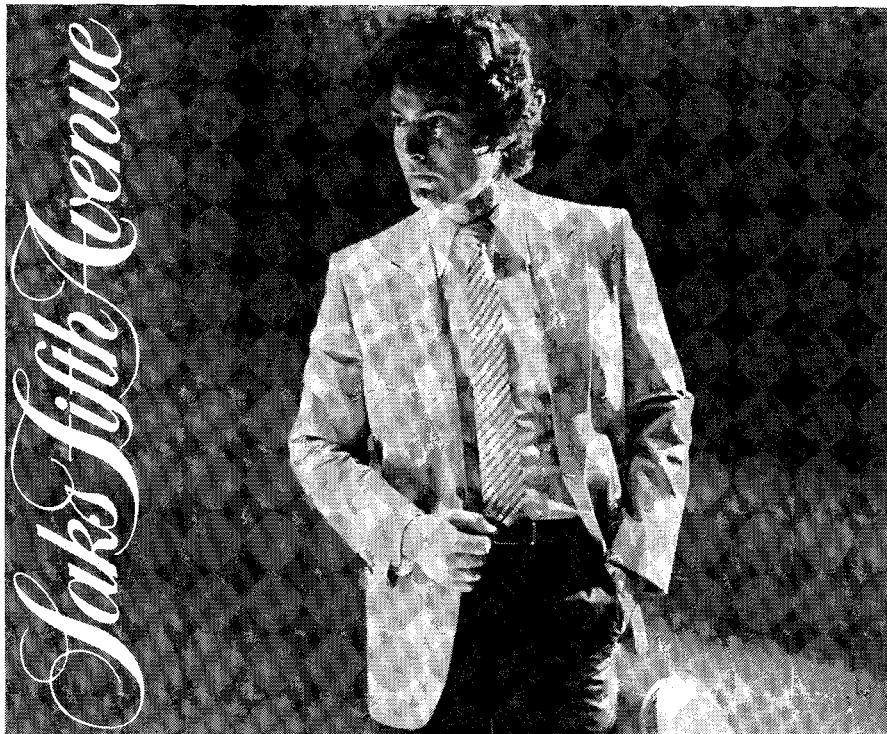
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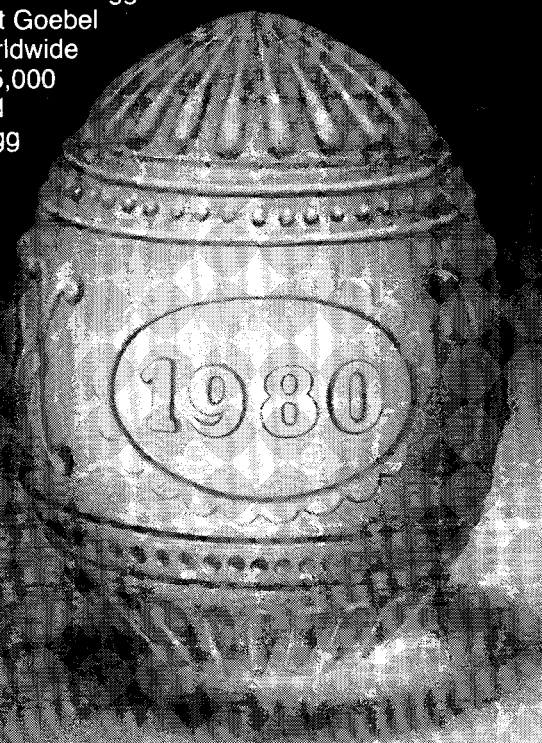
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cuts in government spending in combination with his tax cuts (as the latest version of Kemp-Roth proposes)—and he does not mention this—what he suggests is, by most reckonings, inflationary. He says that the President says, "The good days in America are over." Waving toward the high-school band behind him, Reagan says, "I want to believe that someday these young people back here can know the same freedom that we knew in this country when we were their age." The audience applauds and cheers.

As for energy, he says, "They say, 'Turn down the thermostat, drive less, or don't drive at all.'" He says that there was no energy problem "from the days of the horseless carriage until 1971," and that "from 1971 until the present, we have had increasing scarcity and skyrocketing prices." And he says, "Well, the simple difference is in 1971 the government injected itself into the energy industry." He asks, "Is it too difficult to suggest that we go back to what we were doing for seventy-one years and set the oil industry loose?" (The Nixon Administration imposed price controls on oil in 1971, as part of its total wage-price freeze, and kept them on oil when the other controls were removed; it imposed controls on allocations of oil in 1973, during the Arab embargo. Reagan is correct in saying that the system by which the government allocates refinery products, which is scheduled to expire in 1981, has led to distortions in distribution; the Carter Administration is phasing out controls on the price of oil.) Reagan suggests that there really is no energy problem. "Two-thirds of the oil is still down there... but government won't let them charge the price." It is true that when companies drill for oil they tend to extract only one-third of the oil in the ground; the rest has been considered too expensive to recover. No one knows how much will be recovered once price controls are removed. Reagan says, as he often does in his appearances, that "the oil geologists in this country, the leading men, have told me that there is more oil yet to be found than we have taken out of the ground." He says, "The U.S. Geological Survey says that the potential for Alaska alone is greater than the proven reserves of Saudi Arabia. And yet our government has taken two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Alaska and has said, 'That's a preserve, you cannot even look at that to find out if there's oil underneath that ground.'" (The United States Geological Survey esti-

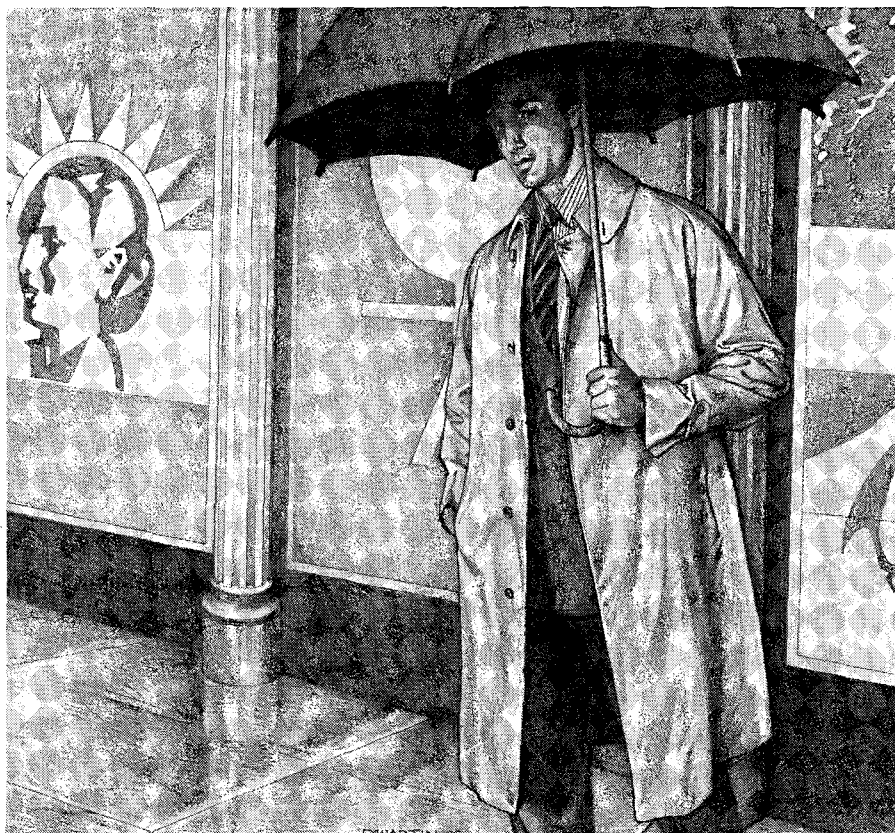
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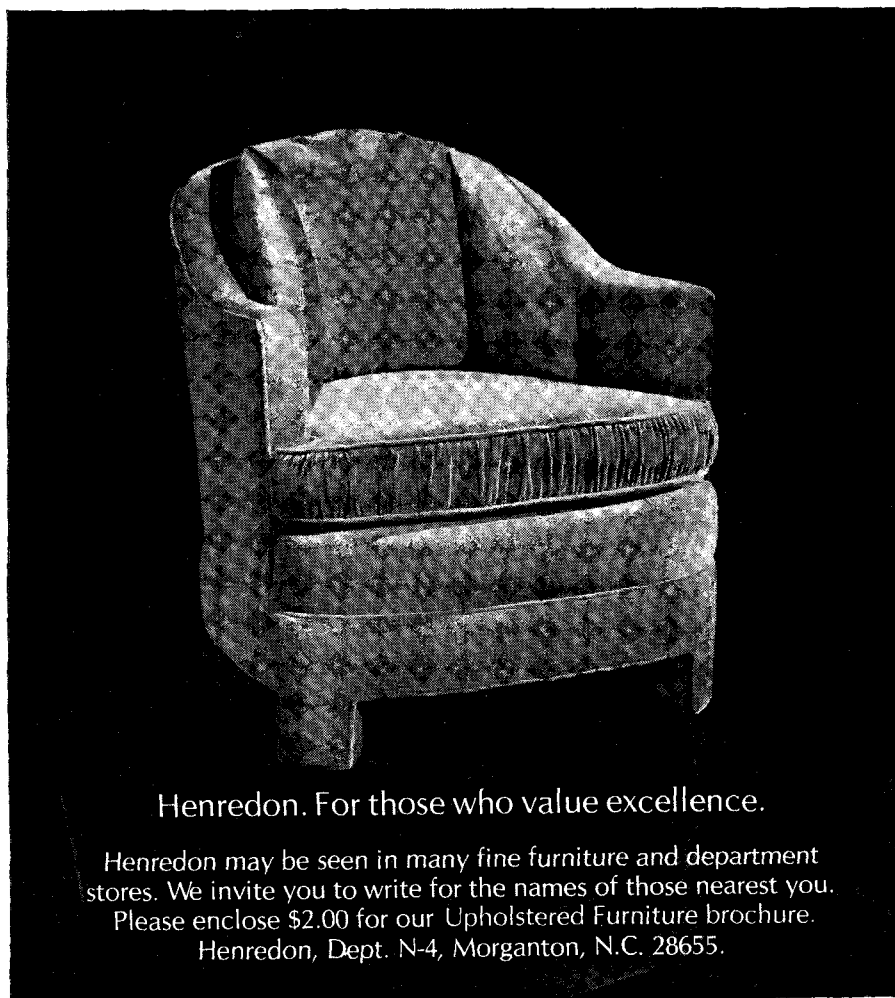
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mates that Alaska has proven reserves of slightly over nine billion barrels of oil and potential reserves of between twelve and forty-nine billion additional barrels, while Saudi Arabia has proven reserves of a hundred and sixty-five billion barrels. The American Petroleum Institute estimates that if all the potential oil in the United States—onshore, offshore, in Alaska—were recovered, production would increase by four million barrels a day; currently, the United States imports eight million barrels a day.)

Reagan criticizes the Carter Administration for having held up the development or deployment of various weapons, and says, "Today, we are not equal to the Soviet Union, and that is why they were able to cross into Afghanistan." (The United States had vast strategic superiority over the Soviet Union when Soviet troops went into Hungary, not long after the Eisenhower Administration had enunciated a policy of "massive retaliation," and the United States still held a clear lead when the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia twelve years later.) "We have betrayed our friends and appeased our enemies," he says. Then he says, "There will be no more Taiwans and no more Vietnams." The audience cheers.

When Reagan says that he will take questions, he says that he will take them mainly from people close to the stage—there are several indications that he is hard of hearing.

In answers to questions, he says that he is against a peacetime draft, for equal rights but against the Equal Rights Amendment. He says that the E.R.A. would put the issue in the courts "that have given us forced busing and some of the other decisions with regard to crime that we have."

A woman asks how and when we will stop helping the Soviet Union—Reagan has said we're still providing the Russians with technology that can be used for military purposes—and he replies, "When we get some people in the State Department who recognize that the Soviet Union is embarked on a goal that they have never retreated from, and that is to communize the entire world, and maybe then we'll stop helping them destroy us."

He is asked about his idea for a "North American accord" between the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and he gives a vague answer. This idea was offered at the beginning of his campaign, but he couldn't explain it very well and then it largely disappeared.

He closes by saying that as governor

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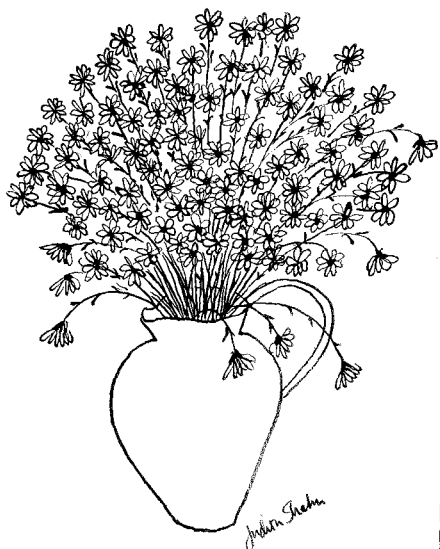
of California for eight years he held the second-largest executive job in the United States, and that he took the state's budget from bankruptcy to a surplus and gave the citizens rebates amounting to five billion seven hundred million dollars. (This amount is in dispute, as is the origin of the "rebate." According to the state's Office of Legislative Analysts, most of the rebate was tax relief initiated by the legislature.) "We stopped the bureaucracy growth cold in its tracks, and we can do it in Washington, and I want nothing more in my life than to do that," Reagan says. He is given an ovation, and while a collection is taken up, the audience sings "God Bless America."

As before, Reagan's mind appears to be a grab bag of clippings and "facts" and anecdotes and scraps of ideas. People who have worked for him describe him as an intelligent man with an open mind but strong political instincts of his own. He is inclined toward uncomplicated concepts: a balanced budget, a strong defense, patriotism. He is in tune with what he conceives to be mainstream American thinking, because he shares it. There are people around him who hold highly conservative philosophies and can follow an argument through. Reagan seems to pluck from his briefings some facts and ideas that might be useful, but he does not seem to have thought things through. And sometimes when he gets out beyond his facts and his idea scraps, he flounders. He does not seem comfortable with the more complicated economic concepts he has been fed. Still, one man, a Democrat who had frequent clashes with Reagan when he was governor, says that Reagan has a conventional mind but does have his own insights and is confident about his own judgments. "He's not programmed," this man told me recently. "He's not simply an actor who reads his lines. He tends to go for the politically effective, and he has a strong instinct for the microphone and the cameras and how things will go over." (Thus the famous "I paid for this microphone, Mr. Breen," at the Nashua, New Hampshire, debate. Reagan appeared to know just what he was doing.) The Democrat continued, "He's not a fool. The national media underestimate him."

Most candidates, one way or another, appeal to people's frustrations and disappointments. Reagan also speaks to their resentment. Maybe it is his mellifluous manner and nice-guy appearance, but he appears to stop short of arousing the guttural hatred that

George Wallace or Spiro Agnew did. Of course, some of the social issues they played upon have died away. Still, in his way, Reagan does strike several of the same chords. When he does, it does not come across as mean, because Reagan does not come across as a mean man. With him, it comes across smoothly. As he was in 1976, he is the candidate of indignation. And now he has added the politics of nostalgia. With him, he is saying, we can go back to the days when things were simpler. He offers simple answers. Reagan has a certain plausibility when he does this, because he is himself a figure of nostalgia. Reagan can talk all he wants about what a competent governor he was, but he evokes, deliberately, it seems, the Hollywood myth: of John Wayne or Jimmy Stewart—or Ronald Reagan—riding into town and setting things right.

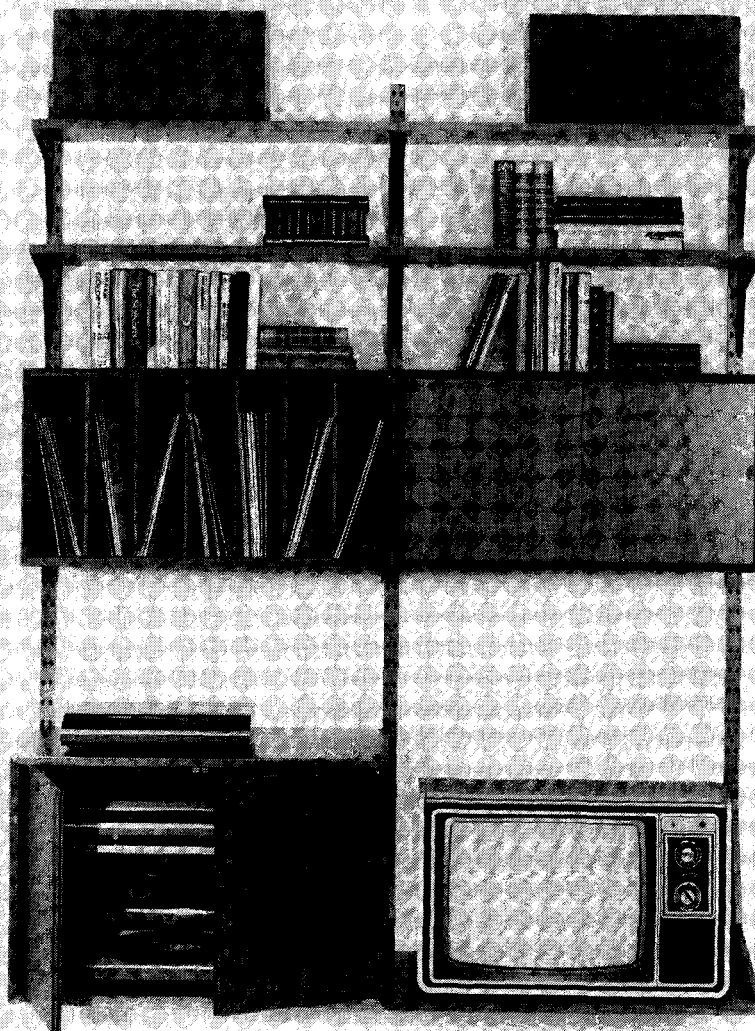
MID-AFTERNOON. Reagan addresses a large crowd in an indoor shopping mall. Red-white-and-blue bunting adorns the platform, and little Cub Scouts holding little American flags stand in front of it. He says, "There are many of us in this crowd who can remember not too many years ago when no country on earth would have even dared take fifty Americans hostage and hold them for a hundred and eighteen days," and he receives big cheers. He says, "We have a group of élitists in Washington who have no more faith and trust in the American people, and they think they must control our destiny, make all the rules, tell us how to run our lives and our businesses. And it is time to have a President who will take the government off the people's backs and turn the great genius of the American people loose once again." He gets Pakistan and Afghanistan mixed up, and admits



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to the crowd that he does that sometimes. He says that if we just let the oil companies drill away, "we'll be back where we were and happy again." If Reagan is right about the energy problem, an awful lot of people are terribly wrong. This time, he ends by waving his arm toward the Cub Scouts— young people are among his props— and saying that we want the kind of country in which "these young people will know the freedom that we knew when we were their age."

IN an interview with Reagan on the way to the next stop, I begin by asking him about his anti-inflation program. (Reagan assiduously waves to everyone along his route. I hesitated to begin the interviewing until we had pulled away from the shopping mall and his waving had subsided, but Reagan urged me to proceed. "Go ahead. I'll wave—I can do it at the same time.") When I asked him in our earlier conversation how he knew that his proposed tax cut would not increase the deficit, he cited the example of the Kennedy tax cut, drawing on material used by Congressman Jack Kemp, Republican of New York, and Senator William Roth, Republican of Delaware, to make their point. Some economists argue that, aside from the fact that the Kennedy tax cut was aimed at a slow economy, the cut was only one factor that led to increased revenue; another was that our participation in Vietnam was beginning to build. Reagan also said to me then that the result of the recent cut in taxes on capital gains is that "in the very first year the government ended up getting more revenue at the lower rate than they did at the higher." However, the cut was enacted in 1978, and since the tax returns for 1979 are not yet in, there is no way to know this. In its original version, the Kemp-Roth plan was simply to cut personal-income-tax rates by approximately one-third; the theory was that it would not increase the deficit, because it would stimulate the economy enough to pay for itself, and that it would not be inflationary, because by encouraging people to work and invest more it would increase supply enough to satisfy the increased demand (the "Laffer curve"). Few economists agreed; and when Republicans went about the country during the 1978 congressional campaign promoting the idea, the public didn't buy it. The Republicans then regrouped, and rede-



signed the concept so that it combined the tax cuts with cuts in government spending, and a second Kemp-Roth proposal was introduced in January, 1979. But when I now ask Reagan if, when he talks about cutting taxes by one-third over three years, he is also talking about making equivalent cuts in government spending, he says that he is not, and he goes on to use examples and figures that Republicans used when they defended the original Kemp-Roth proposal. These days, Republicans in Congress, including Roth, are not talking much about even the revised proposal; their emphasis is on budget cuts, not tax cuts. Kemp says that he and Reagan, whom he has been advising, put a higher priority on cutting taxes and that this is what separates Reagan from what Kemp terms the "Eisenhower-Nixon-Ford-Bush" Republican economic orthodoxy.

I refer to Reagan's comments about Iran this morning and ask him what kind of "option" he thinks might be effective.

He replies, "Well, this is the thing that all of us on our side have refused to speculate on, for two reasons. That, you see, should be done in private. You don't want to suggest something that might be in the planning and you louse it up, or you don't want to be in the position of telling in advance what you're going to do. But you also don't want to do something that might bring further harm to the hostages. I would have to be in the position to sit there with the National Security Council or with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and say, 'All right, now, what are all the things that are possible?'" He says he understands that the sort of raid the Israelis staged at Entebbe would not be possible. "But what we're talking about is what if there were some pressure points that Iran can't stand? A blockade of their ports, or a mining of their ports— whatever. I'm only saying these are examples of all the types of things you would explore. I think for a long time we've made the mistake of telling enemies and potential enemies what we won't do. If you remember, Lyndon Johnson was frequently asked, 'Would we use nuclear weapons in the Vietnam War?' And no one wants to use nuclear weapons. But Lyndon Johnson would say, 'No, under no circumstances would we ever use nuclear weapons.' Well, you really should let the enemy go to bed every night won-

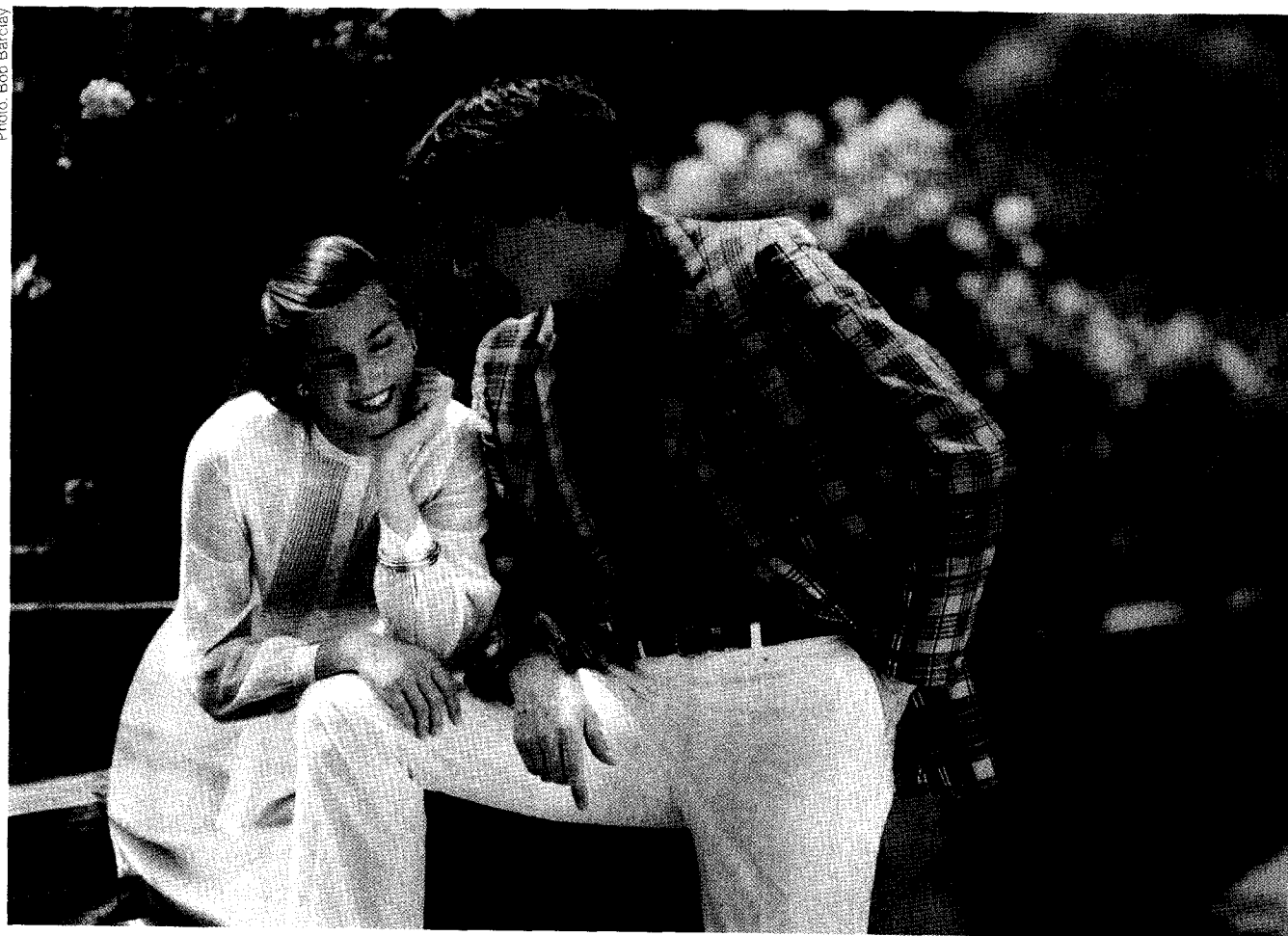
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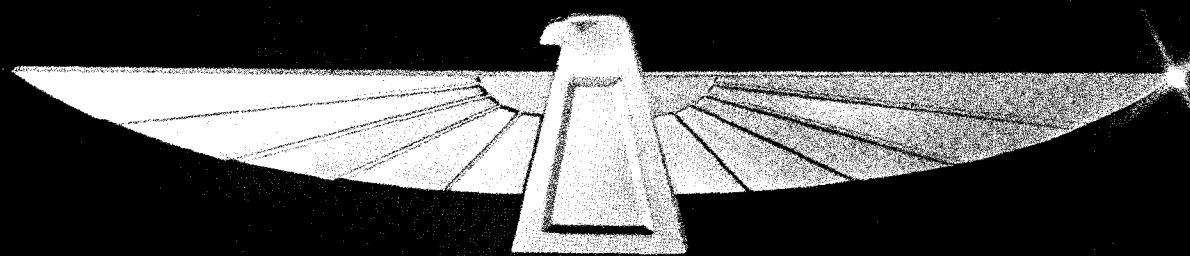
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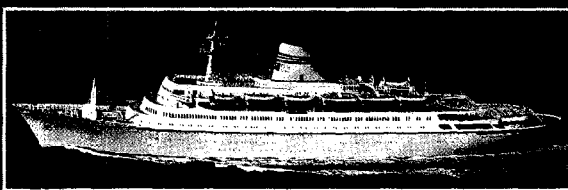
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"You mean the North Koreans?"

"The North Koreans."

I ask Reagan what he meant when he said at an earlier rally that there should be "no more Vietnams."

"What I meant by that was never again must this country ever ask young men to fight and die in a war we're afraid to let them win." He tells me a story he says a Vietnam veteran told him the other day about being fired at by people dressed as Buddhist monks and having to get permission from Washington to fire back.

"Are you saying that you wouldn't have gone in or that we should have gone in and fought it in a way to win?"

"I was one who never believed we should have gone in," he says. "I've always believed in the MacArthur dictum that you don't get involved in a land war in Asia. But the troops were sent in; once we sent them in, then you have made a commitment to the men you're asking to fight that you are going to give them every resource to win this thing and get them home as soon as possible. And that's where the difference lay."

I ask Reagan if he thinks we can regain military superiority over the Soviet Union.

"Yes," Reagan replies. "I think the Soviet Union is probably at the very limit of its military output. It has already had to keep its people from having so many consumer goods.

Instead, they're devoting it all to this military buildup. I think it's the greatest military buildup the world has ever seen. I think it tops what Hitler did. And therefore, when people talk about an arms race, this doesn't mean that the Soviet Union escalate to twice what they're doing now. We're the ones who have actually played along with the treaties and, if anything, actually reduced our weapons." He continues,

"Now, what I think the Russians would fear more than anything else is a United States that all of a sudden would hitch up our belt and say, 'O.K., Buster, we've tried this other way. We are now going to build what is necessary to surpass you.' And this is the last thing they want from us, an arms race, because they are already running as fast as they can and we haven't started running."

"Where are you going to get the money to pay for this military buildup?"

"Out of the economy."

When Reagan talks about defense, he sometimes uses examples—such as the fact that a high percentage of Soviet bombers could get through to the United States—that sound alarming but are beside the point. Defense planners, starting with the Nixon period, decided that the real issue was missiles, not bombers.

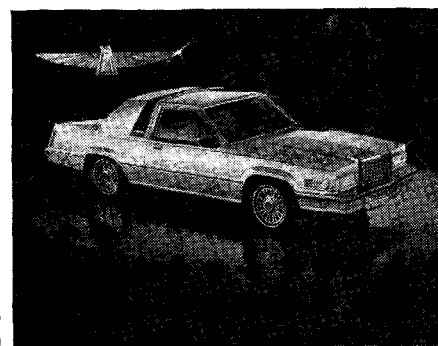
When I ask him how he would work with the interest groups and institutions in Washington, Reagan says, "I know how hard it's going to be, because, again, I had a Democratic legislature. But I also found that in many instances in the major things—don't do this with the little things—you work with them, you try to work with them, you compromise, you get as much as you can get. In other words, I'll settle for half a loaf and try for the second half later.

But on the major things I took the case to the people, and sometimes it is necessary to make the legislature see the light, you make them feel the heat. This was how we got our welfare reform. They held out for months—in fact, they refused to allow me to present the welfare reform to a joint session of the legislature. That was like banning a book in Boston—that made me a best-seller. Everybody wanted to hear the

speech they wouldn't listen to. One day, the leader of the opposition came into my office with his hands above his head, smiling, and he said, 'Stop those cards and letters.' He sat down, and we negotiated out the welfare reform."

Going back to where I began with him, I ask him how, since he is seen as a conservative, he would broaden his base so as to be able to govern.

Again, he refers to California, point-

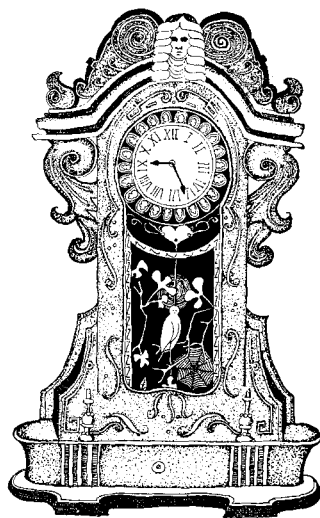


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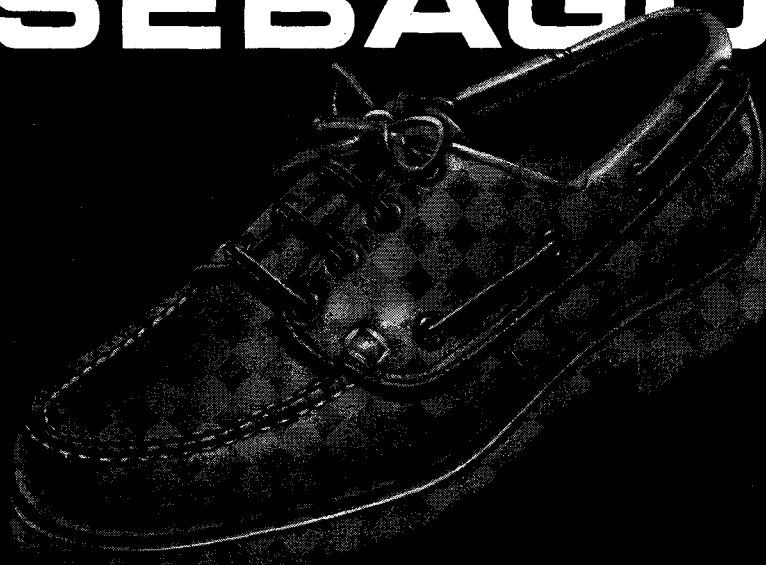
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ing out that he won by a million votes in a state that was heavily Democratic. He continues, "And I think the same thing is evident here. In New Hampshire, I noticed how the networks post people outside the polling place to ask them who they vote for. Well, the other night I was watching that, and I saw that, contrary to the usual Republican country-club, big-business image, they were finding that the more affluent had voted for Bush, and I had the working people. And I think this has always been true. That's what I had in California."

"And this could happen nationally?"

"I think so, because I think there are millions of Democrats who may not call themselves conservatives, but they've come to realize the federal government's big social solutions just don't work."

We arrive at Sun City Center, a retirement community, almost forty-five minutes late; another large crowd has gathered to await him. Reagan is elated. "Oh, boy, they're here, aren't they?" he says as he starts waving.

REAGAN, once more surrounded by red, white, and blue, tells the Sun City Center Republican Club, "Inflation is caused by government, and government can make it go away. It's as simple as that." He talks of the hostages held in Iran and of the American Ambassador being held hostage in Colombia, and says, "Since 1968, there have been sixty-three assassinations of American diplomatic personnel or non-diplomatic but Americans internationally by terrorist groups." He talks of ninety-some kidnappings, six hundred and some bombings. He says, "All of these things have happened to a United States that most of you can remember, as I do remember, a United States that even where an American was on business, or on vacation, or wherever, and got caught in some little country that was having a revolution, or got caught in a war, all that the American had to do was pin to his lapel a little American flag and he could walk right through that war and nobody would lay a finger on him. Well, I want to see that United States back in the world again." He is cheered.

Asked about whether the Shah should have been allowed into this country, he says, "I don't think there would have been a necessity to admit him into this country. Had the right Administration been there or done what was right, the United States would not have pulled the rug out

from a thirty-seven-year ally." About the allegations of torture during the Shah's regime, Reagan says, "Is it any different than what Algeria is doing? Is it any different than what Iraq is doing? There are different parts of the world with different customs than ours." He says that he and Nancy had lunch with the Shah in Teheran, and explains that the Shah's major problem was that he was trying to modernize Iran and he divided up the land; he says that the Shah gave away his own land, and that "the mullahs were the other big landowners—maybe that's one of the reasons why they're mad at him."

There being no young people to embrace in his closing, he closes with: "I would like nothing better than to be the leader of this country, a leader whose idea was to remove the shackles and the roadblocks that hold down this great people by government and turn the genius of America once again to be the great country that we were."

TAMPA. Reagan has attended a fund-raiser and given a television interview, and is now speaking at his last rally of the day, at the Holiday Inn. More red, white, and blue. Another band. Before Reagan arrived, a master of ceremonies explained to the audience that since "this is a media event," the people with Reagan posters should be down front, in sight of the cameras. At these events, the posters face the cameras, not Reagan. The day has been a long one, leaving the impression that no one is to question the man's stamina. Stamina aside, there is, for all the nice-guy, easy demeanor, an underlying toughness. And also a shrewdness. Any doubts that he can be a very determined man should have been overcome four years ago. And his recent victory and the adulation of the crowds have helped propel him along. Reagan does not disappoint his audiences, nor they him. As the day has gone on, he has said many of the same things, but he also seems to have drawn closer and closer to his old self.

Tonight, he suggests that "we re-implement the Tenth Article of the Bill of Rights—that part of the Constitution that says the federal government shall do only those things specifically called for in the Constitution," and he receives huge applause. He asks, "Isn't it time now that we deliver a message to the world that this great industrial giant here is going to rebuild its military forces to the point that there will be no country on earth..." and his conclusion is drowned out as



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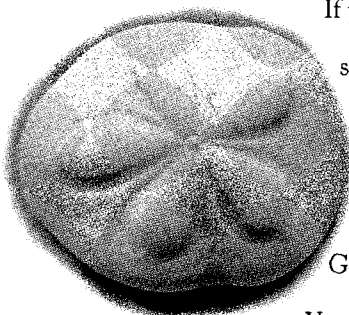
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the audience stands and cheers. It stands and cheers again when, returning to a line that was one of his most effective ones in 1976, he says, "Yes, if we can get the federal government out of the classroom, maybe we can get God back in." He says that he wants to be President not so that he can hear "Hail to the Chief" and not for the perquisites. But, he says, "I do hunger for that job, because I believe that with the experience I've had I could turn once again to the people of this country and help remove the shackles and the roadblocks that government has put on the people of this country and once again unleash the great power of the American people to go forward..." and once more his words are drowned in cheers.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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Like my father I'm
an extra, like
him I disappear
from the final

cut, edited out,
coiled on the cutting
room floor,
my one walk-on

dark and swept
away with his
janitor's broom.
But we're together

at least, relaxing,
smoking, and talking
in the warm
gloom of the boiler

room among shadows
and dust, among
spiders and push
brooms, the rags

of our profession.
Soon enough we'll
empty ourselves
with the trash

and whoop home
with a six-pack,
glad to be anonymous
and transient,

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and time and names
that are ours alone
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THE ART WORLD

Rocks

"**B**EING half-Japanese and half-American, I am always nowhere," Isamu Noguchi said the other day. Although he said it humorously, in his brisk and cultivated voice—we were sitting in the kitchen of his studio in Long Island City, in a nondescript industrial neighborhood that is itself a sort of nowhere—he was making a somewhat bitter point. At the age of seventy-five, Noguchi had three exhibitions running in New York. The Whitney Museum's "Isamu Noguchi: The Sculpture of Spaces" (through April 6th) focusses on his career as a stage designer, principally for Martha Graham, and on his emergence in the last decade as one of the world's most active sculptors of large commissioned works for public spaces. Concurrently, the André Emmerich Gallery was showing a group of his horizontal, tablelike stone and marble "landscapes," done over the last decade; and twenty-four of his more recent, small stone pieces were on view at the Pace. In spite of this freshet of public recognition, however, Noguchi's place in contemporary art remains strangely elusive and uncer-

tain. He is a master whose credentials are still in doubt.

To some extent, this is the result of prevailing critical winds. As a sculptor whose natural mode is *taille directe*, or direct cutting and shaping of materials, Noguchi has gone against the critical doctrine that saw in Picasso's welded metal constructions of the nineteen-thirties the true path of modernism. Nor have his excursions into theatre, architectural sculpture, and industrial design won him any points with the so-called formalist critics, who find his work too tasteful, too commercial, or simply too unconstrained. But critical doctrine does not make or break reputations in the visual arts. The real trouble seems to be that Noguchi, for reasons that bear directly on his development as an artist, has never settled long enough in one place, geographically or aesthetically, to make it his own.

He was born in 1904, in California. His father, Yonejiro (Yone) Noguchi, was a Japanese poet, an art historian, and a professor of English. His mother was Leonie Gilmour, an American writer and schoolteacher of Scotch-

Irish and American Indian parentage. Shortly before his son was born, Yone Noguchi resumed his teaching position at Keio University in Tokyo, and by the time Leonie and Isamu were able to follow him, two years later, he had taken a Japanese wife. Isamu was brought up by his mother in Japan. He went first to a Japanese elementary school and then to a French Jesuit academy in Yokohama. When he was thirteen, his spirited mother used her savings to send him to school in America. Yone Noguchi, who had largely ignored his cast-off family until then, intervened to oppose the move, but Leonie Gilmour was determined. She put Isamu on a boat to San Francisco, and from there he made his way, alone, to the Interlaken School in Rolling Prairie, Indiana. Two months later—this was in 1918—the school was commandeered by the United States Army as a transport-training center. Noguchi stayed on for a year, living with a caretaker on the property, until Dr. Edward A. Rumely, the founder of Interlaken School, took him in hand. Rumely was a single-tax Socialist and a friend of S. S. McClure, the press lord. He became the first of Noguchi's important teachers, giving him books by Theodore Dreiser and Frank Norris, instilling his own populist ideas (later

Rumely grew increasingly right-wing), and arranging for him to live with a Swedenborgian minister's family in nearby La Porte, where he finished high school. "So, you see, I'm a Hoosier," Noguchi told me. "I had a Japanese childhood but an American boyhood, with a paper route and all those things."

Dr. Rumely wanted him to study medicine. But when Noguchi said he thought he wanted to be an artist, Rumely managed to get him apprenticed to Gutzon Borglum, the violator of Mount Rushmore. Borglum had a big place near Stamford, Connecticut. Noguchi tutored Borglum's young son, cut firewood, and posed on a horse for an equestrian statue of General Sheridan. After three months of this, Borglum told him he would never be a sculptor. Noguchi decided to take Rumely's advice and study



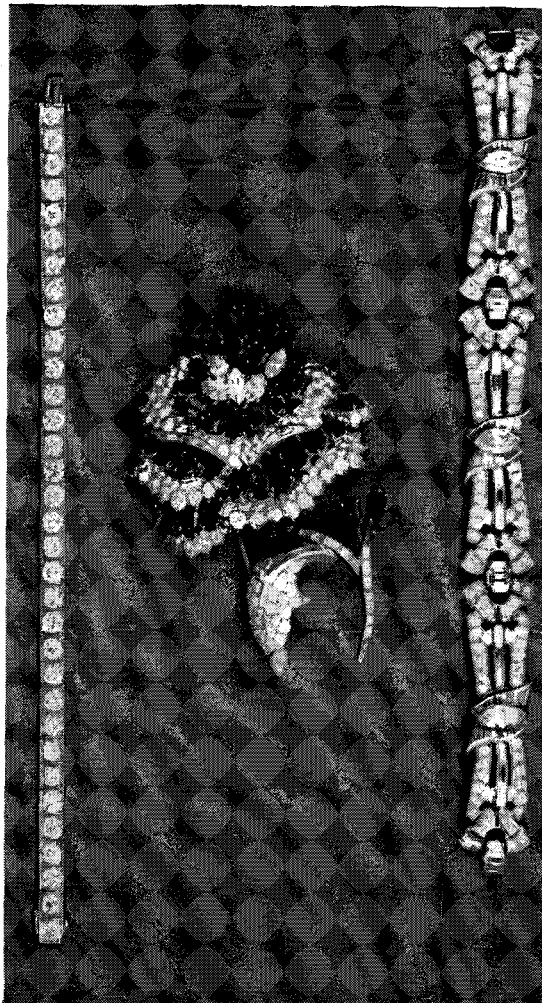
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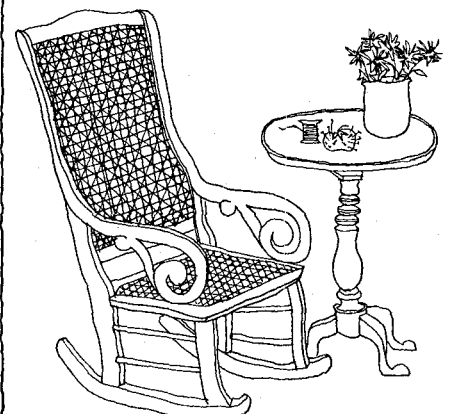


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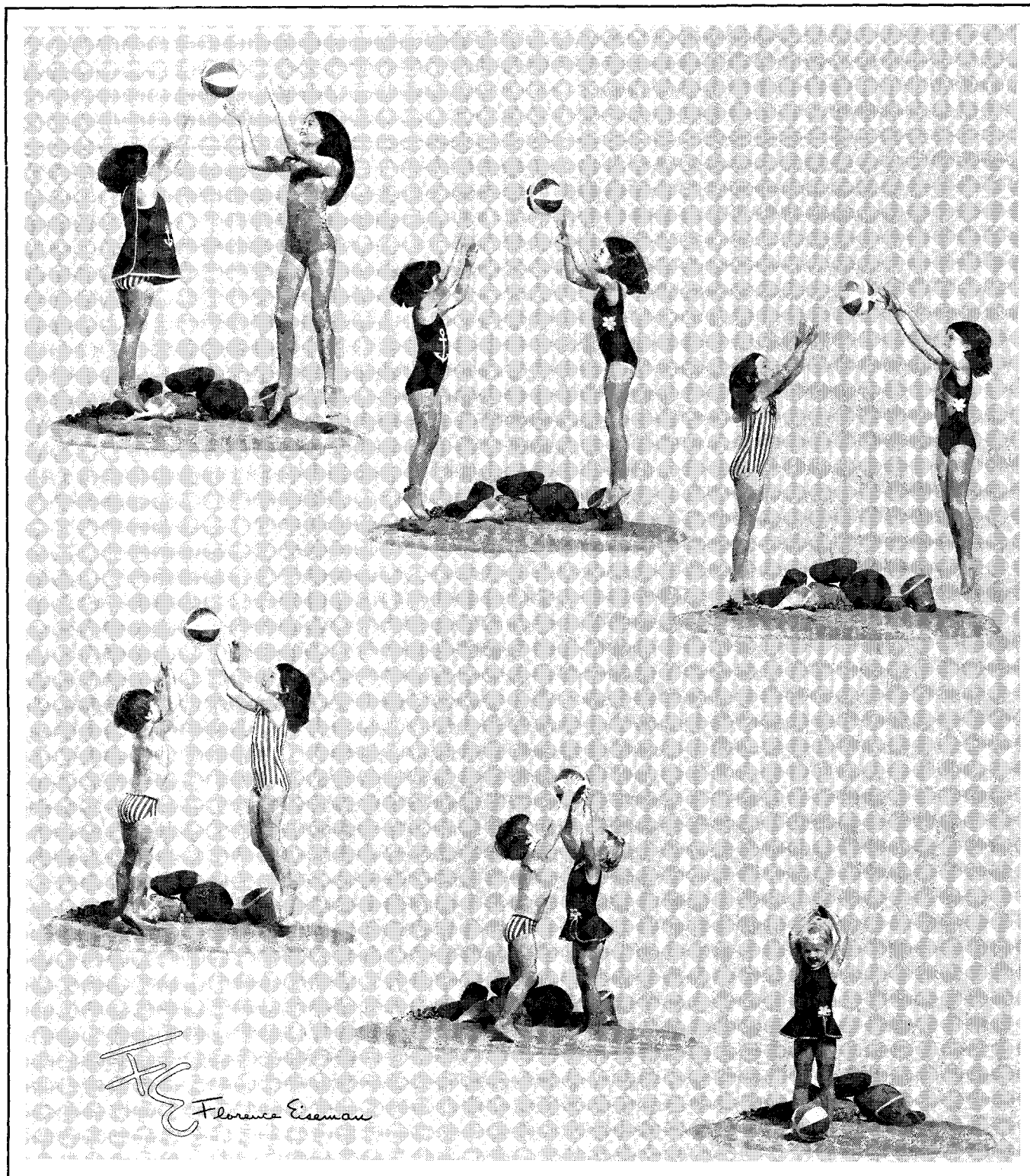
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medicine. A group of Rumely's friends raised the money, and he entered Columbia in 1923. That year, Leonie Gilmour came back to America. She took a small apartment on East Tenth Street, and it was she who persuaded Noguchi to enroll in the Leonardo da Vinci Art School, at Tenth Street and Avenue A. Within three months, Onorio Ruotolo, the school's director, had turned him into an astonishingly facile academic sculptor. Noguchi's skill so impressed the Old Guard of the National Sculpture Society that he was elected a member and had works exhibited at the National Academy of Design and the Architectural League. Naturally, he dropped out of Columbia. But he also discovered Modern Art, at Alfred Stieglitz's An American Place and at J. B. Neumann's New Art Circle, and this made him dubious about his own sentimental nudes and portrait heads. Constantin Brancusi's famous New York show at the Brummer Gallery in 1926 crystallized these uncertainties. Noguchi applied for and won a Guggenheim Fellowship and hurried off to Paris, and the day after he got there Robert McAlmon, one of the most visible American expatriate writers, introduced him to his second great teacher, Brancusi. For the next few months, he worked in Brancusi's studio in the Impasse Ronsin, learning by example, for Brancusi spoke no English and Noguchi no French. It was a world in white. "He wore white, his beard was then already white," Noguchi wrote in his autobiography, "A Sculptor's World" (1967). "He had two white dogs that he fed with lettuce floating in milk. My memory of Brancusi is always of whiteness and of his bright and smiling eyes."

After Brancusi came Buckminster Fuller. When Noguchi got back to New York, in 1929, Fuller was in full early cry, expounding salvation-through-design at the rate of seven thousand words a minute. About the



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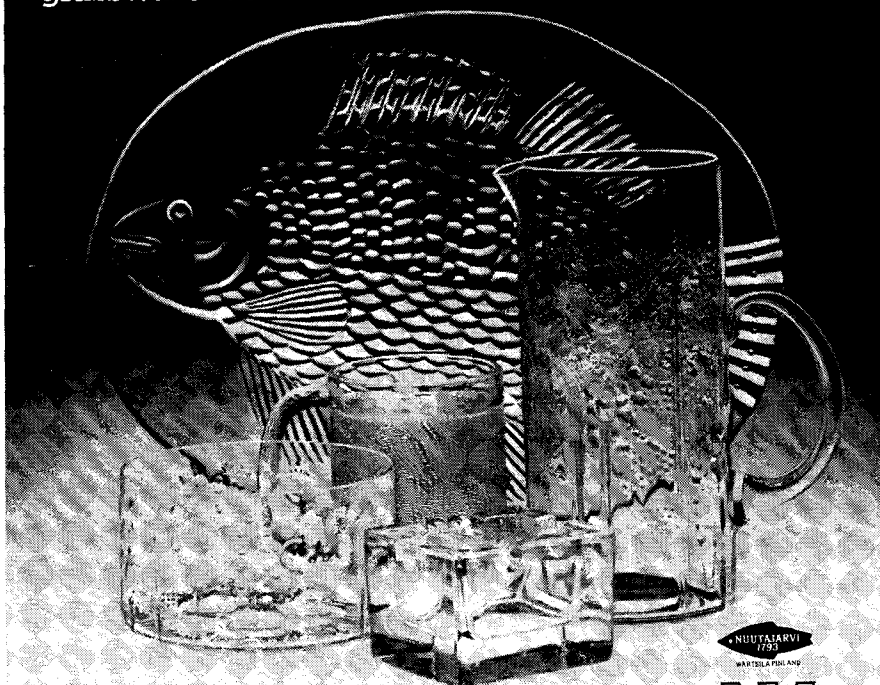
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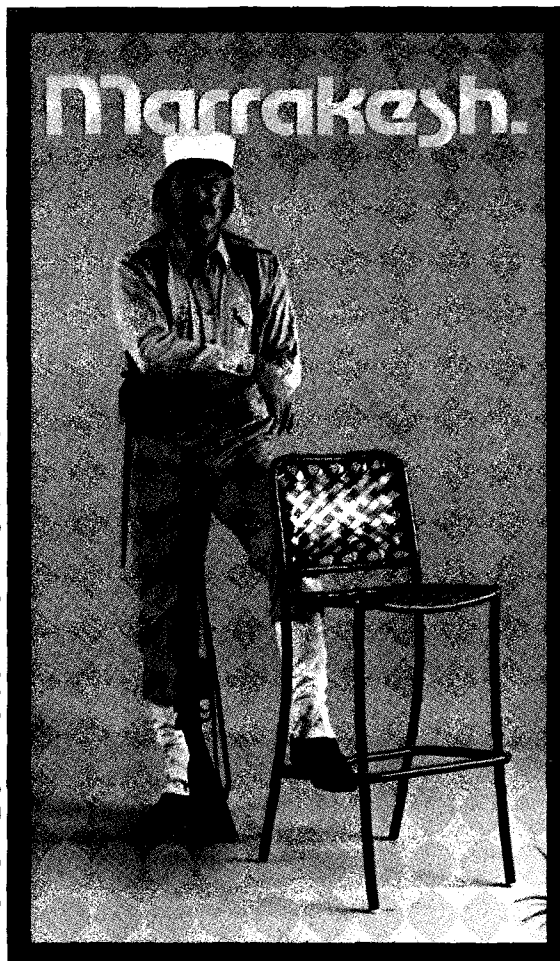
only people willing to listen to his ideas in those days were artists. Fuller and Noguchi became lifelong friends. "I was impressed by Bucky's non-aesthetic," Noguchi told me, "by his considering structure more important than aesthetics. Also, he was really preaching social revolution, and that appealed very much to me. We would walk all over New York, him talking and me listening." Noguchi supported himself in this phase by sculpting portrait heads. It was partly a way to earn a living, partly a way to meet important people, and partly a reaction against Brancusi and abstract art.

His Japanese side rebelled eventually against Fuller's technological utopia. In 1930, he travelled to Peking, where for eight months he studied traditional Chinese brush drawing. Then to Japan—in spite of a letter from Yonejiro Noguchi telling him not to come there using the Noguchi name. (Noguchi had changed his name officially, from Gilmour, in 1924.) "A Sculptor's World" describes their stiff reunion: "My father would come to call on me, and we would hold long silent conversations." Back once again in New York, he exhibited the brush drawings and ceramic sculptures he had done in China and Japan, but sales were so few that he went back to doing portrait heads. Martha Graham, one of his subjects, commissioned him in 1935 to do a set for a new dance, "Frontier." Noguchi's spare and evocative contribution—a white rope that stretched in a wide V from a wooden fence at stage center to the top of the proscenium on either side—was the first set Graham had ever used, and the start of a collaboration that extended over twenty years. On his own, Noguchi conceived a pyramid-shaped playground that he called "Play Mountain," and took a model of it to show to Parks Commissioner Robert Moses. Noguchi would later describe "Play Mountain" as a response to his own unhappy childhood, and an attempt to "join the city... to belong." Moses treated it "with thorough sarcasm," he recalls, but for the next three decades Noguchi returned to the idea whenever he had a chance, designing at least three more playgrounds that New York's city fathers found one reason or another not to build.

Pearl Harbor turned him overnight into a nisei. He spent seven months in a government relocation camp for Japanese-Americans in Arizona, and came out with mixed feelings about his citizenship. In 1944, however, he began to carve the interlocking marble-slab

sculptures that established him as an artist. Abstract, elegant, superbly finished, and powerfully hieratic, they showed the influence of Surrealism and of Picasso's "bone" paintings of the thirties. Noguchi knew most of the artists of the emerging New York School, whose reactions to the European Surrealists-in-exile among them during the war had led to the series of individual breakthroughs that would be called Abstract Expressionism. The artist he was closest to was Arshile Gorky. Willem de Kooning brought him into the Charles Egan Gallery, where in 1948 he had his first New York show in thirteen years. At this crucial stage in the development of postwar American art, however, Noguchi dropped out. The Bollingen Foundation granted him a travelling fellowship, and for two years he wandered through England, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, Thailand, and Bali. He went on to Japan, where in 1951 he was commissioned to design a garden for the new *Reader's Digest* building in Tokyo—the first of his environmental projects to be carried out. The following year, he went back to Tokyo to design a garden and a room at Keio University in honor of his father, who had died soon after the war. He married Yoshiko Yamaguchi, the Japanese film star. Three years later, they were divorced.

In the expanding New York art world of the nineteen-fifties and sixties, Noguchi was an infrequent and enigmatic sojourner. He could be counted on to leave town, for Europe or Japan or some other part of the world, the day before an exhibition of his work opened. When Arne Ekstrom, of Cordier & Ekstrom, his dealer throughout the sixties, once complained about this habit, Noguchi carved a wooden effigy of himself in profile, to stand in for him at the gallery. He grew secretive about his work, refusing to sell unless he needed money. His sculpture became stronger, less finished, less "tasteful." He worked with aluminum, bronze, wood, steel, and clay, but always he returned to stone—"the basic element of sculpture," as he called it, "the unassailable absolute." He designed and built many gardens: the *jardin japonais* for UNESCO's headquarters, in Paris; the Zen-like white marble patio of the Beinecke Rare Book Library, at Yale; the sunken court of Chase Manhattan Plaza, in downtown Manhattan. In addition, he designed furniture, and he made and marketed fragile, feather-light, mulberry-paper-and-bamboo lamps that he



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called *akari* ("light" in Japanese). It was all too much, too confusingly diverse. How could such an outpouring be reconciled with the severities of late-twentieth-century art?

In 1969, he built a house and studio on the Japanese island of Shikoku, and went into partnership with one of the local stonecutters. "It is a stone island," he said, "a real stone place." His New York studio came to serve mainly as headquarters for his many environmental and urban projects; also as a private museum of his work. Most of Noguchi's sculptures now are done on Shikoku. He has mastered the use of large power tools to core and split and polish huge granite and basalt boulders—monoliths weighing up to three or four tons. Few of these roughly worked, primitive-looking pieces have been shown publicly; no gallery or museum floor would support their weight. Thirteen of them stand in the outdoor walled court behind his converted-factory studio in Long Island City. "Put your head inside that one," he ordered, directing me toward an upright granite pillar with two large, smooth tunnels drilled into it, horizontally and vertically. "There, now you know what stone is!"

"I work on two different levels," he said as we walked on. "I work with basic material like stone, and then I also work with technology—coring drills with diamond bits, tensioned steel rods to hold separate elements together, things like that. I'm still a friend of Bucky's, remember. My Japanese side is associated with the past, with old Japan. To be modern means nothing to me, and for that reason young Japanese look askance at what I do. But for me the dichotomy is not so opposed. Ultimately, I like to think, when you get to the furthest point of technology, when you get to outer space, what do you find to bring back? Rocks!"

Noguchi is one of those artists whose talent feeds on contradiction. His career has been a dialectic between tradition and innovation, craft and technology, geometric form and organic form, weight (stone) and weightlessness (paper), the rough and the finished, Japan and America. Sculpture conducts its own dialectic, of course, between solid volumes and the space around them. "It is space itself that gives validity to sculpture," Noguchi has said. The uncanny, live presence of Noguchi's work must come in some degree from the contradictions of his life. His great strength is that he does not belong.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

U.S. JOURNAL: FAIRFIELD, IOWA

RESETTLING THE YANGS

As a refuge, Fairfield, Iowa, has a lot going for it. To Theng Pao Yang and his wife and their four children, who arrived in Fairfield at the beginning of December from Laos by way of a refugee camp in Thailand, it might have looked like any other frigid and startlingly foreign place, but, as the fortunes of Southeast Asian refugees go, the Yang family could have been considered fortunate. The entire state of Iowa seems to have taken upon itself a special responsibility for Southeast Asian refugees. The one state agency among the American organizations resettling refugees from the camps is the Iowa Refugee Service Center. When the nations of the world were trying to decide what to do about the boat people, the governor of Iowa announced that Iowa would take fifteen hundred of them. Iowa's response to reports of widespread starvation among Cambodian refugees in Thailand was to raise more than five hundred thousand dollars in small donations and dispatch what amounted to an Iowa relief column with food and supplies, accompanied by a Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune* reporter to make certain that it reached the people it was intended for. There are, of course, Iowans who believe that the United States should concentrate on the problems of its own citizens instead of worrying so much about displaced Asians—a *Register* poll last year indicated that a shade over half the people in the state were opposed to resettling more boat people in Iowa—but they have not been outspoken about their reservations. The dominant attitude in Iowa toward refugees seems to combine spontaneous generosity and genuine concern and great pride in the leadership Iowa has taken. Asked to account for all of this, Michael Gartner, the editor of the *Register* and of the *Tribune*, tends to smile and say, "Iowa has a better foreign policy than the United States."

Fairfield is a pleasant town of eight thousand people in the southeast corner of the state. It remains financially comfortable through trade with the area's hog-and-grain farmers and the presence of a dozen

manufacturing plants and the official business of Jefferson County—conducted out of a magnificent pile of a courthouse that was built in 1891. Fairfield people are accustomed to strangers. In the sixties, the local college, Parsons, was transformed into an education mill that became known nationally as Flunk-Out U. The campus now belongs to Maharishi International University, where students of Transcendental Meditation are said to be instructed in arts that include human levitation—although, as one of the hog-and-grain farmers might say, not so's you'd know it. When the Yangs arrived in Fairfield, there were already three Laotian refugee families in town—ethnic-Lao families from the lowlands—and another arrived a couple of weeks later. The men in the Laotian families were already employed. The older children were in school. Daily English classes had been established for some time in a room at the First Lutheran church. While the adults learned English, Fairfield volunteers acted as babysitters for their small children.

In Fairfield, it is natural for Christian charity to be channelled through a

church. Sponsoring a Southeast Asian refugee family began as a commitment taken on at one church or another, but it quickly turned ecumenical. The sponsorship of the first Laotians to arrive in town—Kesone Sisomphane and his family, who came only last spring—passed from the Episcopal priest to the Lutheran pastor when the Episcopalian moved away. A widower and his children from Vientiane were sponsored by the First United Methodist Church through the Catholic resettlement agency and eventually decided to attend Sunday services with the Lutherans. Sponsors shared ideas and problems, and the refugees seemed as compatible as the sponsors. When congregants of the First Lutheran Church decided to sponsor a refugee family—the family, as it turned out, that arrived just after the Yangs—the Lutheran pastor, Keith Lingwall, specifically asked for lowland Lao in order to preserve the homogeneity of the group.

When Lynn Bergfalk, the pastor of the First Baptist Church, walked into the daily English class with the Yangs, it was the first the other sponsors had heard about the Baptists' sponsoring a refugee family. First Baptist is considerably smaller than the congregations that were already working together with the Laotians. As an



"Come on. One more little step and you've got it made."

American Baptist rather than a Southern Baptist congregation, it is not opposed to ecumenism. Bergfalk—who, like Keith Lingwall, is in his thirties and bearded and well educated—has served as president of the Fairfield ministerial alliance. Still, there remain limitations on the Baptists' ecumenical participation, and there remains in the minds of other Fairfield Christians some residue of the old notion that Baptists tend to go their own way. Even with an ecumenical minister in ecumenical times, First Baptist has stood a bit apart. Among the refugees in Fairfield, Theng Pao Yang and his family stood more than a bit apart. Although they came from Laos, the Yangs were not lowland Lao-speakers but Hmong—members of a mountain tribe that has had trouble with the dominant Lao for as long as anybody can remember.

In Laos, the Hmong were always called Meo, which means "barbarians"—a name they understandably despise. The Hmong originated in Southern China, and over the past century or so many of them have migrated into the highlands of northern Laos and Thailand. To readers of *National Geographic* articles, they were mountain tribesmen in intricate ceremonial costumes—deft with the crossbow, sure-footed on mountain paths, skilled at coaxing a steady opium crop out of the steep hillsides, persistent in their animism despite some conversions to Buddhism and Christianity. To military men in Laos, the Hmong had a considerable reputation as guerrilla fighters; there were Hmong forces in the Pathet Lao and in the Royal Lao-tian Army and particularly in the secret army financed by the Central Intelligence Agency. In Laos, the Hmong have sometimes been considered naïve hillbillies—people subjected to ridicule or harassment or even extortion.

To refugee workers—such as those in the American Baptist Churches resettlement office, which received the Yangs as part of its refugee allotment from Church World Service—the Hmong are known for being close-knit, even clannish people who seek each other out through a tribal communication system that sometimes seems to work almost as well in California or Pennsylvania as it did in the mountains of Southeast Asia. The Yangs had requested resettlement in Iowa because of a friend they mentioned as living in the northeast part of the state—in a town that did not, as it happened, have a Baptist church to act as a sponsor for the family. In



Fairfield, a hundred and fifty miles to the south, First Baptist, which had sponsored a Burmese technician and his wife who immigrated in 1975, was eager to sponsor a refugee family. Although the Baptist resettlement office was aware that some antipathy exists between Hmong and Lao, the antipathy had never been considered serious enough to require segregation. The presence of any Laotians in Fairfield—their ethnic background was unknown to the resettlement office—had been considered an attraction: it meant that the town was used to refugees and had some facilities in place for them.

No one in Fairfield knew much about the Hmong. The Iowa Refugee Service Center, which does employment and social-service work among refugees as well as resettling, had pamphlets on Hmong culture and a Hmong outreach worker on its staff and knowledge of some Hmong families in Ottumwa, only twenty-five miles from Fairfield, but First Baptist was not in touch with the Iowa Refugee Service Center. There did not seem to be any need for out-of-town assistance. Theng Pao Yang spoke and understood some Lao, so communication was possible through the Laotians who were available every day at English class. A lot of communication was possible through sign language. The church installed the Yangs in a small bungalow that was empty while on the market to be sold. The two older children, an eight-year-old boy named So and a six-year-old girl named Bay, were enrolled at Roosevelt Elementary School and given individual tutoring in English. Theng Pao Yang's wife, Yi Ly, was taken to the beauty parlor for a haircut and to the doctor for a checkup. The Burmese who had immigrated five years ago began taking the family to the supermarket once a week. After a week or two, the main burden of transporting the family and looking after its daily needs passed from Lynn Bergfalk to a warm and cheerful couple from the congregation—John Heckenberg, a recently retired postal worker, and his wife, Madelon, both of whom had spent the first thirty or so years of their lives on an Iowa farm. John Heckenberg drove the Yangs to English class. Madelon Heckenberg did the Yangs' family laundry in her automatic washer. Even without a common language, Madelon Heckenberg and the Yangs had what she calls "regular laugh sessions."

What Madelon Heckenberg knew about Hmong in general she heard

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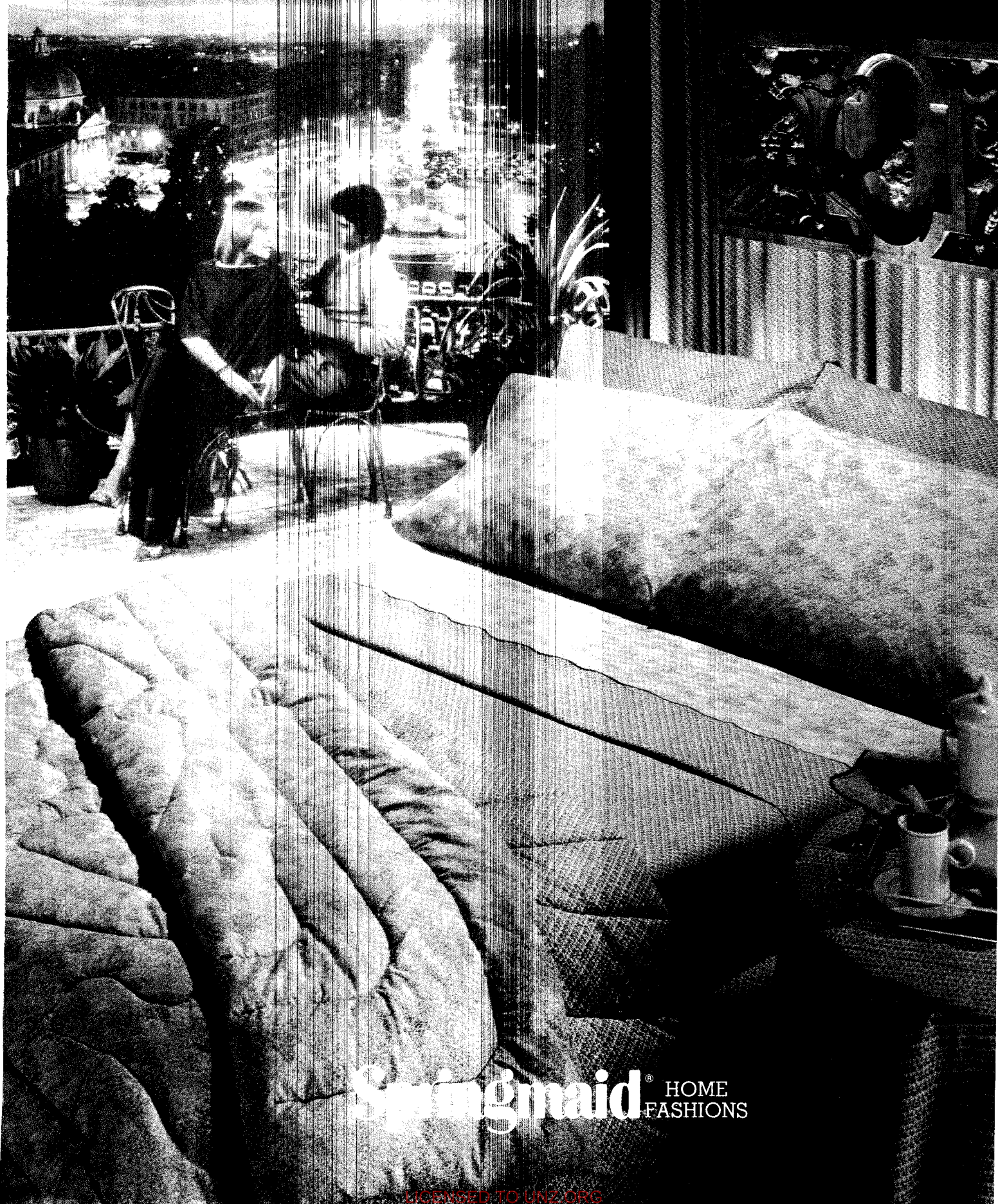
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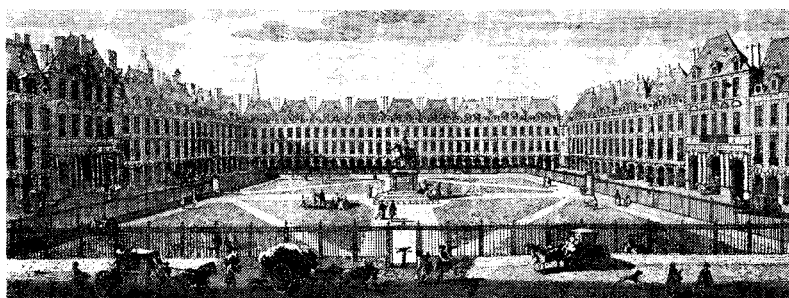
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from Kesone Sisomphane, the best English-speaker among the Laotian refugees, who told her that they were rather primitive—a remark she took as “sort of a put-down.” Other people active in Fairfield refugee work took similar remarks as a natural enough effort on the part of the Lao to distance themselves from people who might make a bad impression on the hosts—or even as a way of pointing out that adjustment might be more difficult for people who had never driven a car or operated a typewriter or spoken some French. To the English teacher, Barbara Hill, it appeared that the other Laotians were trying to help Theng Pao Yang and his family—trying to include them in the joking that sometimes went on in class, trying to commiserate with them when they were sad. Theng Pao was often sad. In English class, he sometimes began sobbing.

One of the Lao explained to Mrs. Hill that Theng Pao was sad about having to leave his parents behind in the refugee camp. It was apparent that the contrast between life in Fairfield and the life the Yangs had left behind was strong enough to be upsetting. The Yangs had been in a refugee camp for five years. The biographical document that had been sent from Thailand on the Yangs summed up the schooling of all members of the family in one word: None. Mrs. Hill, through Kesone Sisomphane, explained to Yi Ly, through Theng Pao, that nursing a child publicly might be considered provocative rather than natural by some American men—an explanation Kesone Sisomphane carried out with dramatic warnings about locking doors and pulling shades. When So and Bay were being registered in school, Theng Pao seemed bewildered, and eventually walked off to squat silently in the hall. Although So, who was more outgoing than Bay, seemed to be responding particularly well to Roosevelt, the two younger children seemed frightened of everybody except their mother—a fact that made for some disturbance in the English class. At first, Mrs. Hill's main concern was for Yi Ly—who appeared troubled, and burdened with her babies—but gradually it turned toward Theng Pao.

Although Yi Ly began joining in the classroom joking, Theng Pao often seemed to retreat within himself, chewing nervously on his pencil. He sometimes seemed upset by having the members of his family separated for any reason. He said, through the Lao, that he didn't understand why he couldn't have a telephone. (First Baptist had decided that it would be wasteful to

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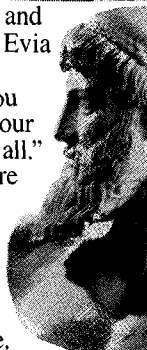
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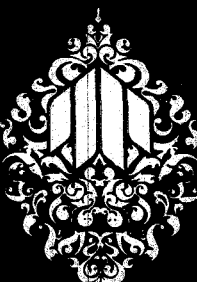
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pay for installing a telephone in a house that might be sold at any time—particularly considering the fact that the Yangs could not speak English and might even be alarmed by a wrong number.) An attempt to find Theng Pao a job at a local plant that employed two of the Laotians as sweepers proved unsuccessful. The personnel man found him distracted and asked Mrs. Hill if there was anything wrong with him. Mrs. Hill did not believe that there was anything wrong with Theng Pao—or anything serious enough to bring to the attention of Lynn Bergfalk. Theng Pao was, after all, in a difficult position—suddenly placed in a strange country, where he could communicate with his hosts only through a third language. He presumably did have relatives who had been left behind. He was less equipped to deal with the shock of modern America than the urban Lao were. Mrs. Hill simply thought he would be slower to adapt. Lynn Bergfalk had seen Theng Pao cry a couple of times, but why shouldn't a man in his situation cry? With the Heckenbergs, the Yangs seemed all smiles and genuine affection. "They just smiled," Madelon Heckenberg has said. "It was easy to work with them, because they appreciated what you did for them. That family wanted to please more than anybody I ever heard of."

On a cold Thursday in January, Su Thao, the Hmong outreach worker at the Iowa Refugee Service Center, happened to be calling on a Hmong family in northeast Iowa. He was shown a letter from Theng Pao Yang, who had written that he was homesick and wanted to move in order to be with other Hmong. The next day, Su Thao drove to Fairfield to look in on the Yangs. Theng Pao cried when he saw Su Thao. He told Su Thao that he wanted to move to California, where he had a first cousin. Su Thao tried to comfort Theng Pao. He said there were seven hundred and fifty Hmong in Iowa, some of them as close as Ottumwa. He told him that the people at First Baptist were obviously attentive and caring sponsors. He told him that the Yangs would be wise to remain in Fairfield, where there were people committed to helping them, at least until Theng Pao learned some English. Su Thao did not consider Theng Pao's mood alarming. He had seen a lot of homesick refugees. He had seen a lot of refugees who did not have sponsors as attentive as the people from First Baptist. The family he had been calling on when he heard about the Yangs had been brought to Iowa by a man and wife who then

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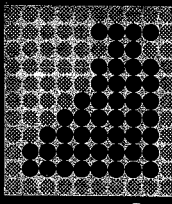
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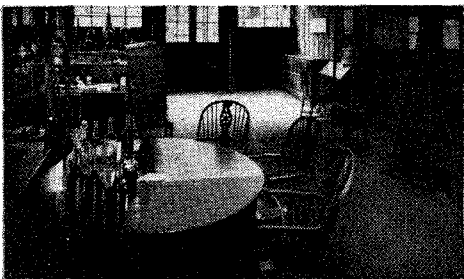
decided to get a divorce. Su Thao left Theng Pao his office telephone number and his home telephone number.

The Tuesday after Su Thao's visit turned out to be a day with a lot of changes in the Yangs' regular schedule. The eight-year-old boy, So, was taken to the dentist to have a tooth pulled. In English class, Mrs. Hill announced that the students would begin coming at two different times so that she could divide up what amounted to the elementary and intermediate speakers. That evening, the Heckenbergs, who had learned of an out-of-town funeral they would have to attend, realized that the laundry they would have ordinarily delivered the next day might be needed before they returned from their trip; John Heckenberg drove over to the Yangs' with it. He found Yi Ly distraught. Her son, So, was lying on the living-room sofa. The boy's eyes were closed. He was cold to the touch. Theng Pao and Bay seemed to be moaning or grieving in the bedroom. Heckenberg, seeing no light on in nearby houses, drove home, and his wife phoned Lynn Bergfalk, who phoned for an ambulance. Theng Pao and Bay turned out to have been moaning not out of grief but because of serious injury. They were rushed to the Jefferson County Hospital and then taken by air ambulance to a hospital in Iowa City. So was pronounced dead at the scene.

It was not at all clear what had happened. Yi Ly, of course, spoke only Hmong. Finally, she pulled Madelon Heckenberg out of the crowd in the bungalow's tiny living room and led her down into the basement. Some of the Yangs' possessions were on the floor: five dollars in American bills that had been cut up with scissors, a Hmong flute that had been shattered, a knife whose blade had been broken. Over a pipe, there were six cords with nooses tied in them.

YI LY told two or three stories—in sign language then, in Hmong later to Su Thao, who had hurried down from Des Moines to interpret—but the one the Department of Criminal Investigation and the county attorney came to believe was that the entire Yang family, upon the decision of Theng Pao and with the acquiescence of Yi Ly, had tried to commit suicide—with the parents hanging the children who were too young to hang themselves. Apparently, Yi Ly had changed her mind at the last minute, and had finally managed to cut everyone down—too late for So. If John Heckenberg had not happened to walk in

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with the laundry, the authorities believed, it might have been too late for Theng Pao and Bay as well.

Theng Pao, rambling and incoherent in his hospital room, had even more stories than Yi Ly. He said that his dead sister had asked him to join her. He said Jesus had given him orders. He said one of the children had broken the case of First Baptist's tape player, and the Yangs were afraid their sponsors would no longer love them. He said that he had read in a book that they would all die anyway. Eventually, Theng Pao and Yi Ly offered a story that caused consternation among the churchgoing people of Fairfield: they said that Theng Pao had acted because of a threat from the lowland Lao. The threat they related was specific. Theng Pao would be killed. The Lao men would sleep with Yi Ly. The children would be divided up among the Lao families. Yi Ly would be married to the widower from Vientiane whom the Methodists had brought to Fairfield.

To Lynn Bergfalk, it was the first explanation that made sense. "The whole situation, from my perspective, is that the hanging is totally inexplicable unless there was an external factor like a death threat," he told the local paper. "They were a happy family, with no reason to do something like this." To the sponsors of the lowland-Lao families, it was an explanation that made no sense at all. The Lao all denied that anybody had said anything that could even have been misconstrued as a threat. Their sponsors believed them. They pointed out that the Lao had visited the Yangs two or three times, that Theng Pao had used the widower's phone to call his cousin in California, that the Lao families had been present, taking snapshots, when the Yangs were visited by friends from northeast Iowa. The Lao's sponsors were concerned that the Lao were being unfairly maligned and perhaps even endangered: a number of out-of-town Hmong, the noted guerrilla fighters, had begun to show up in Fairfield to see if they could be of assistance. Lynn Bergfalk said it was nonsense for anybody to be concerned about the possibility of retaliation, but for a week or so after the hangings Lao women who were alone while their husbands worked night shifts found themselves with visitors from among the sponsors. Some people in Fairfield thought that what the Baptists had found—during a time when they could be expected to be feeling both grief-stricken and guilty—was not an explanation but a scapegoat. Some



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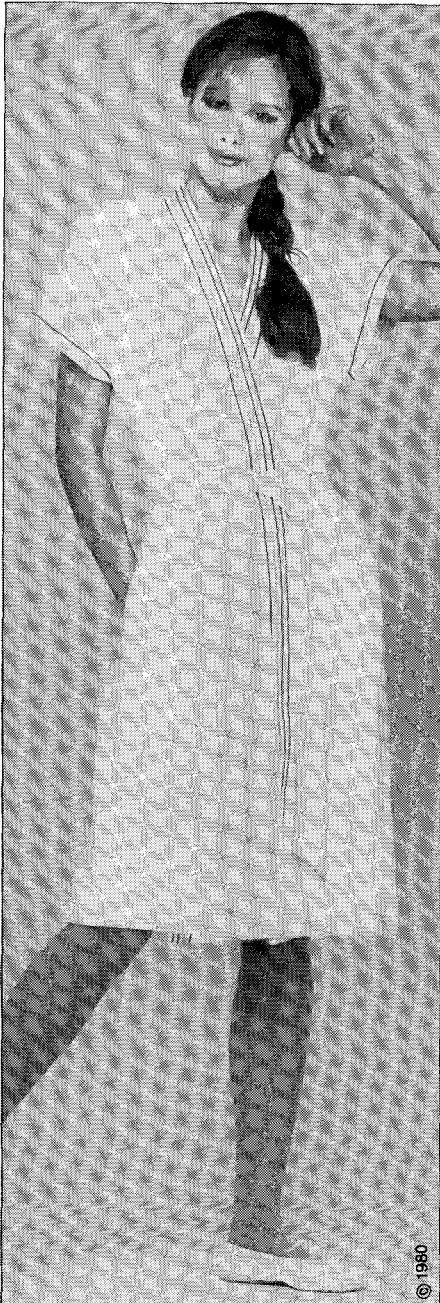
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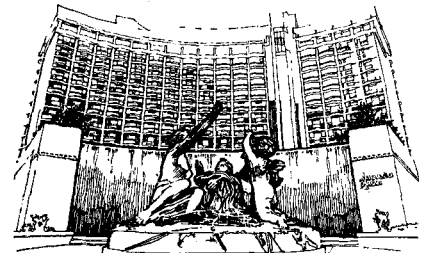
Baptists thought that the other sponsors were refusing to consider the possibility that their refugees could lie to them—that Theng Pao and Yi Ly had been telling the truth. When Lynn Bergfalk and Keith Lingwall arrived at the grand-jury investigation of the death of So Yang—Bergfalk to testify, Lingwall to accompany the refugees he was responsible for—they exchanged perfunctory greetings and then sat silently outside the jury-deliberation room of the Jefferson County courthouse.

THE county attorney of Jefferson County, a young man named Edwin F. Kelly, found himself with a complicated legal situation. He was satisfied, after a time, that he knew what had happened that night at the Yangs' bungalow, but he was not optimistic about finding out for certain exactly why it happened. He could find no evidence, other than the story told by the Yangs, that a threat had been involved. That still left the question of whether to prosecute Theng Pao and Yi Ly—both of whom had presumably tried to hang their children as well as themselves. Some of the people involved in Iowa refugee work contended that, considering the unchallenged authority of the father in a Hmong household, Yi Ly could hardly have been expected to do other than her husband had instructed her to do. Kelly believed that both Theng Pao and Yi Ly were lacking in what lawyers call *mens rea*—criminal intent. There was another consideration that weighed heavily with Kelly. Whatever crime had been committed had been committed against the children, and Kelly believed that the deportation of the Yang family—an inevitable consequence of a felony conviction—would bring the victims not justice but simply more suffering.

Among the material furnished him by the Iowa Refugee Service Center, Kelly came across a paper by a San Francisco psychologist named J. Donald Cohon which dealt with instances of "trauma syndrome" found in refugees throughout the world. Kelly underlined some of the symptoms of trauma syndrome that were familiar from the investigation of what Theng Pao had been like around the time of the hanging—paranoid tendencies, for instance, and inability to concentrate and loss of appetite and fear that something could happen to members of his family. Kelly's presentation to the grand jury stressed the possibility that Theng Pao had been suffering from trauma syndrome, and that, Theng Pao being

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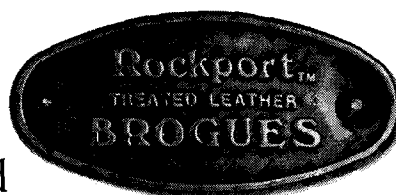
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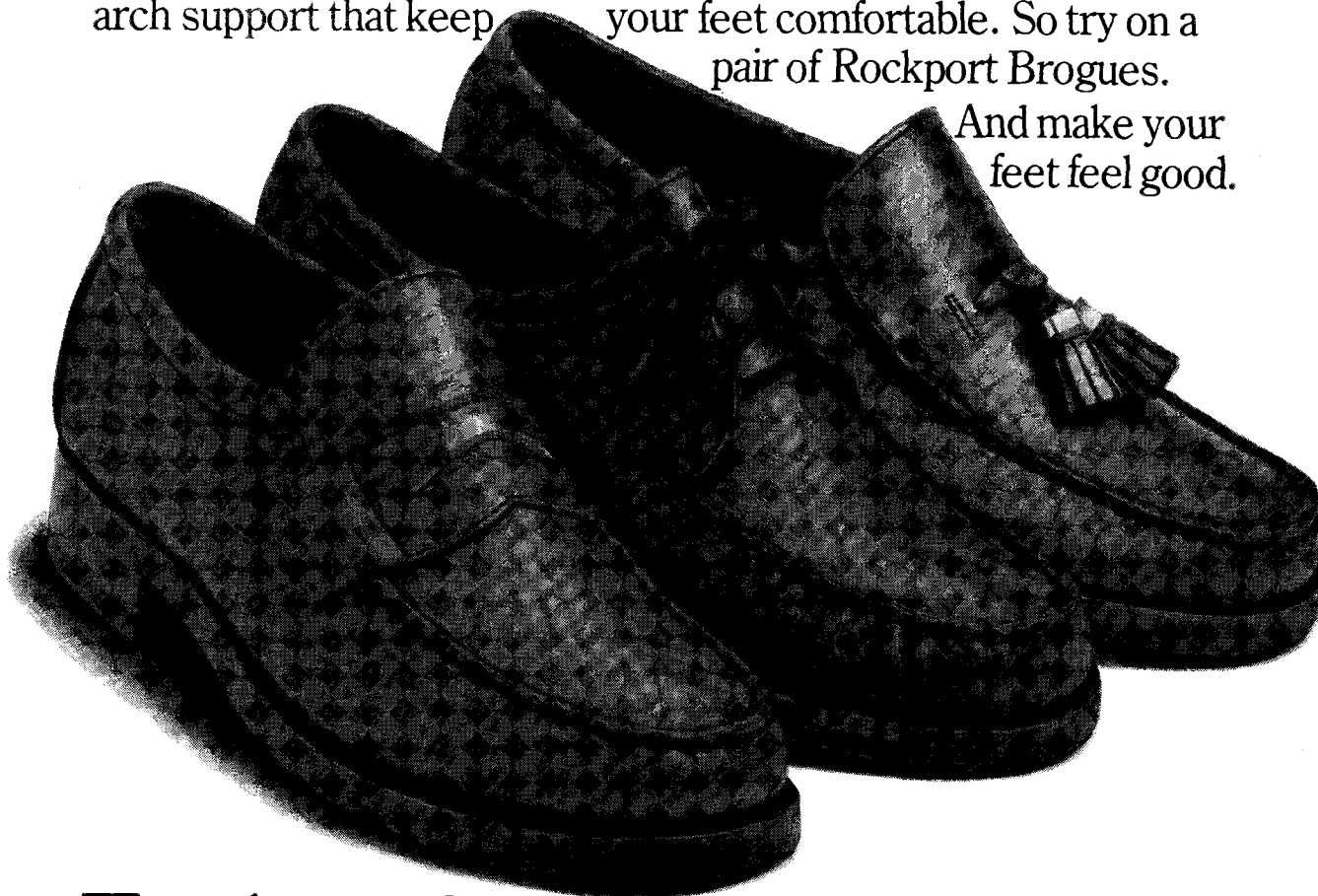
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Yi Ly's only source of information in Fairfield, his version of reality had become her own. The grand jury returned no indictment. The Yangs were resettled among Hmong in another part of the state, in an arrangement that included some outside supervision of their children. It seemed a humane, Iowa sort of solution—what Keith Lingwall has called "a kind door-closing on a sad and tragic situation." There were presumably people in Fairfield who believed that the Yangs had got off too easy, but, like the people in Iowa with doubts about whether refugees should be there in the first place, they did not make a public issue of it. Everybody seemed satisfied. The way some of the Baptists would describe Kelly's solution, though, was not as a kind door-closing but as "a convenient answer that lets everybody off the hook."

"IT'S easier for everyone else to say 'Let's end this chapter,'" Bergfalk said recently. In the view of some Baptists, the people of Fairfield, comfortable with their humane solution, ended the chapter without investigating thoroughly enough the possibility that Theng Pao Yang was driven to his appalling decision by a threat. Although Lynn Bergfalk has not made any accusations against the Lao families personally, it is apparent to his colleagues in the ministry that he has never accepted Kelly's notion that what Theng Pao did can be explained by a paper written by a psychologist in San Francisco. The reluctance of the Baptists to discount the possibility that the Lao played some role in So Yang's death was bolstered by the Hmong who came to Fairfield just after the incident. To them, the threat Theng Pao described had a dreadful resonance. "It's the sort of thing that would happen at home," Tou-Fu Vang, a Hmong leader, said recently. To Tou-Fu Vang, the fact that the Lao visited the Yang family is not an indication that they were friendly but an indication that they had designs on Yi Ly. Why else would Lao visit Hmong?

Publicly, there is no argument in Fairfield about the Yangs. Privately, there are hard feelings. A Methodist refers to the Yangs' sponsors as "those Baptist people" in the same tone the Lao might use to speak of Hmong. A little girl who goes to the Methodist church is upset because a Baptist friend says, "That old man your church brought caused all the trouble." A clergyman like Keith Lingwall is troubled because he realizes that the door never

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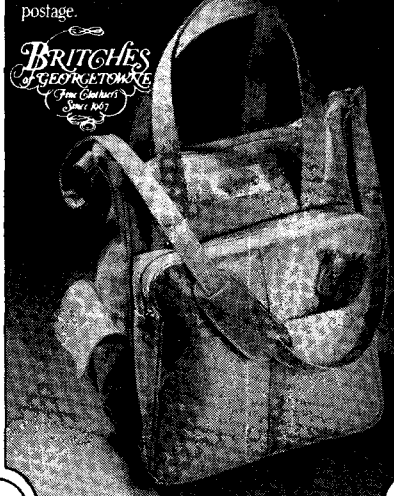
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quite closed. "I need to go visit with Lynn," Lingwall said not long ago. He did, but the visit did not change the views of either of them. "The truth, no matter how unpleasant, has to be faced," Lynn Bergfalk has said. There are expressions of compassion in Fairfield for the anguish the Baptists must have suffered over the death of So Yang, but there is also talk about what the Baptists might have done wrong—the possibility that they "smothered" the Yangs or treated them like pets, the possibility that Theng Pao's self-respect was threatened when he saw his wife carted off here and there without his permission, the possibility that the Yangs were insulted rather than pleased at having their laundry done for them or having other people decide when a haircut was advisable. There are people in Fairfield who, out of irritation with the Baptists or a paucity of Christian charity or a sincere belief that they are facing an unpleasant truth, say that So Yang would be alive today if the Baptists had been willing to risk having to pay an extra installation charge on a telephone.

NOBODY knows, of course, whether a telephone would have made any difference. Nobody knows what caused Theng Pao to decide that he and his family should die. In Fairfield, though, there is no shortage of theories. It may have been, some people say, that Theng Pao, in addition to his other problems, was suffering from an awful failure in communication. What he heard from his hosts, after all, went from English to someone who only began learning English last spring, then into Lao that Theng Pao may have understood imperfectly. Perhaps Kesone Sisomphane's dramatic message about breast-feeding gradually grew in Theng Pao's mind into the impression that his wife was going to be abducted. Perhaps, through the muddle of languages or his own disorientation, what Theng Pao understood from the changes announced in English class that day was that he had somehow been rejected as a student of English. Perhaps the notion that everyone would die anyway had come from a Lao New Testament Bergfalk had given him. It is possible to envision Theng Pao as someone trapped in a horrifying isolation—receiving information only through the short circuits of half-understood languages and his own confusion, communicating only through people he mistrusted. It is possible to envision him entertaining friends or talking to his first cousin in California on the telephone. It may be that Theng

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Pao Yang, bewildered and unsure of the language, understood a joke, perhaps even a cruel joke, as a threat. It may be that Theng Pao was in fact threatened with death by the Lao. It may be that he was suffering from trauma syndrome.

"We were doing everything we knew how," Madelon Heckenberg said recently. "Maybe we just didn't have the know-how." Lynn Bergfalk has given a lot of thought to what the First Baptist Church might have done differently in its sponsorship of the Yangs—whether finding a Hmong interpreter at the beginning would have made any difference, whether searching out the Hmong families in Ottumwa would have made any difference. He has given a lot of thought to whether or not a tendency to believe in the likelihood of some external factor like a threat is simply a way of dealing with feelings of guilt. National agencies involved with the resettlement of the Yangs are considering the possibility that Hmong ought to be settled only in clusters and that sponsors ought to be more carefully briefed on the cultural background of arriving refugees and that refugee agencies ought to figure out how to communicate with each other more effectively. The people in Fairfield who noticed some signs of stress in Theng Pao wonder what might have happened if they had expressed serious concern to his sponsors, who saw only smiles. "We every last one of us feel guilty about this," Barbara Hill said recently. It may be, of course, that there is no reason for anyone to feel guilty. No isolated Hmong has ever before attempted suicide. What would the Baptists have done differently if they had been experts in Hmong culture? Perhaps what happened to the Yangs was caused by something from their past in Asia. Perhaps it came from a combination of the reasons people in Fairfield have offered—or from none of them at all. Barbara Hill sometimes thinks that the Asians she teaches are not as intent as Westerners on finding reasons for everything. "We can't tolerate a void," she said not long ago. "We have to find a cause. It may be that we're trying to find reasons for something Theng Pao never intended there to be a reason for." —CALVIN TRILLIN

At Homowack Lodge, he met his wife, Roberta, while serving her as a waiter. The romance flourished and terminated in marriage 3½ years ago.—*Brooklyn Trump Village News*.

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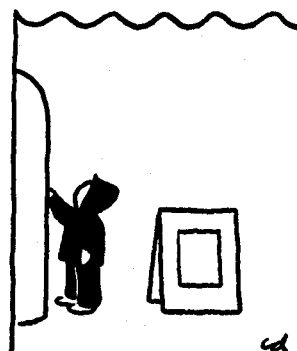
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An Invite to the Dance

THE famous photographs of Vaslav Nijinsky in ballet costume by Baron Adolphe de Meyer, Bert, and others—Nijinsky with bared, uplifted arms, wearing a petalled shift and bonnet in “*Le Spectre de la Rose*,” with a Pan pipe, piebald legs, and a satyr’s twisted horns in “*L’Après-Midi d’un Faune*,” in Turkish pantaloons, golden turban, and jewelled waist (and showing a broad sexual smile) in “*Schéhéra-zade*,” with the jagged, color-splashed tunic and lined white clown’s face in “*Petrouchka*”—repeatedly come to mind during “*Nijinsky*,” an expensive and disappointing film by Herbert Ross, whose intention appears

to have been to reproduce these stills with such near-perfect verisimilitude and correct appurtenances that the great and elusive dancer would leap to life before our eyes. The richly colorful Léon Bakst costumes and settings are here, exactly confirming our recollection of them as seen at a Metropolitan Museum exhibition a year or two ago, while the familiar ballet music by von Weber, Debussy, Stravinsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov—we know it all by heart, it seems—also puts us on scene, in a seat at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris or on the sidelines at a rehearsal hall in Monte Carlo, back there in 1913. It is a startling feeling, but it works for only an instant, like any charade. Now and then, we see the young dancer George de la Peña, who plays the title role, cock his head oddly or bare his teeth in a peculiar, lifted-lip smirk, and we suddenly notice that another Nijinsky cliché has been completed for our benefit. This is a painstaking but peculiar way to go about re-creating art—the art of the ballet, I mean, not the art of photography—and it is only one of many evidences that the people who made this movie about the world’s most famous male ballet dancer had little passion for ballet and no idea that simply showing us a few extended, uninterrupted sequences of well performed ballets might be the best way to suggest the grace and power and elegance of that dancing and its special capacity to move us. This is especially surprising, because the director, Herbert Ross, is known to



be a serious devotee of the ballet (he was a choreographer before he became a director, and was responsible for the ballet-centered drama “*The Turning Point*”), and the co-producer is his wife, Nora Kaye, a celebrated retired principal dancer with the New York City Ballet; it’s as if their love of ballet had caused them to doubt the abil-

ity of any film—even their own—to convey its unique beauties without interference or tricks. One of the few ballet scenes in the movie that are not chopped apart by quick cuts and closeups or puréed by slow motion is a moment in a rehearsal hall when Anton Dolin (he is seventy-five years old now, but still a

paragon of style and vigour), in the role of Cecchetti, the ballet master, leads the Ballets Russes dancers—stars and members of the corps de ballet together—in a deliberate extension of their left arms and hands; it is beautiful, and it stays with us. George de la Peña, who is a twenty-two-year-old dancer from the American Ballet Theatre, is allowed a bare few minutes of uninterrupted dancing in some moments from Nijinsky’s own “*Jeux*,” and he has a longer solo in “*Petrouchka*,” but the latter segment—as a grotesque, manipulated marionette—calls for pantomime rather than dancing, and it has been left in the picture, one senses, because it is meant to suggest Nijinsky’s disturbed mind. Earlier, we see him, in fragments, in “*Le Spectre de la Rose*,” and we wait, with curiosity but not much hope, for the flower spirit’s famous climactic leap through that window (the sill, contrary to rumor, was only a bit more than a foot high), during which Nijinsky is said to have given the impression of pausing in midair; when it comes, it is seen in a blurry, candy-sweet slow-motion shot, which destroys the feeling of a danced leap, and is followed by a quick cut to the face of the enamored Romola de Pulszky (Leslie Browne) in the audience. We are disappointed not by the absence of the “real” Nijinsky—whom we know to be unavailable—but because the filmmaker has not trusted us to be moved by the real thing that *was* within his grasp, which is dancing.

“*Nijinsky*” is a homosexual costume

drama covering a period in 1912 and 1913 when Nijinsky was living with his mentor and lover Sergei Diaghilev, made his celebrated début in “*L’Après-Midi d’un Faune*” (which he concluded with a notorious onstage masturbatory gesture), undertook the choreography for Stravinsky’s avant-garde “*Le Sacre du Printemps*” (which was received at its première with scandalized howls of rage, occasioned by both the music and the choreography), and broke with Diaghilev during the Ballets Russes’ tour of South America as a result of his astonishing marriage to the Polish-Hungarian heiress Romola de Pulszky. The movie shows all this in lavish but dutiful fashion, sometimes appearing to hurry us along by the scruff of the neck from one beautifully furnished Edwardian interior to another, or to the next opening and the next *crise* with some celebrated composer or choreographer. (There are some lively moments when we first see Ronald Pickup, as Stravinsky—wearing a beret and with tears of excitement in his eyes—flashing through the chords of “*Le Sacre*” on a piano, and then, in rehearsal, shouting the appallingly difficult rhythms of the piece to Nijinsky, who cannot get them quite right.) Because the picture covers so much ground, it never has time to put things in balance, and the furors that attended the openings of “*L’Après-Midi d’un Faune*” and “*Le Sacre du Printemps*” are put up for us to see (the latter brouhaha is depicted with a few flying flowers and noisy boos pelting the stage: a cut-rate riot) and then whisked away forever, like Chinese stage props. The movie’s central concern is the relationship between Nijinsky and Diaghilev—who is played by Alan Bates, in an understandably self-indulgent but undeniably powerful performance—and it concludes, in inexorable oversimplification and vulgarity, with Nijinsky driven into schizophrenic madness by thwarted love, thanks to his own sexual uncertainty and the coldness and cruelty of the great Diaghilev.

Alan Bates—in a glossy black moustache and with his hair in a thick, white-streaked pompadour—is an imposing Diaghilev; whether stomping about in a big black homburg and a floor-length fur coat or suavely surveying the guests at a huge party in his high-collared white evening shirt, white vest and tie, white gloves, and gold pince-nez, he has the spoiled, imperious hauteur of a famous impresario, and we willingly believe that he is great and probably dangerous. His lines

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aren't much—the script, by Hugh Wheeler, requires him to say things like “I didn't choose Vaslav for ‘Le Sacre’ because I sleep with him. I chose him because he is a genius”—but Mr. Bates gives them weight and resonance with his marvellous, deep-ranging voice, which is thick and hoarsely sensual most of the time but can shift without effort to a scary, whispery lightness. His is a lush, fruity, enjoyable performance that is in keeping with the tone of the movie, which often seems enjoyable but excessive, like a box of Godiva chocolates. There is a lot of incidental pleasure in a bad, rich period picture like this—for instance, in a scene in which Nijinsky, in shirtsleeves and a straw hat, and Diaghilev, under a white umbrella, are found beside a gold-brown Attic temple in Greece; or in the illuminated blaze of snowy shirtfronts and bejewelled *belles poitrines* of the aristocracy at a grand soirée; or when the comically decadent Baron de Gunzburg, played by Alan Badel, pauses in front of a gilt mirror to murmur, “This ridiculous face—half admiral of the fleet and half maiden aunt.” But the picture must always return to its central figure, and whenever it does, it falls into difficulties. Mr. de la Peña is handsome and attractive, in a smiling, youthful way—most of all during the moments in which Nijinsky affectionately kisses and plays with his famous dancing partner Karsavina (the splendid Carla Fracci), who is slightly older than he. He frisks and boasts like a schoolboy, which is charming enough, but this Nijinsky also seems younger than his age during all the longer and more important scenes with Diaghilev, and that is unfortunate indeed, since the part requires flashes of weight or mystery—some suggestion of genius—in order to balance the power and bullying suavity of Diaghilev (and the assurance of Alan Bates in the role), and thus to give the love affair a significance that will raise it, and the movie itself, above the titillations of fame and homosexuality. This never happens, but I think it is unfair to place much of the blame on George de la Peña, who is a dancer, after all, and not an actor, and whose appearance—he is American-born, of Argentine and Russian descent, with straight black hair and high cheekbones—suggests Nijinsky only in a glancing fashion, and actually works against him in this role. What he does look like is a perfectly recognizable example of the contemporary unformed, forever-young American boy-male, whereas Nijinsky's own face, with its thick neck and lidded, Slavic

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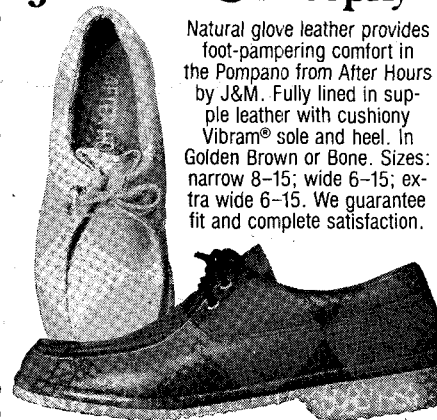
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stare, was mature and veiled, and, if we are to judge by the photographs, was never quite the same from one moment to the next. The comparison is even more damaging during the ballet scenes, for Mr. de la Peña has graceful limbs and a lightly muscled, almost adolescent torso—nothing like the massive arms, powerful thighs, and shortish, strong legs of Nijinsky, who, according to the critic Edwin Denby, appeared not to dance from his feet but from his pelvis. Nijinsky was around twenty-three at the time covered by the movie (and of the famous photographs), but he looked distant, pagan (the word is always applied to him), and beyond age. He looked like no one else in the world. The part was wrong for Mr. de la Peña from the beginning, perhaps, but I think we would have been better satisfied with the movie if he had at least been free to present it or suggest it, even in paraphrase, by dancing. A similar fate befalls Leslie Browne, a young dancer-actress (she was the ingénue who became Baryshnikov's partner in "The Turning Point"), who is scarcely given a moment on her toes in the picture, and who seems only doll-like and helpless in the part of Nijinsky's confused, innocent, loyal young wife. Drenched with tears, she sobs, "I do know one thing—I'll never let him [Diaghilev, that is] hurt you," but her husband plunges precipitately into insanity (the picture must end, after all), repeatedly and compulsively leaping into the air in a corner, or staring blindly out of a window at the rain, or muttering, at the end, "I am the clown of God," while we shift uncomfortably in our seats, perhaps embarrassed at the sudden thought that, along with the makers of "Nijinsky," we must have hoped to see genius and madness made easy and entertaining in this movie, and dismayed at the clear evidence that they remain as far beyond our comprehension as ever. Farther.

"**JOE AND MAXI**" is a modest, imperfect, disturbing documentary film made by Joel Gold and Maxi Cohen about the last few months in the life of Miss Cohen's father, Joseph Cohen, when he and the rest of his family deal as best they can with his recently discovered, rapidly developing cancer. The movie (which is a family document and not a hospital record, for Joe Cohen dies before he becomes bedridden) is unsettling, because of its subject and because of some issues that it raises, but it is not unpleasant or frightening or emotionally insistent, and

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what one thinks and cares about when it is over is not a death but several lives and sets of feelings and attachments—the difficult and irresolute stuff of daily existence that we suddenly pay attention to when there is a halt in its flow. The picture is neither triumphant nor tragic, and it does not convey the cheerful sense of adventure that distinguishes Ira Wohl's "Best Boy," but it disarms us, and involves us in intimate private concerns that many of us, perhaps, put away because we can't decide quite what to do with them. It is an extraordinary home movie.

Much of the strong flavor of "Joe and Maxi" comes from Joe Cohen himself, a fifty-year-old mechanic and shorefront entrepreneur who owns and runs a small wholesale fish and clam business on a slummocky dock in Cape May, New Jersey—a near-junkyard of old trucks and broken-down school buses, oil barrels, pilings, tied-up fishing vessels, and stacked cagelike crates of clams. The business is never quite explained, but it's a terrifically demanding one, and Joe Cohen is hard at work during most of the movie, dealing with a shipper on the telephone, wheeling swiftly about in a forklift, shovelling landfill, wielding a jack or a wrench under some ancient vehicle—and then, amazingly, suddenly taking off in his own Comanche airplane to visit a lady friend for the weekend. He is a large, hardworking, big-bellied East Coast frontiersman, in a dirty STP cap and an oil-smudged T-shirt, with dark jowls, heavy horn-rimmed dark glasses, and broken fingernails, and he is a good deal more complicated than his foulmouthed, kidding way of talking would suggest. When we first meet him, his wife of twenty-five years has just died, and his daughter—a young professional film-and-video artist in New York—and her two younger brothers, one at Cornell and one in law school, are spending more time at home with their father to help out; shortly before Joe's cancer is discovered, Maxi begins to make a film about him. Most of the picture consists of fragments of family talk, usually at mealtime, and there is often a caustic, bitter edge to them, because Joe Cohen, the self-made, self-driven, harshly conservative tough guy, habitually baits his grownup children about their intellectual, city-sharp habits and values. He taunts Maxi cruelly because she is not married and because she goes to a psychiatrist and cares about her career; in her presence, he says to a business colleague, "She hasn't got the stuff her mother had. *She* did things. *She* pro-



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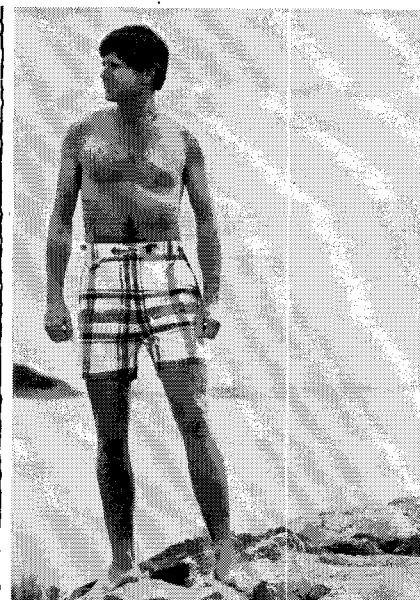
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created children." He maligns his younger son, Danny, predictably and meanly, for his long hair. When he finds he has cancer, he resists with dismissing, self-protective non sequiturs his children's attempts to comfort him. "Take care of yourself, Daddy," Maxi says as she is leaving one day. "When the hell are you going to grow up?" he shoots back.

Joe Cohen has a habit of dealing with complicated matters by blustering or by making jokes about them, but he doesn't kid himself. He knows that his children care about him, and when his cancer comes, he knows what it is and doesn't hide what it means, even from himself. "I don't have any plans," he says. "I'm fatally sick. Nobody wants me no more." Then he laughs and goes back to work. In a strange, extraordinarily moving scene out on the dock, he shows Maxi the dozens of little malignant lumps that have suddenly appeared all over his body, just below the surface of the skin, and forces her to touch some of them. "Here," he says. "I'm sellin' them. You want one?" But the scene is poignant, almost sexual, in its feeling, and Maxi, who is aghast, can smile when he says, half boasting, that his doctor has said he has never seen a case like his. "He says it's not in the books," Joe says. "I'm going to be famous." Later, alone, Maxi breaks down and weeps. He can be gentle with her, in his own way ("Say hello to Maxi," he says softly to a cat he is stroking. And then, to her, "This is Pussy Katz"), but Maxi doesn't know how to deal with him. "It's true," she says sadly in a voice-over. "There's no way for me to express my feelings for him." His sons, Barry and Danny, are a little more fortunate, perhaps because they are men. They can attack their father angrily for his gross table manners or for the way he keeps his room, but Joe, calling down from the top of the stairs (he is growing weaker by this time, and every movement is an effort), turns it all into a joke between them—almost a way of showing affection. This is the agonizing family standoff that so many of us know so well, and its harsh, moving presentation gives the film a unique gravity and interest.

"Joe and Maxi" is often blurry or jiggly in its movements, because of the hand-held camera, and its talk often starts in mid-conversation and trails off when somebody gets up and walks out of the room. There is no attempt to hide the fact that a movie is being made right in the middle of daily moods and



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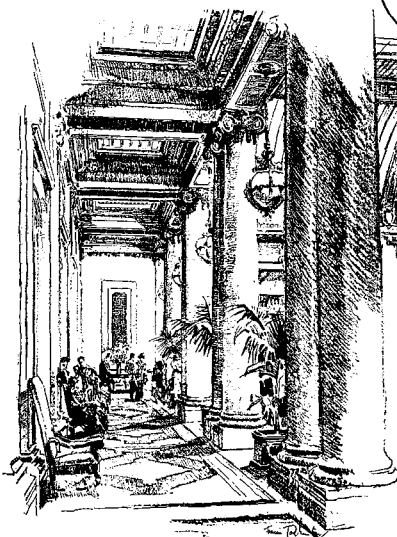
doings, and this tone, coupled with the painful and intimate nature of the family's sudden, intractable difficulty, often makes us wonder what we are doing there. Joe Cohen, in his unsuited, bruising way, raises all the issues that have been gnawing at us. Talking with an older dockman on a windswept pier one day, he begins to bait Maxi again for her film career. (She is standing beside him, with a boom mike in hand, and Joel Gold, the unseen man behind the camera, is catching it all.) Then Joe begins to talk about the movie we are seeing. "All these pictures," he says bitterly. "She's making a documentary, but I'm not a document—I'm a person. . . . I'm sick. I just don't want it. It's too much. Sometimes, for fun, it's all right, but not all the time. . . . It's like I'm supposed to *come up with something*." Silenced, Maxi slowly walks toward us on the dock and puts down the microphone.

Who can say what we are to do with this? Our violation of Joe's privacy is appalling, and at times we feel silenced and humiliated, like Maxi herself, for selfishly intruding upon a life and using it for our own purposes, even if we think that our attention is serious and sympathetic. On the other hand—and one can't be sure about this, because one never knows what has been edited out of the raw footage of the picture—one has a strong sense that Joe Cohen continued to put up with the shooting of "Joe and Maxi," for all its poking, disquieting irritations at a time when he had more than enough difficulties to deal with, because he knew that it meant so much to his daughter. Making the movie, we can see, was Maxi's way of keeping her father ("When my mother died, I had no sense of myself," she says. "In making the movie, I saw my father . . . and what I gained was not only seeing him but seeing myself"), and we must take that into account as well in judging our feelings about the picture. The film itself, which is notable for its intelligence, is unresolved about this, as it is about almost everything else. In the end, Joe is dead (he dies quickly, away from the camera, of a complication arising from his cancer), and we see his sons, who have altered their lives, working frantically but with great cheerfulness and energy at the dock a few months later, in worn work clothes. They have taken over the business, which may fail in spite of them. Nothing is settled.

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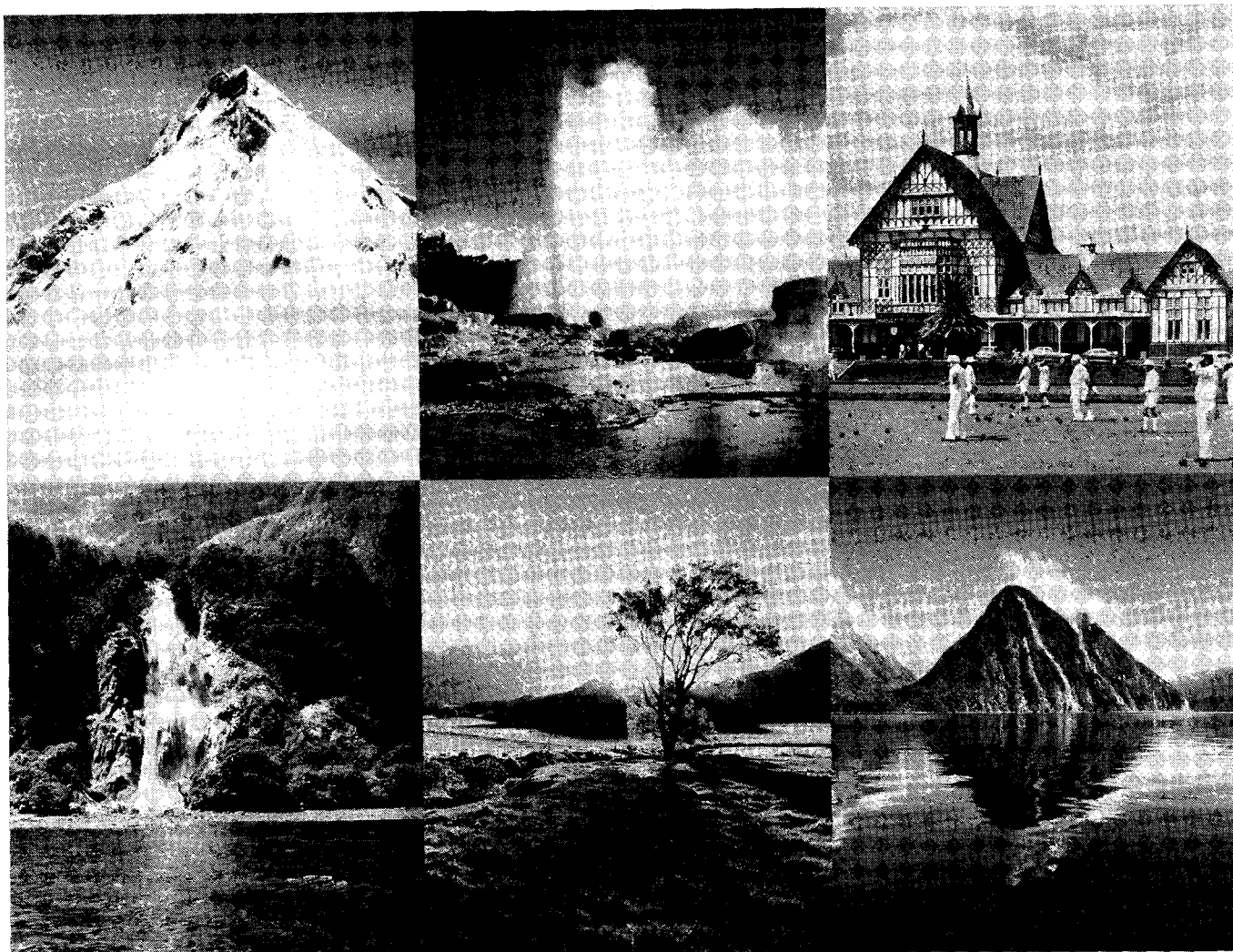
A lot of people seem to think of "Dallas" as soap opera—"prime-time soap opera" is what one of the news magazines called it a while ago—and one can hardly blame them. The hour-long scripts abound in infidelities and double-dealings of various kinds, and few of the principal characters appear

to enjoy many moments of serenity—even a quiet evening at home now and then—free from the ravages of treachery and tantrum. Of course, "soap opera" has come to be one of those catch-all terms, applied to just about anything that seems to have a strong emotional or melodramatic tilt to it; I remember, for instance, President Nixon's "final days" and the BBC's version of "Anna Karenina" both being described as soap operas. But what is interesting, I think, about "Dallas" is the degree to which it *doesn't* resemble soap opera—at least, classic soap opera. In classic soap opera, after all, the fun is in the interaction of the characters, but what makes the whole thing work is the stability of the social framework: what used to be called the "manners" of society. In the early radio soaps, and in the famous television soaps of the nineteen-fifties and sixties, these social conventions provided a framework not only for the story but also for the characters' emotions—an electrical field of force, as it were, that remained in place and that the characters bounced off (usually into one another) in a more or less continuing process. The key element was the *stability* of the framework—the established and agreed-upon

nature of the rules. Thus, in classic soap opera, when a wife was unfaithful to her husband she knew (as did the audience) with reasonable exactitude how her husband and the community would respond to her infidelity. Frequently, the "manners" of the soap-opera story didn't correspond precisely to the "manners" of the audience, but that wasn't the point. The point was that for the story to make sense it needed limits; then the fun could begin, as the wife contrived to make a fool of her husband, or was tormented by guilt, and so forth. In this sense, all drama of manners—be it American soap opera, British drawing-room comedy, or Japanese *no* play—is a story of prisoners in a jail whose walls proclaim that certain things are *done* and certain things *not done*. Think of "As the World Turns." Think of the plays of Noël Coward. Think of "All in the Family." Ostensibly, this program enjoyed its tremendous success because of Norman Lear's masterly creation of the Archie Bunker family, because of the funny, pungent scripts, and because of the first-rate ensemble acting of the four principals. But surely the series worked as well as it did, and for as long as it did, because Lear had the good sense to preserve the social essence of Johnny Speight's "Till Death Us Do Part," the BBC series on which "All in the Family" was based, and which was intrinsically a comedy of



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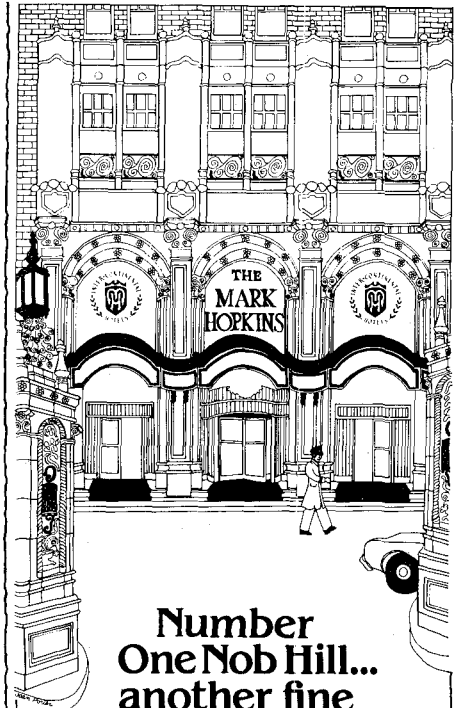
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manners: a drama of prisoners, first of the larger world of social conventions, then of the smaller world of family roles. At any given moment in "All in the Family," you knew exactly where Archie stood, where Edith stood, where Meathead stood, where Gloria stood. There were playful surprises but no real surprises: the framework was in place; the situation was stabilized.

"Dallas" seems to be different. Here it's not that the drama lacks "manners" but that the "manners" don't constitute a framework—not, at any rate, a framework of any strength and consistency. In "Dallas," when a wife cheats on her husband neither she nor her husband nor anyone else, including the audience, can be sure how the other parties will respond. For example, when Bobby (J.R.'s more or less good brother) suspects that his wife, Pam, is planning to have an affair with her boss during a forthcoming business trip to Paris, he neither confronts her with it nor believes her protestations of fidelity but on her departure takes up with an old girlfriend who happens along—and then doesn't sleep with her. What behavior pattern is this? Ambivalence? What code of manners is Bobby plugged into? Obviously, a code full of loopholes, but then most codes of manners contain a few loopholes. Essentially, one imagines, it is a code whose particulars seem to be in a state of flux or suspension—a code in which the rules have become destabilized and the players are making them up as they go along.

Sometimes, this improvisational quality adds a certain laid-back contemporaneity to the proceedings; at other times, though, it introduces an almost goofy absence of point of view into the otherwise taut structure. Sue Ellen and J.R., for example, clearly have one of the worst marriages in North America. He continually lies to her, betrays her, threatens her, and mostly has nothing to do with her; in turn, she lies to him, betrays him, is desperately trying to get a divorce, and is currently having him tailed by a private investigator. Hardly two lovebirds; moreover, the condition of their marriage is basically no secret to anyone else in the family. But when one evening, out of the blue, Sue Ellen, with apparent sweetness, gives a surprise anniversary party for her swinish mate (her secret motive is that she will use the party as evidence of wifely loyalty in the divorce proceedings), none of the other characters blink an eye or seem to think the little event at all strange or out of the ordinary. They stand around complaisantly, holding



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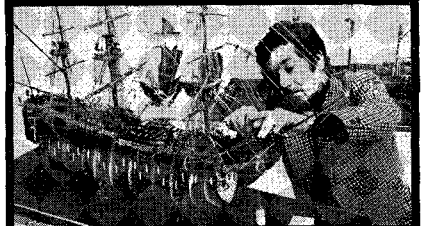
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their cocktail glasses, like a Greek chorus that isn't "into" tipping off the audience about what's going on; like "townspeople" in a Western who have temporarily lost track of the moral drift of the situation. In fact, as an indication of the vagueness that shrouds the Ewings from time to time, J.R. not only doesn't find the party at all strange himself but rather imagines that it might be a jolly invitation from Sue Ellen (whose private investigator he has just laid a trap for) to a lovers' roll in the hay, which he later proposes—and only then discovers that the joke was on him: the party was a put-on.

The characters in "Dallas" are liberated from having to relate to a consistent perspective. They're also free to reinvent themselves. Consider the sudden and whimsical shift in the relationship between Ray and Donna. Ray is the blond, good-looking manager of the Ewing ranch, Southfork, and Donna is the equally blond and good-looking young widow whom he has long had a crush on. In the beginning of their courtship, Ray appears very much the solid, soft-spoken Westerner: he don't say much but he's a good man. He's decent, strong, confident—a good match for Donna, who is described as "active in state politics." But no sooner does he get things going with Donna than he starts to turn into Hamlet. Donna has a party—not even a real party but just a little dinner, a cozy dinner with Ray and a couple of political friends, Texans, real nice folks, not exactly your Galbraith and Schlesinger crowd—and Ray gets all shy and dithery. He mutters that the only thing he knows about is ranch management, that he feels out of place, and so forth. If a Texas cowboy can pout, Ray comes close to pouting. In fact, he has stopped being a Texas cowboy—even a Texan; the framework has bent again, and that means that Donna is soon floating off into undiscovered or improvised territory. Since Ray won't marry her—being true to his new Hamlet role, and being apparently unaware of the thousands of cowboys who have had working wives, sometimes even educated working wives—a still more unlikely scene ensues when she goes to Ray's boss, old Jock Ewing, the family patriarch, and tries to persuade him to lean on Ray a little bit. Fortunately, Jock's role is still stabilized at this point, so he sends her packing.

SOAP operas are almost never dreams. Daydreams, maybe: suppose the handsome doctor falls in love

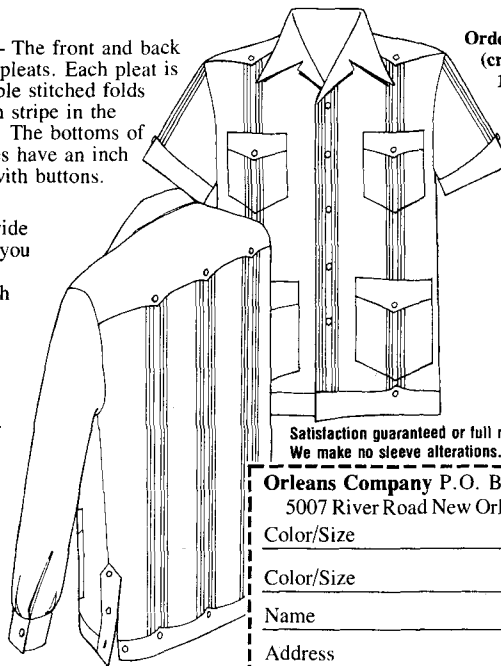
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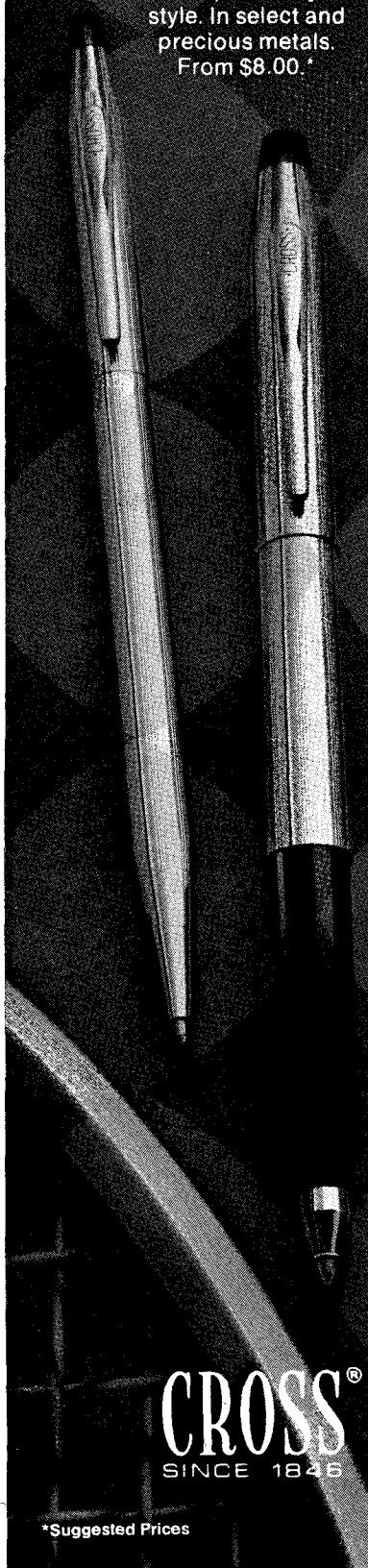
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with the nurse; suppose the cute secretary steals the boss's affections. But most soap operas are too pragmatic to exist on a dream plane—are too full of the nuts and bolts of daily life. A good example of a classic, down-to-earth soap was the English "Upstairs, Downstairs"—that finely detailed rendering of the comings and goings of the Bellamy family and their servants in Edwardian England, which was such a hit with the American vid-lit audience when it was rebroadcast here by the Not Yet Ready for the Public television system a few years back. I've even seen it suggested—I think by the Washington *Post's* estimable Richard Cohen—that "Dallas" is a sort of homegrown, American version of "Upstairs, Downstairs." It's certainly true that "Dallas" is *ours*, and though a case might be made for the fact that "Upstairs, Downstairs" was also ours, the comparison is an interesting one. All the same, my guess is that a closer kin to "Upstairs, Downstairs" might be "All in the Family," for the two dramas share not only a rigid and coherent structure of manners but also a fondness for the grit and texture of social detail. When Lady Bellamy went on a trip, everything was done just right: the trunks, the packing, the right clothes for the voyage, the right clothes for the bottom of the trunk, the tissue paper for inside the sleeves. Similarly, when Edith Bunker gave a Tupperware party, not only did she have a complete set—and of the newest line—of Tupperware laid out on the table, but the Tupperware lady herself was on hand to make sure that Edith arranged things properly. But, unlike "Upstairs, Downstairs" and "All in the Family" and any number of recent television series that seem resolutely prosy, even journalistic, in their attention to detail, "Dallas" for the most part seems happily unfactual, undetailed, smooth—dreamlike. Some of the dream, of course, derives from the movie version of Edna Ferber's "Giant": that huge Victorian house rising out of the flat Texas landscape in the middle of nowhere. The Ewings' ranch house is certainly cast in the same image, but, as the advertising people say, it is definitely downscale from "Giant." Large but not huge; white, serene, and grandly suburban, the Ewing domicile floats on a lake of pale-green lawn beneath a pale-blue sky—a dream not so much of oil or Texas or ranching as of American executive life. The Ewing driveway looks like one of those tasteful car commercials. Meals are genteelly taken on the

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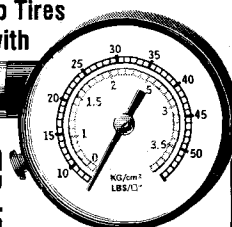
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Ewing patio. Now and then, as if surprised by the camera, a Chicano servant is glimpsed in the background (somebody, presumably, has to pick up after the Ewings), but fleetingly, shyly, as if "they" weren't really there—or, at least, all took the bus back to town after work. It could be anywhere. Lake Forest: the Ewings of Lake Forest. It's hard to imagine that people watch "Dallas" because it's so American; there's no "downstairs" in evidence at Southfork, and the "upstairs" is alternately neurotic and criminal. Still, all the people in the audience who *aren't* corporate executives can probably get off on seeing what a mess those up-scale Ewings are: all that boozing and sleeping around and driving full-size cars with rock-bottom E.P.A. ratings. Gold American Express cards sure don't buy a person happiness, do they?

"Dallas" isn't grainy, like real soap opera; it's smooth, like a river pebble, like a dream. Its characters don't so much lack manners as lack a stable relationship to manners. Young and old, new rich and old rich, good characters and bad characters share this stripped-down, improvisational sensibility. People make up "conventional" behavior on the spur of the moment. Consider, for example, the curious matter of the paternity complications that have recently surrounded Sue Ellen's baby. What's not especially curious is the paternity complications themselves, for we've been led to believe from the beginning that there was something fishy about the fathering of that child. In the first place, J.R. is as unspeakable a father as he is a husband; then, he and Sue Ellen rarely seem to be in a family-forming mood, what with his philandering and her long addiction to the bottle; then, too, there is Cliff, who is Sue Ellen's handsome and manly former lover, and who keeps popping up in the series like a jack-in-the-box. At any rate, for a variety of reasons a story to the effect that J.R. is not the real father appears in the newspaper. So far so good: a typically juicy "Dallas" imbroglio. But then Miss Ellie gets into the act. Miss Ellie, of course, is the beloved matriarch of the Ewings. *Once upon a time, if memory serves*, Barbara Bel Geddes, the daughter of the designer Norman Bel Geddes, was an ingénue on Broadway who enjoyed a somewhat risqué reputation in the *ancien régime* as a result of having to say the word "virgin" aloud in a comedy called "The Moon Is Blue;" now she plays Miss Ellie, a Texas lady of the old school. She has piles of money,



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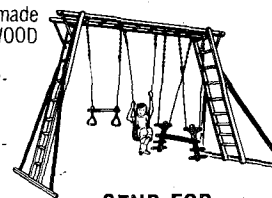
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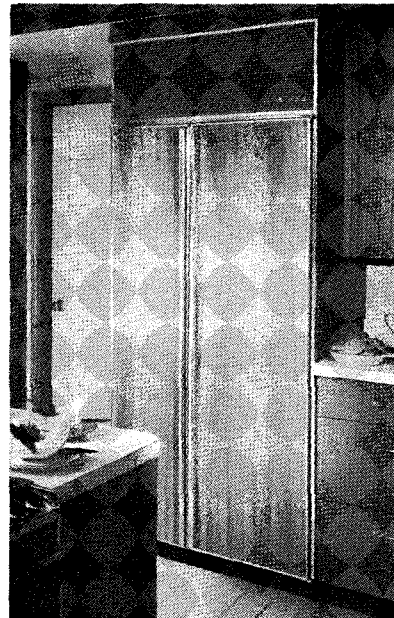
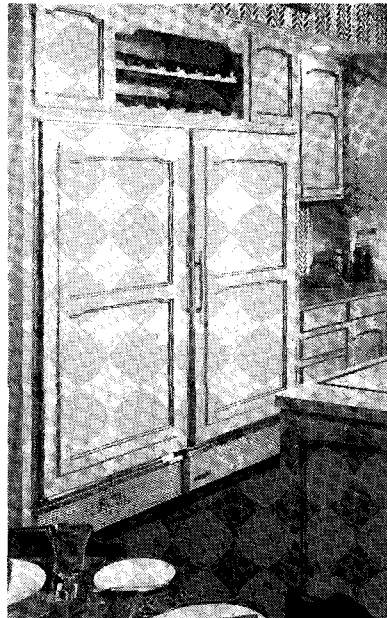
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sure. But values, too. Miss Ellie rules the roost; she sets the tone. She has *standards*. What, then, is her response to the paternity problem surrounding the birth of her grandchild? She gives a cocktail party. That's right: she, along with J.R., Sue Ellen, Bobby, Pam, etc., gives a cocktail party at Southfork, to which all Dallas society is invited. All Dallas society naturally shows up, and, as a result, another goofy scene takes place, in which the elegantly gowned and coiffed ladies of *tout* Dallas mill around the Ewing house with their prosperous husbands (making Sue Ellen so nervous that she has to sneak off to phone her current lover, Dusty) until the arrival, naturally, of the Ewing lawyer with the blood-test results, which are quickly announced to the assembled cocktailers, and which prove, to the surprise of everyone—not least Sue Ellen and J.R.—that J.R. is indeed the father of the child.

MISS ELLIE, in this instance, was clearly destabilized, but what's interesting, it seems to me, is the degree to which "Dallas" has attuned itself to an intrinsically destabilized view of manners and social conventions and remained perfectly on target with its audience. And the Ewings of Southfork are not the only television pioneers in our new era of behavioral improvisation. Not only does Billy Ikehorn, the heroine of the mini-series "Scruples" (based with scholarly fidelity on Judith Krantz's novel of that name), travel light—another pebble-smooth, textured creature of the late twentieth century, hurtling through time warps of social convention with no aerodynamic drag—but her behavior patterns seem to be imprinted on a constantly changing assortment of computer chips. To begin with, we are told that Billy is by birth "a Winthrop"—albeit a poor Winthrop. Aside from the fact that to be even a poor Winthrop in America is presumably to carry with one a greater imprint of social definition than, say, a Rockefeller does (at least, as Rockefellers have reportedly found out from time to time on marrying Winthrops), from a less genealogically fine-tuned point of view there are still some possibilities of good old-fashioned melodramatic conflict here; for instance, the girl of simple virtue rebelling against the upper-crust pretensions of her rich relatives. But no such luck. Billy is quite happy being a Winthrop—whatever being a Winthrop may mean. The only problem is being a poor Winthrop. Accordingly,



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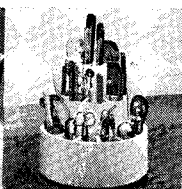
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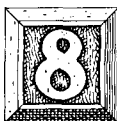
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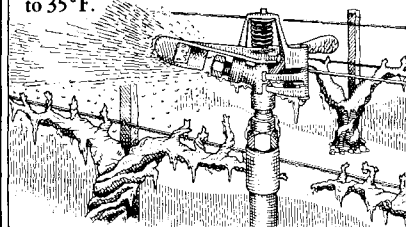
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she marries a tough old Jewish tycoon from Southern California and becomes rich, and when he dies she opens a fancy Beverly Hills super-boutique—called Scruples—and becomes even richer.

In other times, one imagines, a best-selling novelist might have focussed on Billy's fairly remarkable journey from Winthrop Country to Mr. Ikehorn's bed and then to Scruples, but in our present era of social aerodynamics such journeys are apparently no problem—not really interesting. Too grainy, maybe; the content level may be too high. What we get, at any rate, is scenes of Billy's rich, good life, presented in the form of a continuing sequence of quasi television commercials, in which the stylishly dressed participants give every evidence of belonging to a recognizable social group and being connected to a comprehensible system of manners but in fact are floating free, not merely of background but of behavior; computer chips imprinted with different, and even contradictory, circuits of behavior get switched in and out as the occasion warrants.

At one point, for example, Billy, recently widowed and in the South of France, is invited to a dinner party by some swanky Hollywood people. Billy's arrival at the party is a car commercial; Billy herself is a clothes commercial; the setting for the party is a champagne commercial. Clearly, it is a fancy affair, with everyone very grownup and "social" and dressed to the nines, and with the fussy hostess worrying about the seating arrangements for dinner. Of course, Billy, being a Winthrop by birth, and educated at the proper schools, takes a back seat to nobody in matters of dinner-party etiquette—except here, when, before dinner, she meets a man she finds attractive and they both duck out to spend the evening by themselves. Neither Billy nor her escort seems to think it at all unusual that they should duck out of a seated dinner before dinner is even announced. Granted, there's a hallowed Hollywood tradition that enables high-spirited young lovers to vamoose from stuffy formal parties, but in this instance there's nothing high-spirited or rebellious about Billy's departure; the two would just rather be somewhere else—in a French-tourism commercial. Nor, apparently, does the once fussy hostess think there's anything odd about the disappearance into the bushes, so to speak, of two of her more visible guests before her doubtless fabulous seated dinner begins; she's floating, too.

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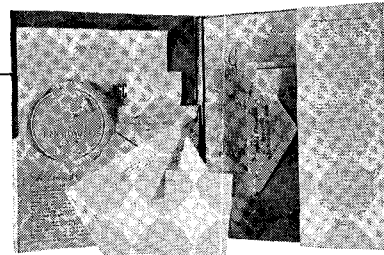
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gang, Billy Ikehorn and the hostess and the rest of the "Scruples" crowd drift in and out of various conceptions of proper behavior as if they were trying on clothes. Since the characters are destabilized, they can do anything; but since they answer neither to God nor to any framework of social conventions, it is hard to know whom or what they do answer to. "Themselves" is probably the missing word, but since these new selves appear to consist of such replaceable circuitry, it's hard to know what that means, either. In an earlier scene in "Scruples," when Billy is in California with her husband and he is barely alive after a stroke, she tires of hanging around the house and casually accepts an invitation from her sick husband's male nurse to an all-night party that he and some pals are giving—which she goes to, and where she is drugged and messed around with. I guess it's possible that the wife of a barely alive Southern California industrialist might accept from someone who was not only an employee but also a virtual stranger an invitation to an all-night party in another stranger's house; still, one imagines that there might be a certain eccentricity attached to the act. But where there's no framework, no code, there can't be eccentricity. Billy Ikehorn, as far as one can tell, is regarded by herself and all the other characters in "Scruples" as completely normal, well-behaved, even proper: once a Winthrop, as the saying goes, always a Winthrop. Similarly, the Ewings of Southfork, while periodically prone to helpless bouts of infidelity and private naughtiness, nonetheless seem to regard themselves, at least in social terms, as models of decorum and correctly observed convention. When nothing has a place of its own, everything, just possibly, may have a place *somewhere*. We're living in strange, smooth times, aren't we? Travellin' light, gathering no moss, making up new identities as we go along. Out in the audience, our citizens reconstitute themselves ever more rapidly according to fashion "looks" (proletarian, Russian, Chinese, Navajo, cowboy, preppy), and search for texture in the feel of denim, in imported whole-wheat bread, in the resonance of stereo tracks. Meanwhile, our new television favorites float free above their glossy plots: figures without background or definition, without entries in their passports. In other words, ourselves aerodynamically advanced, we cheer the streamlined, destabilized characters we so resemble. Who'd want it any other way? —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

More on the Don

PETER SHAFFER, whose most recent play, "Amadeus," is a brilliantly diverting inquiry into the nature of artistic genius—Mozart's, in particular—worked for a time in London as a music critic. He soon gave it up. In the summer of 1977, in a letter to the *London Times*, he wrote, "I am still, after all these years of reading musical journalism, disappointed by encountering the staleness of response, indifference to aesthetics, and sheer unfairness which seem to characterise so much of it." The letter had been provoked by reviews of a new Glyndebourne production, by Peter Hall, of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." In the course of his serious, almost bleak staging, Hall proposed an unusual solution to the problem of the opera's Act I finale. In the ensemble that ends the act, Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, Don Ottavio, Zerlina, and Masetto confront Don Giovanni; they tell him to tremble, and warn him that the thunderbolt of revenge is about to descend on his head. Usually, Don Giovanni makes a dramatic getaway. (In a recent Anthony Besch staging for the English National Opera, he swung like Douglas Fairbanks from a nearby chandelier.) But Da Ponte's words do not imply that Giovanni escapes the confrontation: "Se cadesse ancora il mondo, nulla mai temer mi fa!"—"Even if the world falls, nothing will ever make me afraid!" In Hall's production (as Shaffer described it), "Don Giovanni did not escape... Quite the reverse, he stalked towards us through the disintegrating world, a desperate figure in a black dream, flanked by black enemies, until he reached the very lip of the stage where he stood, scared but unyielding in the centre of this mental hurricane, to make the audience a savage, crooked, bow—the same bow we had seen him make

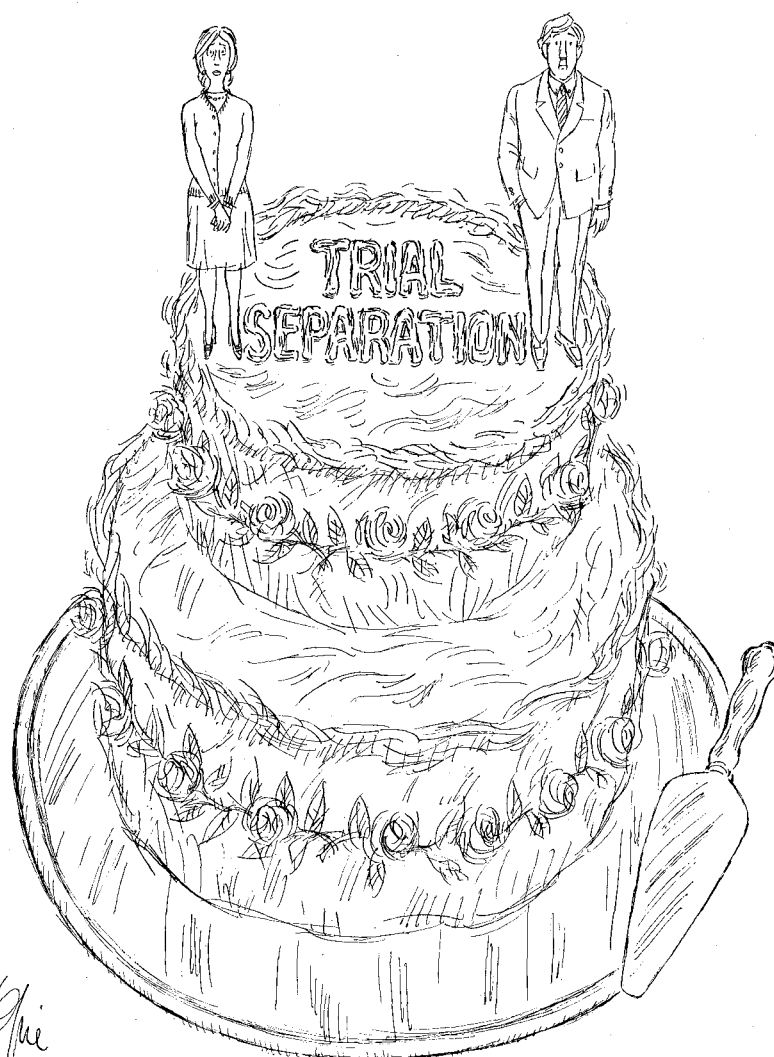
to the women he had seduced and then abandoned. Marvellous!"

Hall's production took literally Da Ponte's metaphorical references to storms and thunder, and managed to create a vivid premonition of the final conflict that would engulf Don Giovanni. A more conventional but no less arresting solution is provided in John Cox's intelligent, coherent new production for the New York City Opera. (Coincidentally, Mr. Cox is director of productions at Glyndebourne; the Hall production took place under his aegis. Peter Hall went on to direct Peter Shaffer's play about Mozart; Shaffer was in New York while Cox's "Giovanni" was in rehearsal.) Here Don Ottavio draws a pistol on Don Giovanni; Ottavio stands at the left of the stage, and the chorus presses in on Giovanni, who stands at the right. Suddenly, behind Don Giovanni there appears a battalion of servants, with flaming torches. Giovanni strides across the stage. Ottavio looks at him blank-

ly and lowers his pistol; his defiance collapses. Giovanni walks upstage through the chorus, still protected by his servants. The curtain falls. Unlike Hall, Cox is not concerned to point an analogy with the second-act finale, but we can recognize at once a parallel with the opera's opening scene. There Cox has eliminated the brief, stormy duel with the Commendatore which is usually seen (and which, it can be argued, is portrayed in the music). Instead, at the first sign of trouble, Giovanni's servants appear with their torches; the stage positions will recur in the first-act finale. Giovanni advances on the Commendatore, who looks overcome and drops his sword to his side. Giovanni runs him through: it is a cold-blooded, vindictive killing. The sheer force of Giovanni's personality, backed up by the fail-safe protection of a group of thugs, insures his survival in both cases.

Cox makes servants a prominent feature of the action. Giovanni's protect him; Elvira's escort her to her lodgings; Anna's revive her when she discovers her father dead. Thus he helps to prepare for an ironic twist that

he introduces into the final scenes. Giovanni has to meet the Commendatore's statue with only Leporello for support. There is no parallel with the earlier confrontations—the statue, on its plinth, majestically descends the central staircase of Don Giovanni's dining room. (Its approach has been heralded for several minutes by a chilly fog, creeping through the frame of the closed door.) Then, as the statue withdraws after clasping Giovanni's hand, the walls of the room are pulled away to reveal Giovanni's servants, now transformed into the spirits who take him to his death. They bind him in black swathes and drag him to Hell. It is an impressive moment. And throughout this production Cox provides similar moments of original thought, which illuminate rather than obscure Mozart's

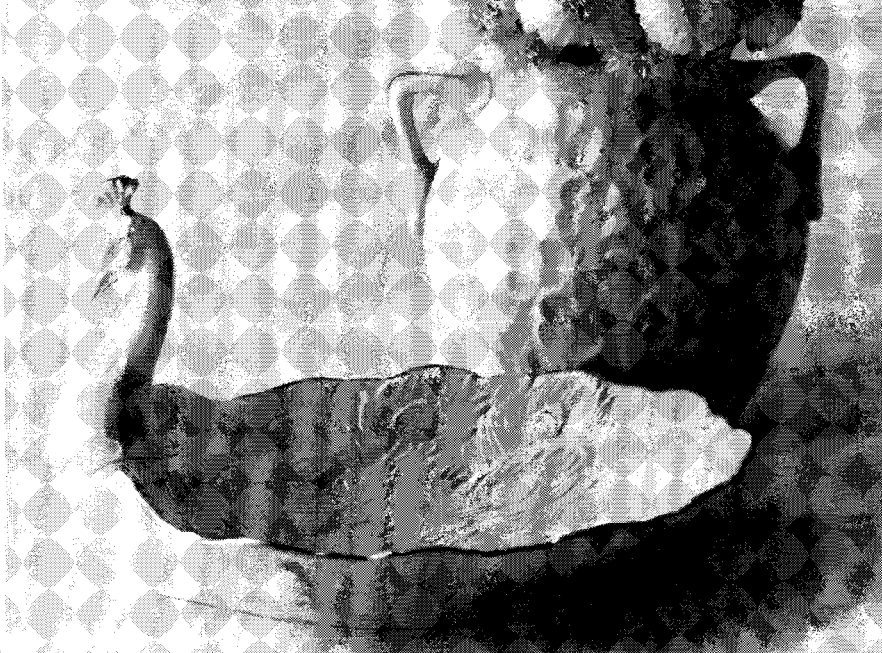


and Da Ponte's text. His attitude to Donna Anna, for example, is wholly sympathetic: she is an emotional woman, passionate both in revenge and in love. Boldly, she smears her father's blood on her hands and on Ottavio's, to symbolize their quest for vengeance. But in her final aria she embraces Ottavio with a simple, gentle warmth that (for once) reflects the opening strains of "Non mi dir."

In one particularly ingenious stroke, Cox makes sense of a long section of the second act. The problem, again, is an escape: when Leporello, in his disguise as the Don, is unmasked during the sextet, how does he get away during the short scene that follows? Cox—taking his cue from the fact that Leporello here addresses Elvira, Masetto, and Ottavio but not Anna—has Anna withdraw to the back of the stage, lost in reverie. Then she comes strangely to life: she is reliving her father's death in the courtyard. As Leporello's music starts to spin hypnotically, the other characters are riveted by Anna's disturbed behavior, and Leporello slips away. Anna rushes into the house. Hence Ottavio's next scene makes sense, when he chooses this moment to implore his friends to go and console "il mio tesoro." Elvira's scene "In quali eccessi," which Mozart added for the Vienna première of the opera, becomes her soliloquy on the harm Giovanni has done not just to her but also to Anna. I have never seen this sequence of numbers so purposefully realized.

To bring this "Don Giovanni" to life, the City Opera has assembled singers who are not all individually distinguished but who form a good team. The first-night audience cheered the arias, as usual; I was more impressed by the ensembles—the quartet in Act I, the Act I finale, the sextet in Act II—which were precise, well tuned, and well blended. In the title role, Samuel Ramey is made to wear open shirts and tight trousers; he looks like an ad for the Jordache Look—even his voice sounds oversexed. The fine resonance and firmness of his singing contrast well with Michael Rippon's Leporello, a joker whose singing is less keenly focussed. It is a mistake, I am sure, to introduce clowning into the exquisite trio with Elvira at the start of Act II, but the subsequent recitative scene is fair game, and Rippon's perpetual groping for the hat that is the basis of his disguise was genuinely funny. Esther Hinds, as Elvira, produced at the end of that trio a ravishingly beautiful falling scale; throughout the

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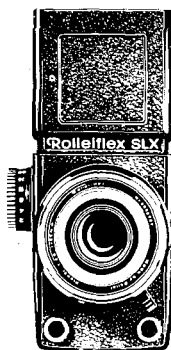
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evening her singing was exceptionally pure, carefully musical, but (except in "Mi tradi," where she found more confidence) rarely powerful or anguished. She was outshone by Carol Vaness's splendid Anna, in which precision and power were ideally matched; she managed to make the most violent sections of her call to revenge and the most virtuosic passages of "Non mi dir" sound expressive. Among the rest of the cast, Faith Esham's Zerlina was outstanding: an impulsive, not especially sensual character, shocked at her own weakness. She drew out Mozart's long melodic lines with a supple, responsive sense of phrasing; she delivered the one word "andiam," in which her seduction is acknowledged, with a perfect mixture of rapture and unease.

With all this talent, and with Mr. Cox's good production, the City Opera's "Don Giovanni" should be a winner. Unfortunately, there are two drawbacks. Julius Rudel's conducting is dapper, and it coordinates orchestra and stage with confidence and clarity. He serves his singers well. But only rarely does he suggest the frightening power of Mozart's music; the tension and the darkness of the score elude him. The opera is acted out in sets by Michael Annals. These are architecturally complex and resourceful: there are good balconies for Giovanni's orchestras, and plenty of doors and gates, as required by the libretto. But the results are cumbersome: scenery shoots up and down and back and forth all too frequently (and on the first night it did not always succeed in reaching the ground); its reddish-brown colors are too bright, and are not improved by the lighting. Something simpler and starker would surely serve better the tightness of the drama.

AROUND the large central green of Hanover, New Hampshire (whitened by snow the weekend before last, and dominated by the surreal remains of a snow sculpture of a Lake Placid ski jump), are gathered the Baker Library of Dartmouth College, housing a fine set of murals by José Clemente Orozco; the two-hundred-year-old Hanover Inn; and—the only new building in the group—the Hopkins Center. Though it looks from the front like a scaled-down version of the Metropolitan Opera House (and from the back entrance like a silo), this building, inside, is everything that a lively, active arts center should be. There is space to move, and look, and talk, and eat. Theatre, music, and the visual arts coexist. I visited the Center for the



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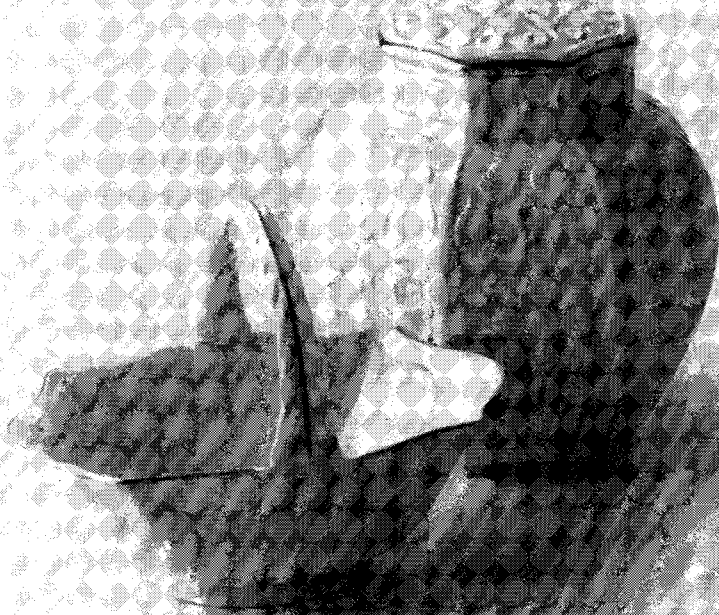
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world première of a piece for piano and orchestra by Frederic Rzewski, part of a concert by the New Hampshire Symphony, under James Bolle—an adventurous event in a challenging concert season (next week Elly Ameling, and next month the Philip Glass Ensemble).

Rzewski's piece is called "A Long Time Man." It is a set of twenty-four variations on a song that Pete Seeger recorded at a Texas prison farm in the nineteen-fifties. I found it a surprisingly pleasant piece to have been stimulated by reflections on the life of a convict. The orchestral textures of the opening evoked the great American outdoors; there were blues sounds from violin, clarinet, and French horn; only the piano's powerful note clusters suggested something more grim. The work lasted twenty-four minutes. Its most inventive part is the central cadenza: thuds from the percussion (like the rhythm of a chain gang), with an improvised descant from the piano, give way to sections in which orchestral soloists take over the music, standing up to make their presence felt. (This section involves some improvisation and free choice by the players.) But the optimism dies in a sombre reminiscence of the theme: the clunk of chains being lowered onto the timpani dominates the end, just before a glimmer of hope from the oboe extinguishes the music. A strange piece, intermittently powerful. Not as strange, however, as Rzewski's performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto in the same concert: this was assertive, often ugly, sometimes overtaxed by the music's technical demands (he read the piece from score), yet fascinating, full of fresh responses. He provided two extraordinary new cadenzas—fierce, lumbering things, not really coherent—which sealed his view of the work as a revolutionary document. The orchestra, understandably, sounded stunned.

IN New York, there is an important new series of contemporary-music concerts at the Third Street Music School Settlement, one of the nicest and least pretentious concert venues I have found. This old-established educational venture has brought music to young people on the lower East Side for some eighty-five years, and has now launched a series called Music New to New York, directed by Barbara Kolb. The first concert, in the fall, presented pieces by Daniel Perlono, Eugene O'Brien, David Noon, Lawrence Moss, and Jane Wilkinson—all worth hear-

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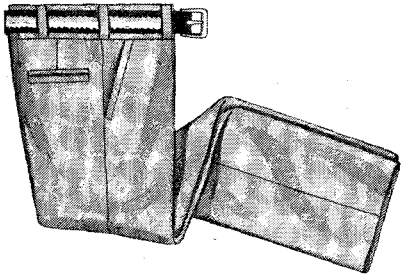
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ing, though only Mr. Noon's Second Quartet and Miss Wilkinson's "Movements" remain in my mind, and they were not given the best performances of the evening. (Those were provided by the cellist Ruth Dreier and the flutist Bonnie Lubinsky.) At the second concert, last month, a recent English work was introduced: "La Vita Nuova," by Nicholas Maw, written for the 1979 Promenade Concerts in London. This voluptuous, colorful, relaxed setting of Italian Renaissance poetry was easy to enjoy, even in a slightly dry account by the soprano Sheila Schonbrun and an ensemble directed by Bruce Hagen. The evening was further enlivened by a talk by Milton Babbitt (a public conversation with Aaron Copland during the first concert had, by contrast, been a disaster). "If all the people who applied to do postgraduate work in composition actually went to concerts of new music," Mr. Babbitt said, "we might have some full halls."

Yet I am surprised by the open-minded adventurousness of New York audiences in the field of new music. At a concert by the Group for Contemporary Music given at Cooper Union later in February and devoted entirely to English music (by Michael Tippett, Bernard Rands, Roberto Gerhard, and Harrison Birtwistle), there was a substantial audience: I can guess what might be the fate of a similar concert of American music in London. A recital earlier this month by the four runners-up in the 1978 Kennedy Center-Rockefeller Foundation International Competition for Excellence in the Performance of American Music did not fill Tully Hall, but it was enthusiastically received. I heard two magnificent works for piano: Roger Sessions' superbly organized Third Sonata, played with solid assurance by Alan Feinberg; and Charles Ives' sprawling, vivid First Sonata, performed with concentrated intensity and fervor by Donna Coleman.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

A new ruling by the Federal Reserve permits theft institutions to pay rate in the certificates 1½ percent below the current yield on 2½-year U.S. Treasury securities.—Pasco (Wash.) Tri-City Herald.

Thanks, but we're all tied up in Krugerrands.

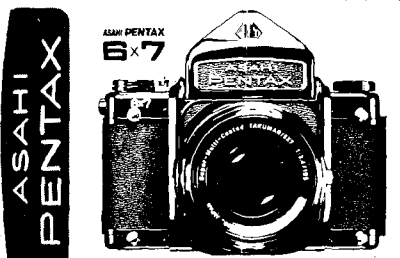
He removed his head, and vanished as silently as he had appeared.—"A Time to Kill," by Geoffrey Household.

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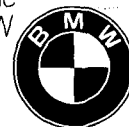
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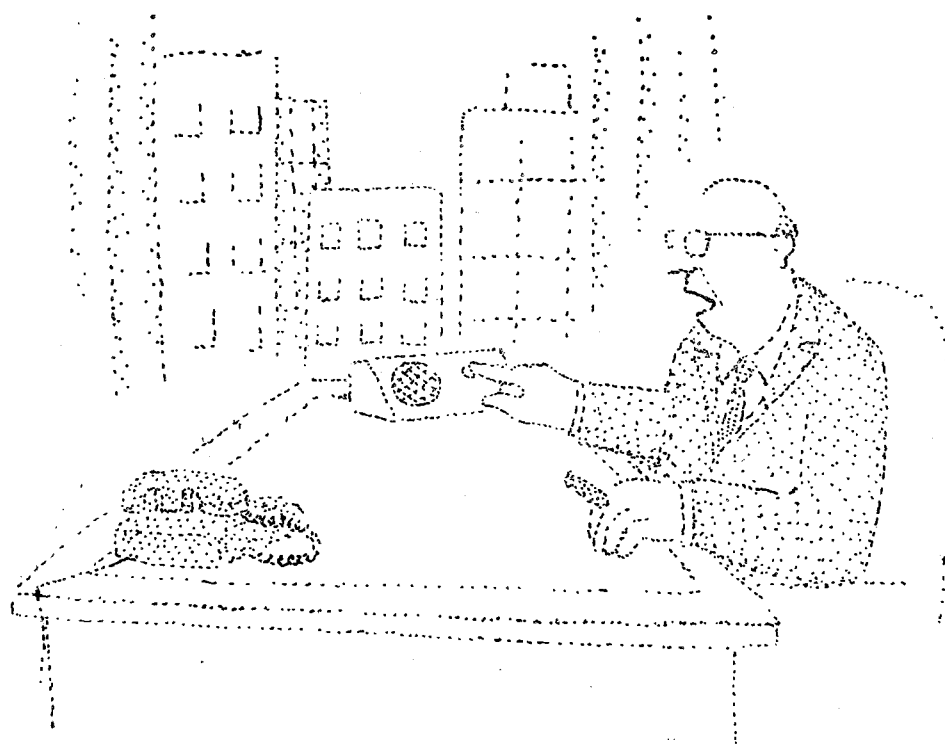
LOATHING owns a powerful voice, but it speaks in monotone. "Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich As Related to and Edited by Solomon Volkov" (Harper & Row; \$15) vibrates on a single chord. "I hate Toscanini. . . . What he does to music is terrible. . . . He chops it up into a hash and then pours a disgusting sauce over it." Prokofiev is a corrupt exhibitionist who "never did learn how to orchestrate properly." Malraux is damned for glorifying the construction of the White Sea Canal, in which thousands upon thousands of slave laborers perished. Feuchtwanger was a revolting toady. Shaw spread a pack of lies to glorify Soviet tyranny. "And what about Romain Rolland? It makes me sick to think about him." In their translations, Pasternak and Akhmatova committed a twofold crime: "For money and out of fear they pretended that something existed. The second crime was against their own talent. They were burying their own talent through this translation." Anyway, what did Akhmatova know about music? Nausea without end; gray on gray.

The facts are, of course, appalling enough. "I have thought that my life was replete with sorrow and that it would be hard to find a more miserable man. But when I started going over the life stories of my friends and acquaintances, I was horrified. Not one of them had an easy or a happy life. Some came to a terrible end, some died in terrible suffering, and the lives of many of them could easily be called more miserable than mine." Stalin's pet hooligan, Lazar M. Kaganovich, goes to V. E. Meyerhold's famous avant-garde theatre. He walks out. "Meyerhold, who was in his sixties then, ran out into the street after Kaganovich. Kaganovich and his retinue got in the car and drove off. Meyerhold ran after the car, he ran until he fell." Not long after, the great director was done to death in the Gulag. Marshal Tukhachevsky, handsome hero of the civil war, excites Stalin's jealousy and is shot. "When I read about it in the papers, I blacked out. I felt they were killing me, that's how bad I felt." The catalogue of torture, of starvation, of suicide is interminable. But it may be that the final humiliation is survival. In the totalitarian world, life is "a huge ant hill in which we all crawl," we are told. "In the majority of cases, our

destinies are bad. We are treated harshly and cruelly. And as soon as someone crawls a little higher, he's ready to torture and humiliate others."

Not that the West is much better. A young American woman comes to call on the composer. Suddenly, she begins waving her arms and almost jumps on the table, shouting "A fly, a fly!" Americans cannot even face common existence. And in a Hollywood version of "Anna Karenina" Tolstoy's tragic novel has to be given a happy ending. Western conductors are, almost to a man, sycophantic bullies who know nothing of Russian music. Stalin could not have prospered without the poisonous support of Western fellow-travellers and the gullible apathy of Western, notably American, public opinion. For Western liberals to defend the human rights of a Russian dissident is ignorant cant, "because you know even less about my rights and duties than you do about the rights and duties of the dinosaur." After the war, Westerners sent letters to Russian colleagues. To receive such a letter was tantamount to execution by the secret police: "And the naive former Allies kept sending letters, and every letter was a death sentence. Every gift, every souvenir—the end."

Success came early to Dmitri Shostakovich. He was only nineteen when, in 1925, his buoyant First Symphony scored a triumph. Material circumstances were fearful. The young composer fought off hunger by writing film scores, making transcriptions, even playing the piano in a movie house. But Shostakovich's exceptional powers were widely recognized and his pieces performed. His opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk District," which was completed in 1932, achieved formidable critical and popular acclaim. Its pounding rhythms, its cunning mixture of satire and lyric pathos precisely captured the mood of the moment. On January 28, 1936, Shostakovich went to the railroad station to buy *Pravda* and, leafing through the paper, found on the third page an unsigned article entitled "Muddle Instead of Music." It denounced the opera as decadent cacophony, as an example of musical gangsterism which "could end very badly." Within ten days, a second article appeared, similar in tone. The syntax, the phraseology of these two denunciations stemmed, unmistakably, from the lips of "the Leader of the Peoples and Friend of Children" himself. Overnight, Shostakovich's world fell into ruin. "Lady Macbeth" was snatched



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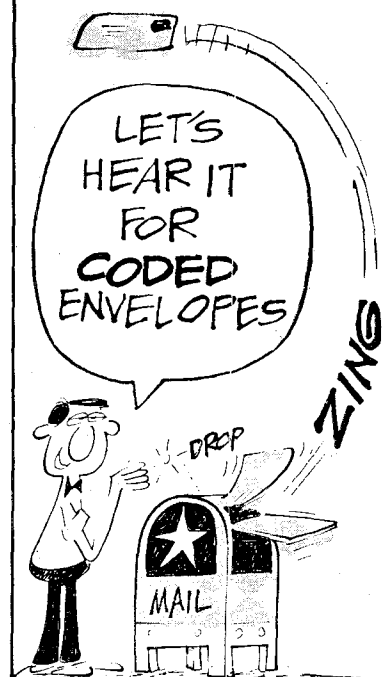
off the stages. Meetings were held throughout the artistic, intellectual, and academic communities of the Soviet Union to expatiate on the depravity of the composer. Even intimate friends turned away, as from a leper. In Orwell's famous phrase, Shostakovich had become "an unperson," merely waiting for moral and bodily extinction. He was very near suicide: "I was completely in the thrall of fear. I was no longer the master of my life, my past was crossed out, my work, my abilities, turned out to be worthless to everyone." Shostakovich did not kill himself. He set out his terror and his refusal of a facile exit in the closing pages of his Fourth Symphony, which waited twenty-five years for its first performance.

Outwardly, however, Shostakovich's fortunes not only mended but blossomed. The Fifth Symphony, with its celebrated subtitle, "The Response of a Soviet Artist to Just Criticism," was played in 1937. It proved immensely popular. The "Leningrad Symphony," of 1941, became the very hymn of Russia's heroic battle against the Nazis and gained for its composer a world audience. The Stalin Prize followed a year later; the Order of Lenin and a second Stalin Prize were awarded in 1946 and 1947, respectively. Honorary doctorates, medals, elections to academies avalanched on Dmitri Shostakovich to the end of his life. Here, many thought, was a major artist who had survived—perhaps even profited from—ideological menace, and emerged victorious with his moral and technical integrity intact. Was this not the meaning of the change from hammering fury to lyric calm in the sovereign Fifth Symphony?

"Lies," rasps "Testimony." All sordid lies. There may have been official pardon and a golden shower of honors, but the realities surrounding Shostakovich's creation were those of hypocrisy and abjection. It is not patriotic hope that sounds out of the Fifth Symphony but strident protest against the Stalinist castration of the arts. Contrary to official propaganda, contrary to a naïve *Time* cover story, the Seventh Symphony is not about Leningrad under siege—"It's about the Leningrad that Stalin destroyed and that Hitler merely finished off." What of the celebratory journey to the United States in 1949? An infernal travesty carried out on Stalin's direct orders. With death in his heart, the composer had to pretend to represent the official values and rewards of Soviet culture.

No, the truth is starkly different. The symphonies are "tombstones," set

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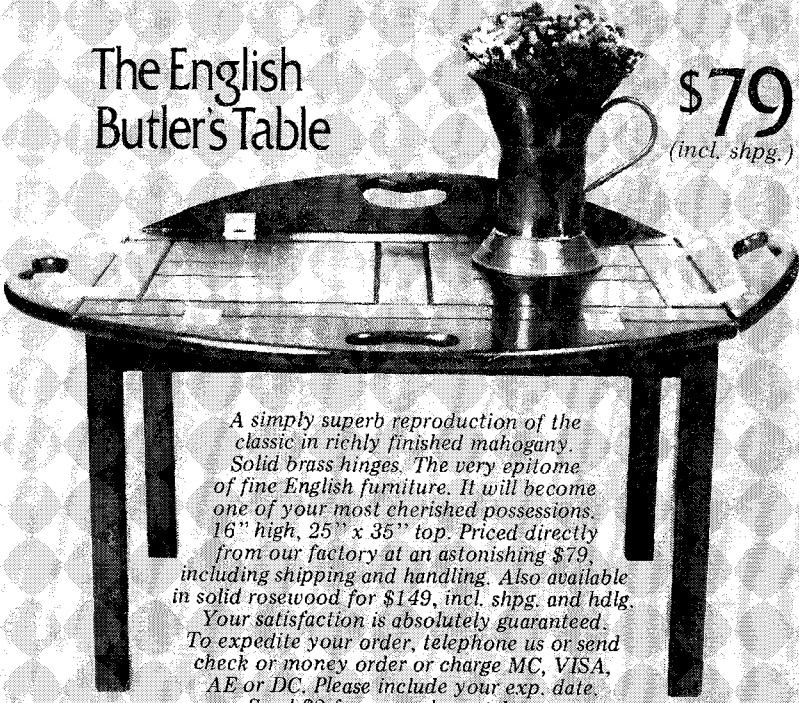
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in impotent memory of the numberless victims of Stalinist and post-Stalinist butchery. The First Violin Concerto, the song cycle "From Jewish Folk Poetry," the Fourth Quartet, the setting of Yevtushenko's "Babi Yar" (a poem on a massacre of Jews) in the Thirteenth Symphony, of 1962—these are raging protests against the virus of anti-Semitism that infects every fibre of Soviet policy. The official honors, the outward privileges were nothing but a cunning mockery through which the Soviet regime unmanned Dmitri Shostakovich at home and hoodwinked opinion abroad. The whole thing was a macabre farce of cross-purposes. Visiting Moscow, Wendell Willkie was asked about the hoped-for opening of a second front against the Germans: "He replied, Shostakovich is a great composer. Mr. Willkie, naturally, thought that he was an extremely deft politician; see how he got out of that one. But he didn't think about the repercussions for me, a living human being." To praise another Russian to Stalin was to earmark him for doom.

Few survive this book's bill of attainer. If there is a hero, it is Alexander Glazunov, whose musical and pedagogic gifts and personal kindness helped set Shostakovich on his way to greatness. Not that Shostakovich himself would allow this word: "Stravinsky is the only composer of our century whom I would call great without any doubt." Mahler and Berg remain favorites, though of a distinctly lesser order. Schoenberg does not merit mention. Solzhenitsyn is referred to sarcastically as a "luminary" of "overwhelming genius" who refused to have tea with a mere pessimist such as Shostakovich. In this settling of scores, everyone is a loser.

Is this text genuine? Exactly what is signified by the formula "As Related to and Edited by Solomon Volkov"—a musicologist and dissenter who emigrated from the Soviet Union to the United States in 1976? Volkov tells us that "Testimony" (it has been rendered into unpleasant American English by Antonina W. Bouis) represents material that he wrote down during a series of long, intimate colloquies with Shostakovich. The latter is alleged to have signed every chapter as it was compiled. The publisher gives full backing to this account. On November 14, 1979, in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, six Soviet composers denounced Volkov's compilation as a forgery. They did so on grounds of style as well as of content. Even in polemic, they said, Shostakovich's idiom retained a charac-

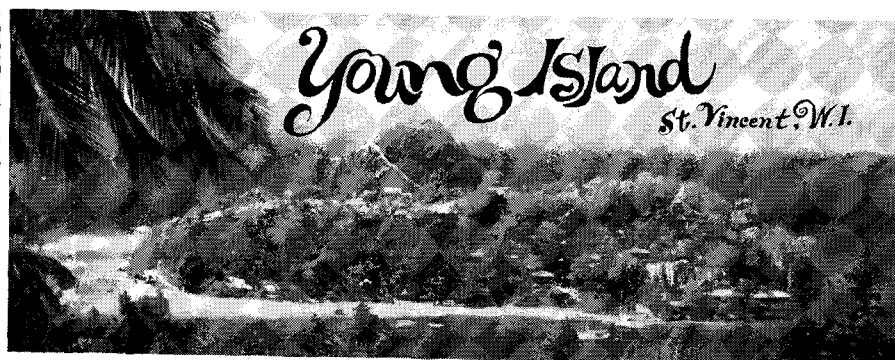


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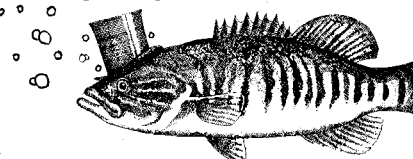
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teristic courtesy and finesse. Shostakovich's family has apparently never seen Volkov's document; according to Soviet sources, the composer's son, the prominent conductor Maxim Shostakovich, believes "Testimony" to be a slanderous fabrication. Prokofiev's son agrees.

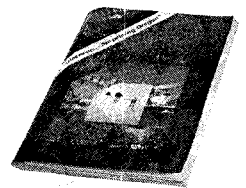
I do not know whether the Russian original is available, and do not, in any event, have the linguistic competence that would be needed to judge the central question of tone. But there are very troubling points about the book as we have it. The uniformity of scorn and self-loathing is one; the emphasis on the Jewish question and on Shostakovich's purported involvement in this question is another. It is very difficult to escape the impression that Volkov has colored or arranged the conversations he set down—has added bile from his own incensed spirit. Are these truly the remembrances, the sum of the remembrances, that an artist of genius and manifest humor (look at his scores) wished to transmit to posterity? And would Shostakovich have had nothing to tell us about the enigmatic protection extended to him even during the immediate period of Stalin's displeasure, a protection that insured not only his survival but the continued performance of his music soon after the *Pravda* attack? The absence of any reference to this cardinal point seems to me to put in some doubt the integrity of "Testimony" as it is now presented to us. At best, the case is unclear.

But we do possess Dmitri Shostakovich's autobiography in a form immeasurably deeper and more persuasive than this bitter leaving. The fifteen string quartets constitute an incomparably delicate and detailed self-portrayal. They minutely enact successive stages in the composer's inward and public being between 1938 and 1974. The eighth and the ninth, for example, record anguish as bleak as any in "Testimony," but anguish shot through with intimations, at once uncanny and witty, of survival. And whether the Fifth Symphony was composed in secret wrath or genuine self-criticism, it remains very great music. It is a work inseparable from the Soviet setting, from the tragic pressures that compelled it into life. "We are olives," said Joyce of all artists. "Squeeze us." —GEORGE STEINER

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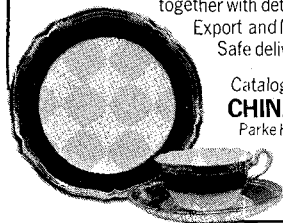
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about one-third of the way into this deft novel (the author's first), Rhoda Taber's husband dies, at the age of forty-two, the reader wants to cry out in protest, because the Tabers, of all the couples living in their New Jersey town, seemed most exceptionally blessed with good humor. As the widowed mother of two young girls, Rhoda declines to take any big step (moving, remarrying, getting a job). Friends try to set her up with single men, but the men turn out to be dull, coarse, or crazy. The girls grow older but not nicer; the elder works at being sour and insulting, while her sister dodges her slaps and grows up mousey and squeamish. Rhoda's sense of humor remains intact, but it rarely gets an airing. When chronic illness creeps up on her before middle age sets in, she is too surprised to be frightened or bitter, but the reader, again, will deplore her unfair fate. Neither moralism nor melodrama taints this graceful portrait; the author's finely tuned English is the perfect instrument for tracing her heroine's life as it hardens, contracts, and cracks along unsuspected hairline flaws.

SKINNER'S HORSE, by Philip Mason (Harper & Row; \$10). The true story, with some fictional ornamentation, of James Skinner, whose father was a captain in the service of the British East India Company, and whose mother was a highborn Indian, a member of the warrior Rajputs. In 1795, when Skinner was seventeen years old, he enlisted in a free-lance army fighting for one of five feuding princes in northern India; eight years later, he found himself commanding eight squadrons of light cavalry allied with the British Army. Skinner costumed his men in yellow tunics (the color worn by Rajput warriors who had taken an oath of death before going into battle), taught them to "wheel and deploy like flights of wild duck," and devised cunning strategies against forces that were far larger, if less enthusiastic, than his own. But the British bias against "country-born" soldiers soon became apparent: in 1806, Skinner was informed that his regiment was to be disbanded and that he was to be denied both a commission, because he was not a British subject, and a *jagir*, or reward of land, because he was not a pure Indian. It was more than twenty years later (long after Skinner's Horse had been called up



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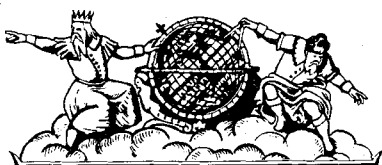
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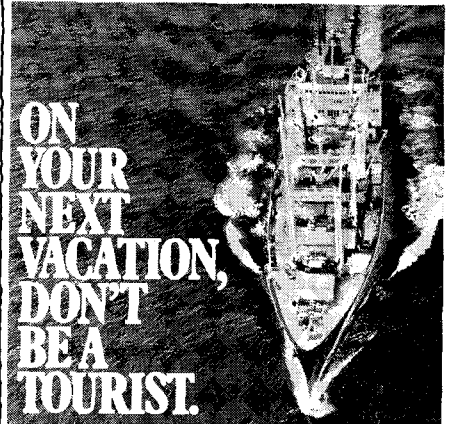
The Viking Press

again, and had again proved to be invaluable) that he was awarded the Order of the Bath and the rank of lieutenant colonel in the British Army. This account is mostly made up of facts that Skinner recorded in his memoirs, but Philip Mason adds dialogue and details of his own design to dramatize his hero's determination to temper but not to snuff his fiery Rajput pride.

GENERAL

THE STATE OF THE PRESIDENCY, by Thomas E. Cronin (Little, Brown; \$14.95). An exceptionally intelligent work that comes along just when we need it. The author—a university professor who acquired firsthand experience in Washington as an aide, consultant, and staff member in the executive and legislative branches—surveys the present state of an office that has changed beyond recognition not only since the days of Washington but since the Administration of Franklin Roosevelt. Mr. Cronin discusses how Presidents are chosen, what they do in their jobs, how the White House bureaucracy affects the federal bureaucracy (and vice versa), the uses of the Cabinet, and the executive's relations with the legislature. He also describes and weighs the merits of innumerable proposals for reform (for instance, a single national primary). Mr. Cronin has a sense of how government works, a feel for the political process, and a sensitive alertness to human beings' personalities in action. A case history—the story of Lyndon Johnson's Teacher Corps—is offered in illustration. It is an instance of a failed Presidential initiative, and Mr. Cronin makes it clear that we, the people, must incorporate any new policy into our routines or it will fail, no matter how broad its publicity or how generous its appropriation.

FALL OF THE PEACOCK THRONE: THE STORY OF IRAN, by William H. Forbis (Harper & Row; \$15.95). This is an intelligent popularization. Mr. Forbis starts early, reminding us that millennia before oil Persia was a considerable empire, which exported everything from fruits and vegetables to art styles and religions. Most of the book, though, concentrates on the recent past, and explains what the last Shah tried to do, why his policies elicited so much resentment from so many of his subjects, and



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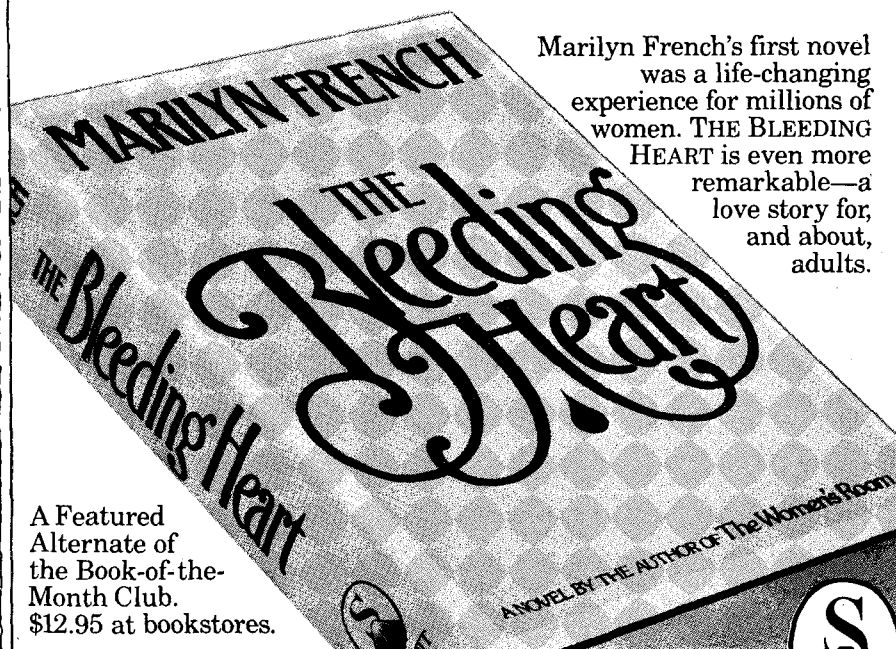
how control of Iran has passed, for the time being, to political clerics of limited modern managerial competence. The author tours farms, factories, oil fields, big cities, ancient monuments, and nomad grazing lands to give us a sense of what the place is like; he tells us about Iranian food, household decoration, and manners as well as about the banking system and land reform and the constitutional efforts in modern times to mitigate or conceal the nation's traditional despotism. He makes us aware of Iran's potential (it has rich deposits of many valuable minerals) and of the plausibility of the Iranians' xenophobia—for a century, they have been victimized by great powers, to the point where they cannot quite believe that any of their misfortunes are their own fault.

SEEING: ILLUSION, BRAIN, AND MIND, by John P. Frisby (Oxford; \$16.95). Professor Frisby, of the University of Sheffield, has written a truly splendid book on vision. How do we see? Most people are inclined to answer this question by conjuring up an image of the mind as television screen: visual stimuli illuminating the screen the way electrons illuminate a television tube. The difficulty with this explanation is evident when one asks who, or what, is watching the screen. "Seeing must be a symbolic process, because the world itself obviously does not exist inside our heads, and so our 'internal' visual world must be a collection of symbols standing for the scene and its various attributes," Mr. Frisby writes. In his book, he presents what is known and what is not known about this symbolic process. What we do not know is monumental. We do not know, for example, where it takes place in the brain, just as we do not know where memory is located. Mr. Frisby also presents a vast collection of visual paradoxes: a picture, for example, that appears to be composed of formless blocks but suddenly turns into Abraham Lincoln after one stares at it for a while. The writing is excellent—clear and full of humor. The book is a model of how to present to the general reader a complicated scientific subject.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

McGARR AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, by Bartholomew Gill (Scribners; \$8.95). Here, as in his three

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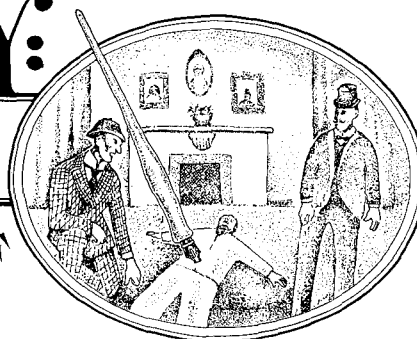


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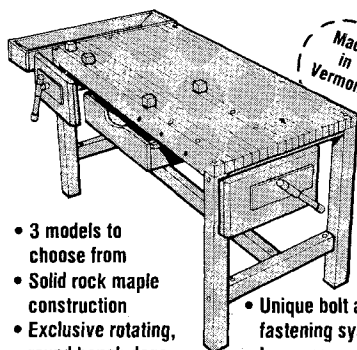
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earlier appearances, McGarr (Chief Inspector of the Garda Soichana) and the victims and miscreants of his professional encounters are as interesting as the complicated crimes he so skillfully untangles. The action this time is set in motion by the strangling of the seemingly blameless mother of a beautiful young woman who is both a gifted pianist and a champion horsewoman, and the characters illuminated by McGarr's lightning intuition include an Anglo-Irish baronet, a rags-to-riches politician with a laid-back junkie son, a Provo hit man, and an impressively smart and smarmy priest. High-calorie entertainment.

THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN, by R. B. Dominic (Harper & Row; \$8.95). The most striking thing about this murder mystery is the violent, almost crusading dislike and contempt that the author has for the American medical profession. He offers in exhibition a group of practicing physicians in a small Ohio city whose willingness to rip off H. E. W. by way of fraudulent Medicaid billings is equalled only by their criminal ineptitude: one doctor sends in claims for performing three hysterectomies and one abortion on the wife of a helpless victim of multiple sclerosis, another seeks payment for performing a vasectomy on a forty-eight-year-old welfare mother. As for the murders (there are the customary two, the second eliminating the prime suspect in the first), they have little of consequence to do with Medicaid abuse or much of anything else. The pity is that R. B. Dominic, when his (or her) attention wanders from the American Medical Association, is an amusing writer.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer]

As the election results became more decisive, the crowds at Mrs. Gandhi's home here grew. Enterprising flower merchants set up stands on her street selling the marigold garlands that the faithful bring her and to which she is allergic.

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